

VOLUME XVII.

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The Bibelot

A Reprint of Poetry
and Prose for Book
Lovers, chosen in part
from scarce editions and
sources not generally
known

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VOLUME XVII
TESTIMONIAL EDITION

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Portland, Maine

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The Babelot

I.

IT is without doubt true that the metrical magnificence of FitzGerald's Omar has much to answer for! Perhaps on the whole the result may be construed as a favourable one. If the quatrain was not original with FitzGerald it certainly became by his usage one of the new instruments of poetic art whence, as from a trumpet, proceeded those "soul-animating strains" which Wordsworth had previously discovered in the sonnet. In Swinburne's *Laus Veneris* (1865) with its subtle variant of third line rhyming to the succeeding stanza, as well as in his *Memorial Verses on the Death of Théophile Gautier*, we possess in point of time the first and finest examples of what this wonderfully sonorous verse could yield in the hands of a master. Passing from intermediate users and abusers, the next assured success is found in what we here offer our readers: Mr. W. H. Mallock's one hundred and seventeen quatrains of Lucretius on Life and Death, originally printed so long ago as December, 1899.

The text chosen, however, is that of his final version, including the Preface and the parallel passages translated from the original Latin text.¹

An interesting fact in this connection is that Professor J. W. Mackail began printing his version of The Odyssey in 1903, completing the entire work in 1910. Later still, Mr. William Byron Forbush (Boston, 1906) essayed the formidable task of pouring Ecclesiastes into the plastic mould of FitzGerald's tour de force. Alas! it is one of the lamentable things in literature that some splendid form of poetic beauty will continue subject to the behest, wise or otherwise, of all sorts and conditions of would-be singing men.

That Edward FitzGerald was an appreciative student of Lucretius is well known. In a letter to Professor Cowell (May 7, 1857), incidentally referring to Omar, he writes in his semi-humorous way, "Poor fellow; I think of him, and Oliver Basselin, and Anacreon, lighter Shadows among the Shades, perhaps, over which Lucretius presides so grimly": and scattered throughout his correspondence other references appear which show that the Roman poet was never

1 See Bibliographical Note.

wholly absent from his mind. An adequate proof of this is found in FitzGerald's unique annotated copy of the first edition of Creech's Latin text (1695). There is no doubt whatever that his knowledge of *De Rerum Natura* was laid under contribution in the making of *Omar*, nor is it an unexpected result when a diligent scholar like Heron-Allen finds traces here and there of

*"The large verse of Lucretius, who raised
His index-finger and did strike the face
Of fleeting Time, leaving a scar of thought
The rain of ages shall not wash away."*

II.

An adequate foreword concerning *Lucretius* would have to pass in review the entire philosophic concepts of ancient and modern thought. Fortunately, it suffices our purpose that we point out a few of the latest and best authorities on a subject which is more enduring than the pyramids.¹ Echoes

¹ *Lucretius on the Nature of Things, translated with an analysis of the six books by H. A. J. Munro, fourth edition, London, 1886. An inexpensive reprint of this edition is in Rutledge's New Universal Library (London and New York). For the latest complete exposition consult Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet, by John Masson, London, 8vo., 2 vols.,*

of this great mind of antiquity permeate all literature and if Lucretius, as portrayed by Tennyson, seems but an emasculated and forlorn phantom, we are none the less grateful for what the Victorian poet has given us concerning him who only too literally followed the great precept of Epicurus—"hide thy life."

To criticise Mr. Mallock's attitude in relation to his text would be a graceless thing in itself, but one can scarcely resist the impression that this brilliant writer is at heart a man who has played with fire. There is a sense of uncertain implications in some of his work which rises to the surface when, as in *Is Life Worth Living* (1879), he translates various passages from Gautier with an unparalleled gusto. It is true a thinker who has rounded more than

1907-1909. See also *Three Philosophical Poets, Lucretius, Dante, Goethe*, by George Santayana, Cambridge, Harvard University, 1910.

One should not omit the early studies such as *The Roman Poets of the Republic*, by W. Y. Sel-
lar, third edition, Oxford, 1889, and *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age: Virgil*, third edition, Oxford, 1897. A short chapter in Mackail's brilliant little volume, *Latin Literature*, New York, 1895, must not be overlooked, nor the essay by J. A. Symonds in *Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece*, third series, London, 1898. See also *Latin Poetry*, by R. Y. Tyrrell, Boston, 1895.

one doubtful cape of conscience must not be held too closely to the letter or the law of printed speech. It would be easy to deduce that the author of *The New Republic* was once a worshipper of the great god Pan were it not that he retains such undoubted relish for many Christian dogmas which would negative this conclusion.

After all what we have to do with is *Lucretius*, and the manner and matter of this version which we reprint is well worth our serious consideration. Once more we are face to face with a Lord of Literature the validity of whose thought has outlasted two thousand years and is still found speaking to us with authentic voice because of "a primeval sorrow, a cosmic pain" which finds its most poignant expression in Wordsworth's lines:

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees."

Shall we say an age capable of developing the doctrine of Pragmatism is unable to accept and digest the *Lucretian* philosophy and pass beyond it? or, content with it, may even rest satisfied with his vision bounded only by the flaming ramparts of the world.

"No truer word ever was spoken regarding Lucretius than Mrs. Browning's —

*'He denied
Divinely the divine.'"*

But it was left for Mr. Masson to add an equally true word: "Lucretius was not merely an Epicurean; he was also most genuinely a poet — that is to say, he possessed a heart more human than that of other men, and therefore one which craved more deeply to assert its relation to God as well as to man, and specially one to which the beauty of the world, of necessity, carried even stronger and more certain inspirations than it does to other men."

LUCRETIIUS ON LIFE AND DEATH
IN THE METRE OF OMAR KHAYYAM
By
W. H. MALLOCK.

*O Thou that first couldst raise from such dark Night
So clear a Beacon, and thereby make bright
The Balm of Life; I follow after Thee,
O Thou of the Greek Race the one True Light!*

.

*Thou, Master, first the Scheme of Things didst gauge
And handest down to us for Heritage
Those Principles that Thou, most glorious,
Hast hived within Thy honey-scented Page.*

*For as the Bees in flower-ströwn Garden-ways
Sip every Sweet, of all our Master says
We too drink deep his Wisdom's golden Wine,
Worthy of all To-morrow's deathless Days.*

H. LIONEL ROGERS.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

I.

LUCRETIVS ON LIFE AND DEATH IN THE METRE OF OMAR KHAYYÂM WITH PREFATORY NOTE BY W. H. MALLOCK.

This first Version in the Anglo-Saxon Review, Vol. III, December, 1899, pages 55-71 consisted of 109 quatrains, and varies considerably from the revised text.

II.

LUCRETIVS | ON | LIFE AND DEATH | IN THE METRE OF OMAR KHAYYÂM | TO WHICH ARE APPENDED PARALLEL PASSAGES | FROM THE ORIGINAL | BY | W. H. MALLOCK. | LONDON. | ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK | 1900.

Demy 8vo (published May, 1900) Pp. xxii: 1-85. Full vellum board printed on hand made paper, uncut edges.

III.

THE SAME. With a designed title-page by Kay Womrath, New York, John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1900. This is an electrotype edition, crown octavo, issued in October, 1901. Printed on laid book paper, grey boards with medallion and lettering in white on front cover. In other words a type facsimile of the first London edition.

IV.

THE SAME. With printed title-page. New York, John Lane Co. MCMX. Issued in March, 1910. Bound in cloth with lettering and medallion in white on front cover. These editions show a continuous decline in artistic bookmaking, the London edition, (1900) being the only one worthy of a collector's attention.

PREFACE.

FEW philosophical poems in the English language have been more widely read than the poem in which the genius of FitzGerald has introduced us to that of the Persian, Omar Khayyám. More critics than one have remarked on the curious likeness between the philosophy of Omar and that of the Roman, Lucretius, who also, like the Persian, expressed his philosophy in verse. The difference, however, between the two is not less curious than the likeness; and it occurred to me that it would be a not uninteresting experiment to render parts of Lucretius into the stanza employed by Omar — or rather the English equivalent with which FitzGerald has made us familiar — in order that, by thus reducing them to a common literary denominator, a comparison between them might be more readily made.

The philosophy of Lucretius, however, has, like that of Omar, an interest for us in the present day which is far more than literary. Like Omar, he deals with that precise train of reflection which scientific knowledge, as distinct from the assumptions of faith, tends to rouse in the minds of all who think; and the intellectual position of Lucretius was, in many ways, even nearer than Omar's to that of the modern world. Lucretius was, so far as the knowledge of his time would allow him to be, as completely and as consciously a

scientific man and a physicist as Darwin or Huxley, or any of our contemporary evolutionists. Indeed his doctrines, allowing for certain inevitable differences, are astonishingly similar to theirs; and his general conception of the conclusions to which all science is tending may be said to be absolutely identical. He disclaimed the character of an original thinker or discoverer, representing himself merely as a disciple of his great master, Epicurus; but he made the philosophy of his master altogether his own, and as such we may here speak of it.

His main object as a physicist was to show, by physical reasoning, that life and matter are parts of the same order of things, and that the soul of man results from the same general process as that which results in all other sensible phenomena—in the body of man, in the flowers, the seas, the mountains, in the whole frame of the earth, and in all the suns and stars. Earth and the system to which it belongs he regarded as but an infinitesimal portion of a universe of similar systems which are scattered through endless space, and have always been forming themselves, persisting, and then again decomposing, for all time—if that can be called time which is endless. The whole of this limitless universe, “which decomposes but to recompose,” consists, he maintained, of atoms aggregated in various forms; and beyond space, and atoms, and the laws in

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accordance with which the atoms act, nothing exists, has existed, or ever can exist; consciousness, life, soul, whether in man or animals, being merely an atomic tissue of an exceptionally subtle kind.

The worlds, and in particular the earth and all the things belonging to it, have come to be what they are by a process of natural selection. The atoms throughout infinite time make an infinite variety of combinations; but those alone have persisted which were fit to persist, the others resolving presently into their component parts. Animals and men are the result of the same process. They represent the forms of life that alone have been fit to live, out of innumerable forms that have appeared, and have perished because they have been not fit. Man's senses were not designed for him in order that he might put them to their uses; but because he has them, and can use them, and can maintain his life in consequence, the human race remains.

The methods by which Lucretius endeavours to support these conclusions are essentially the same as those of the modern physicist. He endeavours to support them by reasoning from the known and the observable to the unknown. He takes the most familiar phenomena of nature, and of daily and domestic life — such as the smell of a lamp when extinguished, the dancing of motes in a sunbeam, the appearance of

maggots in carrion — and seeks to show that all the mysteries of the cosmos are explicable by reference to a sequence of such cause and effect as every day we can verify by the evidence of our own senses. The narrow limits of his knowledge prevented him from imparting to his system anything which resembles the actuality of modern science. In advancing from the known to the unknown, the scientific thinker of to-day plants each successive footstep on some discovery of what actually is — testing his discoveries by a series of minute experiments. Lucretius, as soon as he passed beyond the region of ordinary observation, had to content himself with what, reasoning by rude analogy, ordinary observations suggested to him as things that might be.

In its details, therefore, his science is not science at all; as the reader, who cares to do so, may very easily see by studying his highly curious and fantastic theory of vision. But though in its details his doctrine has little more reality than a dream, it approaches, in its premises, the latest theories of to-day; and its practical conclusion, so far as human life is concerned, is identical with that of the latest scientific philosophy. This conclusion is that all conscious life comes into existence with the body, and disappears with its dissolution; that it is not the miraculous creation of any deity, or deities; and that if any deities exist, they

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emerge from the nature of things, just as man does, and have no concern with his actions. It is doubtful whether Lucretius believed in their existence at all. In any case he regarded them as an essentially negligible quantity; and even should they be aware of man's existence whilst he lived, man, death being the end of him, passes wholly beyond their ken. There is no knowledge in the grave. There is no other life but this. Such was the sum and substance of the message of Lucretius to his contemporaries.

This is a doctrine which, willingly or unwillingly, many philosophers have taught besides Lucretius. But other philosophers have, as a rule, taught it either as a doctrine of sadness and despair, or as an inducement to voluptuous licence. Omar presents it to us as both. He is alternately possessed by the tragedy of the inevitable end, and by the desire to wring from existence every pleasure that it can yield us, before the night comes, in which no more pleasure can be taken. But Lucretius addresses his hearers in a very different tone. Omar's advice to man —

Drink, for we know not whence we came, nor why;
Drink, for we know not why we go, nor where,

is rejected by him as a piece of ignorant folly which defeats its own ends. The only true pleasures, he teaches, are found not in excess but in moderation;

and though even these are not perhaps very great, they are better than anything we can gain for ourselves by the excitement and agitation of excess.

He differs, however, from Omar in a deeper way than this, and from other philosophers also who are adherents of the same creed. To them the extinction of life seems in itself a sad thing. Lucretius proclaims it as a blessing, a relief, an emancipation. That man has no other life is the crowning truth of science. It is the truth for the sake of proving which — of placing it beyond all doubt — the science of the nature of things is alone worth studying.

The reason which he gives us for this attitude of mind is interesting, and throws a remarkable light on the spiritual conditions of his day. Life, according to him, would be naturally tolerable enough, and very often happy, if it were not for one thing; and this is the universal dread, not of death itself, but of the destiny that awaits us after death. Mankind at large, he says, labours under the horrible belief, which is always in the background of their minds, that they are born under the wrath of God, or of the gods, and that these monstrous powers have called them into life only in order that, after death, they may torment them in hell for ever. Here is really the root of all human sadness. It is the fear of what the gods will do to us — those all-seeing angry masters, vile in their vin-

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dictive righteousness, gathering where they have not strawed. Let us once, says Lucretius, rid ourselves of this nightmare of the imagination, and the aching of our hearts will cease. We shall rise up and be free.

Science it is which accomplishes for us the great deliverance; and it does so by demonstrating these two cardinal truths — first, that no god, or gods, of the kind in question, exist; and secondly, that even if they did exist, they would be absolutely impotent to wreak their malice on us after death, because after death there will be nothing left of us for them to torture.

It is the latter of these considerations on which he dwells most persistently, and in which he appears to find his well of deepest comfort; and for this there is the following reason. In spite of his doctrine that life, if bodily pain and a fear of the gods be absent, is naturally pleasing rather than otherwise, he is haunted by a conviction that there is an inherent bitterness in it after all. Though the delights of love may seem to be never so satisfying, yet

A bitter something in the midmost hours
Of joy starts up and stings amongst the flowers.

And again, after he has triumphantly announced the completeness with which "immortal death" relieves mortal man from the fear of future suffering, he proceeds to argue that seated in man's very self is some

source of restlessness, discontent, and sorrow, by which life is still vitiated, even though all fear of hell and of the anger of the gods be done away with. Self, he says, is the secret malady of each of us — for ever unsatisfied, for ever ill at ease; and death alone can free us from this foe that is of our own household.

In admitting and insisting on this fact Lucretius is not perhaps quite consistent as a thinker; but the feelings of few men are entirely in accordance with their thoughts, and the union in the poet of a note of subdued pessimism with one of courageous though hardly enthusiastic optimism affects the mind more deeply than either could have done separately.

The following poem, though a considerable number of the stanzas closely follow the sentences, and some even the very words of the original, can hardly be called a translation in the usual acceptation of the word. The work of Lucretius comprises between seven and eight thousand lines; the following poem comprises not so many as five hundred. Of the work of Lucretius, by far the larger part consists of what is not so much poetry as scientific expositions in verse. Its poetry is confined to various exquisite illustrations taken from scenes and aspects of external nature, and to the moral teaching which the poet draws from his natural science. His purely scientific principles I have contented myself with merely indicating, and it

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is his moral teaching which I have mainly attempted to reproduce. This is scattered throughout his work in a variety of isolated passages; as a consequence of which he very often repeats himself, and does but imperfect justice to the continuity of his thoughts and sentiments. I have done my best to exhibit them in a continuous form; and, in choosing the passages on which the following poem is founded, I have disregarded altogether their original order, taking them from this place and from that, as seemed most suitable for my purpose.

There are very few of the stanzas which have not some equivalent in the original; but most of them are summings up of the tendency of the thought of Lucretius, or echoes of his feelings, rather than reproductions of his words. In order that the reader may form some judgment as to this point for himself, I have appended to the poem those lines of the original which have been more or less closely translated, together with others representative of the meaning and train of argument which the poem aims at reproducing. The Latin lines are translated in literal prose for the benefit of those who are not classical scholars.

In one or two stanzas I have made use of phrases taken from great writers which are household words with all. One of these is from Tennyson, two from Shakespeare, and two or three from the Bible. For

doing this I have the precedent of Lucretius himself, who lays Ennius under the same kind of contribution. In the two former cases my object has been to convey to the reader a sense of the vital identity of modern thought with ancient, and in the latter to convey to him a sense of the strange contrast between the gospel of science, which, in the days of Lucretius, as in our own, had no hope to offer us but that of eternal death, and the gospel of the Christian religion, which offers us eternal life.

This contrast is made additionally interesting by the fact that Lucretius died only fifty years before Christ was born. In Christ originated that great spiritual and intellectual movement which succeeded, for so many ages, in rendering the Lucretian philosophy at once useless and incredible to the progressive races of mankind; but now, after a lapse of nearly two thousand years, the conditions which evoked that philosophy are once more reappearing. Once more we are confronted with two solutions of life — that which takes as its basis some creative act of faith, and that which is based solely on the observation of such phenomena as are apprehended by the senses, can be expressed in rigorous formulæ, or leave behind them objective records of their occurrence. But though these old conditions are being revived, they are being revived with great differences. Religion as represented

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by Christianity is by no means the same thing as the religion which excited the contempt and indignation of Lucretius. The Christian religion, in spite of the Christian Hell, offers to mankind not a future of torment only, but a future of rest and peace, which possibly even Lucretius might have regarded as preferable, if true, to that which he anticipated in the grave. Religion as represented by Christianity is no longer the enemy of man. It is man's friend and comforter; but it is a friend whose credentials seem to many to have become doubtful. Science, on the other hand, has triumphantly extended its dominions. It has demonstrated, with an accuracy beyond the dreams of Lucretius, the all-pervading presence of uniform and endless laws. It has traced the steps by which mind slowly develops itself out of matter. If it has not shown us that consciousness is a mere function of the brain, it has shown us that without the brain, we can, even if it exists, have no knowledge of it, and that without the senses it could have no thinkable content; and has strengthened the argument that, if the evidence of faith is repudiated, the dissolution of the individual body and the individual life are simultaneous. The result is that the choice between religion and science has become in the present day even more vital to man, and fraught with deeper issues, than it was in the days when Lucretius wrote

his poem on "The Nature of Things," and preached his gospel of a redemption, not *from* the grave, but *in* it. Those, however, who, under changed conditions, are adherents of the principles which he shares with the latest scientists of to-day, can hardly find the only hope which is open to them expressed by any writer with a loftier and more poignant dignity than that with which they will find it expressed by the Roman disciple of Epicurus.

I.

Suave mari magno.

I.

WHEN storms blow loud, 't is sweet to watch at ease
From shore, the sailor labouring with the seas:
Because the sense, not that such pains are his,
But that they are not ours, must always please.

II.

Sweet for the cragsman, from some high retreat
Watching the plains below where legions meet,
To await the moment when the walls of war
Thunder and clash together. But more sweet,

III.

Sweeter by far on Wisdom's rampired height
To pace serene the porches of the light,
And thence look down — down on the purblind herd
Seeking and never finding in the night

IV.

The road to peace — the peace that all might hold,
But yet is missed by young men and by old,
Lost in the strife for palaces and powers,
The axes, and the lictors, and the gold.

V.

Oh sightless eyes! Oh hands that toil in vain!
Not such your needs. Your nature's needs are twain,
And only twain: and these are to be free —
Your minds from terror, and your bones from pain.

VI.

Unailing limbs, a calm unanxious breast —
Grant Nature these, and she will do the rest.
Nature will bring you, be you rich or poor,
Perhaps not much — at all events her best.

VII.

What though no statued youths from wall and wall
Strew light along your midnight festival,
With golden hands, nor beams from Lebanon
Keep the lyre's languor lingering through the hall,

VIII.

Yours is the table 'neath the high-whispering trees;
Yours is the lyre of leaf and stream and breeze.
The golden flagon, and the echoing dome —
Lapped in the Spring, what care you then for these?

IX.

Sleep is no sweeter on the ivory bed
Than yours on moss; and fever's shafts are sped
As clean through silks damasked for dreaming kings,
As through the hood that wraps the poor man's head.

X.

What then, if all the prince's glittering store
Yields to his body not one sense the more,
Nor any ache or fever of them all
Is barred out by bronze gates or janitor —

XI.

What shall the palace, what the proud domain
Do for the mind — vain splendours of the vain?
How shall these minister to a mind diseased,
Or raze one written trouble from the brain?

XII.

Unless you think that conscience with its stings
And misery, fears the outward pomp of things —
Fears to push swords and sentinels aside,
And sit the assessor of the kings of kings.

XIII.

The mind! Ay — there's the rub. The root is there
Of that one malady which all men share.
It gleams between the haggard lids of joy;
It burns a canker in the heart of care.

XIV.

Within the gold bowl, when the feast is set,
It lurks. 'Tis bitter in the labourer's sweat.
Feed thou the starving, and thou bring'st it back —
Back to the starving, who alone forget.

XV.

Oh you who under silken curtains lie,
And you whose only roof-tree is the sky,
What is the curse that blights your lives alike?
Not that you hate to live, but fear to die.

XVI.

Fear is the poison. Wheresoe'er you go,
Out of the skies above, the clods below,
The sense thrills through you of some pitiless Power
Who scowls at once your father and your foe;

XVII.

Who lets his children wander at their whim,
Choosing their road, as though not bound by him:
But all their life is rounded with a shade,
And every road goes down behind the rim;

XVIII.

And there behind the rim, the swift, the lame,
At different paces, but their end the same,
Into the dark shall one by one go down,
Where the great furnace shakes its hair of flame.

XIX.

Oh ye who cringe and cower before the throne
Of him whose heart is fire, whose hands are stone,
Who shall deliver you from this death in life —
Strike off your chains, and make your souls your own?

II.

E tenebris tantis.

I.

COME unto me all ye that labour. Ye
Whose souls are heavy-laden, come to me,
And I will lead you forth by streams that heal,
And feed you with the truth that sets men free.

II.

Not from myself, poor souls with fear foredone,
Not from myself I have it, but from one
At whose approach the lamps of all the wise
Fade and go out like stars before the sun.

III.

I am the messenger of one that saith
His saving sentence through my humbler breath:
And would you know his gospel's name, 't is this —
The healing gospel of the eternal death.

IV.

A teacher he, the latchet of whose shoe
I am not worthy stooping to undo:
And on your aching brows and weary eyes
His saving sentence shall descend like dew.

V.

For this is he that dared the almighty foe,
Looked up, and struck the Olympian blow for blow,
And dragged the phantom from his fancied skies —
The Samian Sage — the first of those that know.

VI.

Him not the splintered lightnings, nor the roll
Of thunders daunted. Undismayed, his soul
Rose, and outsoared the thunder, plumbed the abyss,
And scanned the wheeling worlds from pole to pole;

VII.

And from the abyss brought back for you and me
The secret that alone can set men free.

He showed us how the worlds and worlds began,
And what things can, and what things cannot be.

VIII.

And as I hear his clarion, I — I too
See earth and heaven laid open to my view;
And lo, from earth and heaven the curse is gone,
And all the things that are, are born anew.

IX.

Vision divine! Far off in crystal air,
What forms are these? The immortal Gods are there.
Ay — but what Gods? Not those that trembling men
Would bribe with offerings, and appease with prayer.

X.

Far off they lie, where storm-winds never blow,
Nor ever storm-cloud moves across the glow;
Nor frost of winter nips them, nor their limbs
Feel the white fluttering of one plume of snow.

XI.

At ease they dream, and make perpetual cheer
Far off. From them we nothing have to fear,
Nothing to hope. How should the calm ones hate?
The tearless know the meaning of a tear?

XII.

We leave, we bless them, in their homes on high.
No atheist is my master, he, nor I:
But when I turn, and seek the stain of Hell
Which flames and smokes along the nadir sky,

XIII.

Even as I gaze the ancient shapes of ill
Flicker and fade. From off the accursed hill
The huge stone melts. The Ixionian wheel
Rests, and the barkings of the hound are still.

XIV.

The damned forbear to shriek, their wounds to bleed,
The fires to torture, and the worm to feed;
And stars are glittering through the rift, where once
The stream went wailing 'twixt its leagues of reed;

XV.

And all the pageant goes; whilst I, with awe,
See in its place the things my master saw;
See in its place the three eternal things—
The only three—atoms and space and law.

XVI.

Hearken, oh earth! Hearken, oh heavens bereft
Of your old gods, these ageless Fates are left,
Who are at once the makers and the made,
Who are at once the weavers and the weft.

XVII.

All things but these arise and fail and fall,
From flowers to stars—the great things and the small;
Whilst the great Sum of all things rests the same,
The all-creating, all-devouring All.

XVIII.

Oh you who with me, in my master's car,
Up from the dens of faith have risen afar,
Do not you see at last on yonder height
A light that burns and beacons like a star?

XIX.

Do not sniff the morning in our flight?
The air turns cool, the dusk team turns to white.
Night's coursers catch the morning on their manes;
The dews are on the pasterns of the night.

XX.

At last we are near the secret, oh my friend.

Patience awhile! We soon shall reach the end —

The gospel of the everlasting death.

Incline your ear to reason, and attend.

III.

*Sic igitur magni quoque circum moenia mundi
Expugnata dabunt labem putresque ruinas.*

I.

No single thing abides; but all things flow.
Fragment to fragment clings — the things thus grow
Until we know and name them. By degrees
They melt, and are no more the things we know.

II.

Globed from the atoms falling slow or swift
I see the suns, I see the systems lift
Their forms; and even the systems and the suns
Shall go back slowly to the eternal drift.

III.

Thou too, oh earth — thine empires, lands, and seas —
Least, with thy stars, of all the galaxies,
Globed from the drift like these, like these thou too
Shalt go. Thou art going, hour by hour, like these.

IV.

Nothing abides. Thy seas in delicate haze
Go off; those moonéd sands forsake their place;
And where they are, shall other seas in turn
Mow with their scythes of whiteness other bays.

V.

Lo, how the terraced towers, and monstrous round
Of league-long ramparts rise from out the ground,
With gardens in the clouds. Then all is gone,
And Babylon is a memory and a mound.

VI.

Observe this dew-drenched rose of Tyrian grain —
A rose to-day. But you will ask in vain
To-morrow what it is; and yesterday
It was the dust, the sunshine and the rain.

VII.

This bowl of milk, the pitch on yonder jar,
Are strange and far-bound travellers come from far.
This is a snow-flake that was once a flame —
The flame was once the fragment of a star.

VIII.

Round, angular, soft, brittle, dry, cold, warm,
Things *are* their qualities: things *are* their form —
And these in combination, even as bees,
Not singly but combined, make up the swarm:

IX.

And when the qualities like bees on wing,
Having a moment clustered, cease to cling,
As the thing dies without its qualities,
So die the qualities without the thing.

X.

Where is the coolness when no cool winds blow?
Where is the music when the lute lies low?
Are not the redness and the red rose one,
And the snow's whiteness one thing with the snow?

XI.

Even so, now mark me, here we reach the goal
Of Science, and in little have the whole —
Even as the redness and the rose are one,
So with the body one thing is the soul.

XII.

For, as our limbs and organs all unite
To make our sum of suffering and delight,
And, without eyes and ears and touch and tongue,
Were no such things as taste and sound and sight,

XIII.

So without these we all in vain shall try
To find the thing that gives them unity —
The thing to which each whispers, "Thou art thou" —
The soul which answers each, "And I am I."

XIV.

What! shall the dateless worlds in dust be blown
Back to the unremembered and unknown,
And this frail Thou — this flame of yesterday —
Burn on, forlorn, immortal, and alone?

XV.

Did Nature, in the nurseries of the night
Tend it for this — Nature whose heedless might,
Casts, like some shipwrecked sailor, the poor babe,
Naked and bleating on the shores of light?

XVI.

What is it there? A cry is all it is.
It knows not if its limbs be yours or his.
Less than that cry the babe was yesterday.
The man to-morrow shall be less than this.

XVII.

Tissue by tissue to a soul he grows,
As leaf by leaf the rose becomes the rose.
Tissue from tissue rots; and, as the Sun
Goes from the bubbles when they burst, he goes.

XVIII.

Ah, mark those pearls of Sunrise! Fast and free
Upon the waves they are dancing. Souls shall be
Things that outlast their bodies, when each spark
Outlasts its wave, each wave outlasts the sea.

XIX.

The seeds that once were we take flight and fly,
Winnowed to earth, or whirled along the sky,
Not lost but disunited. Life lives on.
It is the lives, the lives, the lives, that die.

XX.

They go beyond recapture and recall,
Lost in the all-indissoluble All: —

Gone like the rainbow from the fountain's foam,
Gone like the spindrift shuddering down the squall.

XXI.

Flakes of the water, on the waters cease!
Soul of the body, melt and sleep like these.

Atoms to atoms — weariness to rest —
Ashes to ashes — hopes and fears to peace!

XXII.

Oh Science, lift aloud thy voice that stills
The pulse of fear, and through the conscience thrills —
Thrills through the conscience with the news of peace —
How beautiful thy feet are on the hills!

IV.

Nil igitur mors est.

I.

DEATH is for us, then, nothing — a mere name
For the mere noiseless ending of a flame.

It hurts us not, for there is nothing left
To hurt: and as of old, when Carthage came

II.

To battle, we and ours felt nought at all,
Nor quailed to see city and farm and stall
Flare into dust, and all our homeless fields
Trampled beneath the hordes of Hannibal,

III.

But slumbered on and on, nor cared a jot,
Deaf to the stress and tumult, though the lot
Of things was doubtful, to which lords should fall
The rule of all — but we, we heeded not —

IV.

So when that wedlock of the flesh and mind
Which makes us what we are, shall cease to bind,
And mind and flesh, being mind and flesh no more,
Powdered to dust go whistling down the wind,

V.

Even as our past was shall our future be.
Others may start and tremble, but not we,
 Though heaven with the disbanded dust of earth
Be dark, or earth be drowned beneath the sea.

VI.

Why then torment ourselves, and shrink aghast
Like timorous children from the great At Last?
 For though the Future holds its face averse,
See that hid face reflected in the past,

VII.

As in a shield. Look! Does some monster seem
To threaten there? Is that the Gorgon's gleam?
 What meets your eyes is nothing — or a face
Even gentler than a sleep without a dream.

VIII.

And yet — ah thou who art about to cease
From toil, and lapse into perpetual peace,
 Why will the mourners stand about thy bed,
And sting thy parting hour with words like these? —

IX.

“Never shalt thou behold thy dear home more,
Never thy wife await thee at thy door,
Never again thy little climbing boy
A father's kindness in thine eyes explore.

X.

"All you have toiled for, all you have loved," they say,
"Is gone, is taken in a single day;"

But never add, "All memory, all desire,
All love — these likewise shall have passed away."

XI.

Ah ignorant mourners! Did they only see
The fate which Death indeed lays up for thee,
How would they sing a different song from this —
"Beloved, not thou the sufferer — thou; but we.

XII.

"Thou hast lost us all; but thou, redeemed from pain,
Shalt sleep the sleep that kings desire in vain.

Thou hast left us all; and lo, for us, for us,
A void that never shall be filled again.

XIII.

"Not thine, but ours, to see the sharp flames thrust
Their daggers through the hands we clasped in trust;

To see the dear lips crumble, and at last
To brood above a bitter pile of dust.

XIV.

"Not thine, but ours is this. All pain is fled
From thee, and we are wailing in thy stead,
Not for the dead that leave the loved behind,
But for the living that must lose their dead."

V.

Denique si vocem.

I.

OH ye of little faith, who fear to scan
The inevitable hour that ends your span,
If me you doubt, let Nature find a voice;
And will not Nature reason thus with man?

II.

"Fools," she will say, "whose petulant hearts and speech
Dare to arraign, and long to overreach,
Mine ordinance — I see two schools of fools.
Silent be both, and I will speak with each.

III.

"And first for thee, whose whimpering lips complain
That all life's wine for thee is poured in vain,
That each hour spills it like a broken cup —
Life is for thee the loss, and Death the gain.

IV.

"Death shall not mock thee. Death at last shall slake
Your life's thirst from a cup that will not break.
Cease then your mutterings. Drain that wine-cup dry,
Nor fear the wine. Why should you wish to wake?

V.

“ And next for thee, who hast eaten and drunk with zest
At my most delicate table of the best,
Yet when the long feast ends art loth to go,
Why not, oh fool, rise like a sated guest —

VI.

“ Rise like some guest who has drunk well and deep,
And now no longer can his eyelids keep
From closing; rise and hie thee home to rest,
And enter calmly on the unending sleep?

VII.

“ What, will you strive with me, and say me ‘ No,’
Like some distempered child; and whisper low,
‘ Give me but one life more, one hour, to drink
One draught of some new sweetness ere I go? ’

VIII.

“ Oh three times fool! For could I only do
The impossible thing you ask, and give to you
Not one life more, but many, ’t were in vain.
You would find nothing sweet, and nothing new.

IX.

“ Pleasure and power, the friend’s, the lover’s kiss,
Would bring you weariness in place of bliss.
You would turn aside, and say, ‘ I have known them all,
And am long tired of this, and this, and this.’

X.

"Nature can nothing do she has not done —
Nature, to whom a thousand lives are one:

And though a thousand lives were yours to endure,
You would find no new thing beneath the Sun.

XI.

"Children of ended joy, and ended care,
I tell you both, take back, take back your prayer;

For one life's joys and loves, or one life's load,
Are all, are all, that one man's bones can bear."

XII.

Such, if the mute Omnipotence were free
To speak, which it is not, its words would be.

Could you gainsay them? Lend your ears once more,
Not to the mute Omnipotence, but me.

VI.

In vita sunt omnia nobis.

I.

FOR I, if still you are haunted by the fear
Of Hell, have one more secret for your ear.
Hell is indeed no fable; but, my friends,
Hell and its torments are not there, but here.

II.

No Tantalus down below with craven head
Cowers from the hovering rock! but here instead
A Tantalus lives in each fond wretch who fears
An angry God, and views the heavens with dread.

III.

No Tityos there lies prone, and lives to feel
The beak of the impossible vulture steal
Day after day out of his bleeding breast
The carrion of the insatiable meal.

IV.

But you and I are Tityos, when the dire
Poison of passion turns our blood to fire;
For despised love is crueller than the pit,
And bitterer than the vulture's beak desire.

V.

Hell holds no Sisyphus who, with toil and pain,
Still rolls the huge stone up the hill in vain.

But he is Sisyphus who, athirst for power,
Fawns on the crowd, and toils and fails to gain

VI.

The crowd's vile suffrage. What a doom is his —
Abased and unrewarded! Is not this

Ever to roll the huge stone up the hill,
And see it still rebounding to the abyss?

VII.

Oh forms of fear, oh sights and sounds of woe!
The shadowy road down which we all must go

Leads not to these, but from them. Hell is here,
Here in the broad day. Peace is there below.

VIII.

Think yet again, if still your fears protest,
Think how the dust of this broad road to rest

Is homely with the feet of all you love,
The wisest, and the bravest, and the best.

IX.

Ancus has gone before you down that road.
Scipio, the lord of war, the all-dreaded goad

Of Carthage, he too, like his meanest slave,
Has travelled humbly to the same abode.

X.

Thither the singers, and the sages fare,
Thither the great queens with their golden hair.

Homer himself is there with all his songs;
And even my mighty Master's self is there.

XI.

There too the knees that nursed you, and the clay
That was a mother once, this many a day

Have gone. Thither the king with crownéd brows
Goes, and the weaned child leads him on the way.

XII.

Brother and friend, and art thou still averse
To tread that road? And will the way be worse
For thee than them? Dost thou disdain or fear
To tread the road of babes, and emperors?

XIII.

Is life so sweet a thing, then, even for those
On whom it smiles in all its bravest shows?

See, in his marble hall the proud lord lies,
And seems to rest, but does not know repose.

XIV.

"Bring me my chariot," to his slaves he cries.
The chariot comes. With thundering hoofs he flies —

Flies to his villa, where the calm arcades
Prophesy peace, and fountains cool the skies.

XV.

Vain are the calm arcades, the fountain's foam,
Vain the void solitude he calls a home.

“Bring me my chariot,” like a hunted thing
He cries once more, and thunders back to Rome.

XVI.

So each man strives to flee that secret foe
Which is himself. But move he swift or slow,

That Self, for ever punctual at his heels,
Never for one short hour will let him go.

XVII.

How, could he only teach his eyes to see
The things that can, the things that cannot be,
He would hail the road by which he shall at last
Escape the questing monster, and be free!

XVIII.

He shall escape it even by that same way
On which fear whispers him 't will turn to bay:

For on that road the questing monster dies
Like a man's shadow on a sunless day.

XIX.

Brother and friend, this life brings joy and ease
And love to some, to some the lack of these —

Only the lack; to others tears and pain;
But at the last it brings to all the peace

XX.

That passes understanding. Sweet, thrice sweet,
This healing gospel of the unhomed retreat,

Where, though not drinking, we shall no more thirst,
And meeting not, shall no more wish to meet.

VII.

Scire licet nobis nihil esse in morte timendum.

I.

“**T**HY wife, thy home, the child that climbed thy knee
Are sinking down like sails behind the sea.”
Breathe to the dying this; but breathe as well,
“All love for these shall likewise pass from thee.”

II.

Brother, if I should watch their last light shine
In those loved eyes, those dying ears of thine
Should hear me murmur what, when my hour comes,
I would some friend might murmur into mine.

III.

Rest, rest, perturbed bosom — heart forlorn,
With thoughts of ended joys, and evil borne,
And — worse — of evil done: for they, like thee,
Shall rest — those others thou hast made to mourn.

IV.

Even if there lurk behind some veil of sky
The fabled Maker, the immortal Spy,
Ready to torture each poor life he made,
Thou canst do more than God can — thou canst die.

V.

Will not the thunders of thy God be dumb
 When thou art deaf for ever? Can the Sun
 Of all things bruise what is not? Nay — take heart;
 For where thou goest, thither no God can come.

VI.

Rest, brother, rest. Have you done ill or well,
 Rest, rest. There is no God, no Gods, who dwell
 Crowned with avenging righteousness on high,
 Nor frowning ministers of their hate in Hell.

VII.

None shall accuse thee, none shall judge: for lo,
 Those others have forgotten long ago:
 And all thy sullied drifts of memory
 Shall lie as white, shall lie as cold as snow:

VIII.

And no vain hungering for the joys of yore
 Gone with the vanished sunsets, nor the sore
 Torn in your heart by all the ills you did,
 Nor even the smart of those poor ills you bore;

IX.

And no omnipotent wearer of a crown
 Of righteousness, nor fiend with branded frown
 Swart from the flame, shall break or reach your rest,
 Or stir your temples from the eternal down.

X.

Flakes of the water, on the waters cease!
Soul of the body, melt and sleep like these.

Atoms to atoms — weariness to rest.
Ashes to ashes — hopes and fears to peace!

PASSAGES

FROM LUCRETIUS "DE RERUM NATURA"

WHICH FORM THE BASIS OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

I.

I.

SUAVE *mari magno vexantibus aequora ventis*
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quemquam est iucunda voluptas,
Set quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est.

It is sweet when winds are troubling the waters on the great deep, to watch from land the great labours of another; not because there is any light-hearted pleasure in knowing that another is suffering, but because it is pleasant to realise from what sufferings you yourself are free.—Lucretius, Book ii, 1-4.

II.

Per campos instructa tua sine parte pericli
Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri.

It is also sweet to behold, without any peril to yourself, the great forces of war arrayed for battle along the plains.—Book ii. 5, 6.

III.

Sed nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena;

*Despicere unde queas alios passimque videre
Errare,*

But nothing is sweeter than to occupy the well-defended serene heights of the wise, built high with learning, from which you may be able to look down on others, and see them wandering (*Ibid.* 7-10),

*atque viam palantes quaerere vitae,
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti praestante labore
Ad summas emergere opes rerumque potiri.*

and straying in all directions in search of the path of life, contending in intellect, in pride of birth, and struggling with hard labour day and night to rise to wealth, and seize on the government of affairs. — *Ibid.* 10-13.

v.

*O miseras hominum mentes! o pectora caeca!
Qualibus in tenebris vitae quantisque periclis
Deditur hoc aevi quodcumque est! Nonne videtis
Nil aliud sibi naturam latrare,*

Oh miserable minds of men! oh blind breasts!
In what shadows of life, in what perils such life as

is yours is passed! Do not you see that Nature demands for herself no more than this (Book ii. 14-16) —

VI.

— nisi ut cui

*Corpore seiunctus dolor absit, mente fruatur
Iucundo sensu cura semota metuque?*

— that he from whose body care is removed and absent, may enjoy his mind with pleasure, freed from care and fear? — *Ibid.* 17-19.

*Ergo corpoream ad naturam pauca videmus
Esse opus omnino, quae demant cumque dolorem
Delicias quoque uti multas substernere possint.*

We see, therefore, that but few things are necessary to the nature of the body, in order to ward off pain, and to give us many pleasures.—*Ibid.* 20-22.

VII.

*Si non aurea sunt invenum simulacra per aedes
Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris,
Lumina nocturnis epulis ut suppeditentur,
Nec domus argento fulget auroque renidet,
Nec citharae reboant laqueata aurataque templa;*

If there are not in your houses, golden statues of youths, holding burning lamps in their hands, to supply light to the midnight feast; if their hall shines not with silver, nor glitters with gold, nor the lyre makes the fretted and gilded roofs resound (*Ibid.* 24-28);

VIII.

*Quum tamen inter se prostrati in gramine molli
Propter aquae rivum sub ramis arboris altae
Non magnis opibus iucunde corpora curant.*

nevertheless when they have stretched themselves on the soft grass, near a rivulet of water, under the branches of a tree, they, with no great riches, so far as the senses go, have a happy life enough.
— Book ii. 29-31.

IX

*Nec calidae citius decedunt corpore febres
Textilibus si in picturis ostroque rubenti
Iacteris, quam si in plebeia veste cubandum est.*

Nor do hot fevers depart sooner from your body, if you are tossed on woven pictures and blushing purple, than if you have to lie under a plebeian coverlet. — *Ibid.* 34-36.

PASSAGES FROM LUCRETIUS.

X AND XI.

*Quapropter quoniam nil nostro in corpore gazæ
Proficiunt neque nobilitas neque gloria regni,
Quod superest animo quoque nil prodesse putandum.*

Wherefore since neither treasures, nor nobility, nor the glory of a kingdom are of any profit to the body, we must deem also that they are of no profit to the mind. — *Ibid.* 37-39.

XII.

*Si non forte tuas legiones per loca campi
Fervere quum videas, belli simulacra cientes,
His tibi tum rebus timefactæ religiones
Effugiunt animo pavidæ, mortisque timores.*

Unless, perhaps, when you see your legions moving themselves along the places of the plain, stirring up images of war, the terrors of religion and the dread of death, frightened by these things, flee panic-stricken from your mind. — *Ibid.* 41-44.

XIII TO XIX.

Aeternas quoniam poenas in morte timendum,

Since men [as they now believe] have to fear an eternity of torment when they die (Book i. 111),

*Metus ille foras praeceps Acherontis agendus,
Funditus humanam qui vitam turbat ab imo
Omnia suffundens mortis nigrore, neque ullam
Esse voluptatem liquidam puramque relinquit.*

that fear of Acheron must be driven headlong from our minds utterly which now suffuses all things with the darkness of death, nor allows any pleasure to remain to us clear and pure. — Book iii. 37-40.

II.

I.

HUNC igitur terrorem animi tenebrasque necesse
est

*Non radii solis neque lucida tela diei
Discutiant, sed naturae species ratioque.*

This terror and these shadows of the mind must be dispersed, not by the rays of the sun, or the lucid darts of day, but by the knowledge of nature and of reason. — Book iii. 91-93.

II TO IV.

*E tenebris tantis tam clarum extollere lumen
Qui primus potuisti illustrans commoda vitae,
Te sequor, o Graiae gentis decus, inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis.*

Thou, who from so great darkness wert first able to lift so shining a light, illuminating the blessings of life, Thee, oh glory of the Grecian race, do I follow, and plant my feet in thy footprints. — Book iii. 1-4.

*Ipse Epicurus [qui] . . . omnes
Restinxit, stellas exortus uti aetherius sol.*

Epicurus, who extinguishes the lights of all other men, as the risen sun extinguishes the stars. — *Ibid.* 1055.

v.

*Humana ante oculos foede quum vita iaceret
 In terris oppressa gravi sub religione
 Quae caput a coeli regionibus ostendebat
 Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans,
 Primum Graius homo mortales tollere contra
 Est oculos ausus primusque obsistere contra.*

When human life lay shamefully grovelling before our eyes, bowed to the dust beneath the heavy weight of religion, which displayed its head from the regions of the heavens, threatening mortals with her hideous aspect, a man of Greece was the first to raise mortal eyes against her, and make a stand against her. — Book i. 63-68.

vi.

*Quem nec fama deum nec fulmina nec minitanti
 Murmure compressit coelum.*

Whom neither tales of Gods, nor lightnings, nor the heaven with its threatening murmurs repressed. — *Ibid.* 69, 70.

vii.

*Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit et extra
 Processit longe flammantia moenia mundi*

PASSAGES FROM LUCRETIUS.

*Atque omne immensum peragravit mente animoque,
Unde refert nobis victor quid possit oriri,
Quid nequeat.*

Therefore the vivid strength of his mind conquered, and proceeded far beyond the flaming walls of the universe, and in mind and thought traversed the whole vast of space; and hence triumphant he brings back to us the knowledge of what can arise and exist, and what cannot. — Book i. 73-76.

VIII.

*Nam simul ac ratio tua coepit vociferari
Naturam rerum, haud divina mente coactam,
Diffugiunt animi terrores, moenia mundi
Discedunt. Totum video per inane geri res.*

For as soon as thy reason begins to shout aloud the nature of things—nature not ruled by the mind of any deity—the terrors of the mind flee away; the walls of the universe open; and I see the process of things in all the void of space.—Book iii. 14-17.

IX TO XI.

*Apparet Divum numen sedesque quietae,
Quas neque concutiunt venti nec nubila nimbis*

*Adspergunt neque nix acri concreta pruina
Cana cadens violat, semperque innubilus aether
Integer et large diffuso lumine ridet.
Omnia suppeditat porro natura neque ulla
Res animi pacem delibat tempore in ullo.*

The divinity of the gods appears, and their tranquil seats, which no winds shake nor clouds sprinkle with mist, nor the white falling snow, congealed with sharp frost, violates; but the pure air is cloudless ever, and laughs with diffused light. Nature, too, provides the gods with all things; nor does anything ever take their peace of heart away from them. — *Ibid.* 18-24.

XII TO XIV.

*At contra nusquam apparent Acherusia templa
Nec tellus obstat quin omnia dispiciantur.*

But on the other hand, though the earth does not hinder a complete view of everything, the Acherusian abodes are to be seen nowhere. — Book iii. 25, 26.

XV TO XVII.

*His ibi me rebus quaedam divina voluptas
Percipit atque horror.*

Under the influence of these spectacles, a certain divine pleasure and awe takes hold of me. — *Ibid.* 28, 29.

PASSAGES FROM LUCRETII.

Natura . . . corpus inani

Et quod inane autem est finire corpore cogit,

Ut sic alternis infinita omnia reddat.

Nature compels body to be bounded with space, and empty space to be bounded by body, so that by these mutual limits she may render all things infinite. — Book i. 1009-1011.

Minui rem quamque videmus

Et quasi longinquo fluere omnia cernimus aevo

.

Quum tamen incolumis videatur summa manere.

We see that all things are diminished and flow away through length of time; but the great sum of things is seen to remain undecayed.—Book ii. 68-71.

III.

I.

MUTAT enim mundi naturam totius aetas
Ex alioque alius status excipere omnia debet
Nec manet ulla sui similis res. Omnia migrant.

For time changes the nature of the entire universe, and one condition of things after another must succeed in all things: nor does anything abide like itself. All things move and change.—Book v. 828-830.

II.

Sic igitur magni quoque circum moenia mundi
Expugnata dabunt labem putresque ruinas.

So likewise the walls of the great universe assailed on all sides [by age and the attack of hostile atoms] shall suffer decay, and fall in mouldering ruin. — Book ii. 1144, 1145.

III.

Quare etiam atque etiam tales fateare necesse est
Esse alios alibi congressus materiai
Qualis hic est avido complexu quem tenet aether.

Wherefore again and again it is necessary that you admit the existence of other aggregates of

PASSAGES FROM LUCRETIUS.

matter elsewhere, such as the earth, which the air holds in its close embrace. — *Ibid.* 1061-1063.

Iamque adeo fracta est aetas effoetaque tellus.

Already the age of the world is broken, and the earth worn out. — *Ibid.* 1150.

IV.

*Magnam partem sol detrahit aestu . . .
Praeterea docui multum quoque tollere nubes
Humorem, magno conceptum ex aequore ponti.*

The sun with its heat draws off a large part of the sea. I have shown thee also how the clouds take off much drawn by them from the vast surface of the deep. — Book v. 617, 628, 629.

V.

*Et inter se mortales mutua vivunt.
Augescunt aliae gentes, aliae minuuntur,
Inque brevi spatio mutantur saecula animantum.*

The races of mortals subsist by interchange. Some races increase, some diminish, and in a brief space of time the generations of the living are changed. — Book ii. 76-78.

VI.

*Pereunt imbres, ubi eos pater aether
In gremium matris terrai praecipitavit;
At nitidae surgunt fruges ramique virescunt.*

The rains die when father aether has precipitated them into the lap of mother earth; but the shining fruits rise, and the branches of the trees grow green. — Book i. 251-253.

VIII AND IX.

*Nam quodcumque suis mutatum finibus exit,
Continuo hoc mors est illius quod fuit ante.*

For whatsoever thing is changed, and loses its distinguishing qualities, this change is the instant death of the thing which was before. — Book ii. 753, 754.

IX, X, AND XI.

*Quod genus e thuris glebis evellere odorem
Haud facile est quin intereat natura quoque eius.
Sic animi atque animae naturam corpore toto
Extrahere hand facile est quin corpora dissolvantur.*

For as you cannot tear away the scent from balls of frankincense, without at the same time

PASSAGES FROM LUCRETIUS.

destroying its whole nature, so you cannot extract the mind and soul from the whole body, without the body being dissolved. — Book iii. 327-330.

XV AND XVI.

*Tum porro puer, ut saevis proiectus ab undis
Navita, nudus humi iacet, infans, indigus omni
Vitali auxilio, quum primum in luminis oras
Nixibus ex alvo matris natura profudit
Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut aequum est
Cui tantum in vita restat transire malorum.*

Moreover the babe, like a sailor cast up by the fierce waves, lies speechless, without all vital support, naked upon the ground, where first nature with pain has sent it from its mother's womb, forth into the regions of light; and it fills the air with a dismal wailing, as is right for one for whom in life so many sorrows remain to be passed through. — Book v. 222-227.

XVII.

*Praeterea gigni pariter cum corpore et una
Crescere sentimus pariterque senescere mentem.*

Besides we see the mind to be born with the body, to grow with the body, and to decay with it. — Book iii. 446, 447.

XIX.

*Nequeunt ullius corporis esse
Sensus ante ipsam genitam naturam animantis,
Nimirum quia materies disiecta tenetur
Aere fluminibus terris.*

The senses of no living thing can exist before the substance of the living thing itself is got together; and naturally so, because till then the materials are dispersed in the air, the rivers, and in the earth. — Book ii. 936-939.

XXI.

*Nam sua cuique locis ex omnibus omnia plagis
Corpora distribuuntur et ad sua saecula recedunt
Humor ad humorem, terreno corpore terra
Crescit et ignem ignes procidunt aetheraque aether.*

For to every body from all regions of space are contributed by atomic agitation its own congruous atoms; moisture to moisture; earth to earth; fire to fire; air to air. — Book ii. 1112-1115.

IV.

I.

NIL igitur mors est ad nos neque pertinet hilum,
Quandoquidem natura animi mortalis hab-
etur.

Death therefore is nothing, and has nothing to do with us, since the nature of the mind is mortal.
— Book iii. 842, 843.

II AND III.

*Et velut anteacto nil tempore sensimus aegri,
Ad conflagrandum venientibus undique Poenis,
Omnia quum belli trepido concussa tumultu
Horrida contremuere sub altis aetheris auris,
In dubioque fuere utrorum ad regna cadendum
Omnibus humanis esset terraque marique: —*

And as, in past time, we felt no trouble ourselves, when the Carthaginians gathered from all sides to conflict, and when all things with the terrifying tumult of war trembled under the high air of heaven; and it was doubtful under the sway of which power the rule of all things human, in land and sea, should fall: — (Book iii. 843-849.)

PASSAGES FROM LUCRETIUS

IV AND V.

*Sic, ubi non erimus, quum corporis atque animā
Discidium fuerit quibus e sumus uniter apti,
Scilicet haud nobis quidquam, qui non erimus tum
Accidere omnino poterit sensumque movere,
Non si terra mari miscebitur et mare coelo.*

So when we shall cease to be, and when the disruption shall come of that soul and body of which we are jointly composed, it is certain that to us, who shall not then exist, nothing will be able to happen, or to rouse our feelings, not even if the earth shall be mingled with the sea, and the sea with heaven. — *Ibid.* 850-854.

VI.

*Respice item quam nil ad nos anteacta vetustas
Temporis aeterni fuerit, quam nascimur ante.
Hoc igitur speculum nobis natura futuri
Temporis exponit post mortem denique nostram.
Num quid horribile apparet? Num triste videtur
Quidquam? Nonne omni somno securius extat?*

Consider also how all the endless time that passed before we were born was nothing to us. This does nature hold up to us as a mirror, of that time to come, which shall be when we are dead. Does anything horrible appear? Is anything sad

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seen? Is not what you see there calmer than any sleep? — *Ibid.* 985-990.

VII TO IX.

*Nam iam non domus accipiet te laeta, neque uxor
Optima nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Praeripere et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent . . .
Illud in his rebus non addunt, Nec tibi earum
Iam desiderium insidet rerum insuper ulla.*

For now [say the mourners] your pleasant home shall never again receive you, nor your well-loved wife, nor your tender little ones run to you to snatch your kisses, and touch your heart with a silent sweetness. [The mourners say this, but] they never think of adding, Nor shall any longer any desire for these things remain with you. — Book iii. 907-913.

X TO XIII.

*Quod bene si videant animo dictisque sequantur,
Dissolvant animi magno se angore metuque.
Tu quidem ut es lecto sopitus, sic eris aevi
Quod superest cunctis privatu' doloribus aegris;
At nos horrifico cinefactum te prope busto
Insatiabiliter deflebimus; aeternumque
Nulla dies nobis moerorem e pectore demet.*

PASSAGES FROM LUCRETIUS.

Which truth, if men would see with their minds,
and follow it with their words, they would free
themselves from much sorrow and fear of mind.
[Then would they say to the dying] You laid to
sleep on your bed, will be as you are for ever,
freed from all cark and care; but we standing
by you, never shall cease weeping for your loss;
nor will ever the day come to our lives which
will take our abiding sorrow from our hearts. —
Ibid. 914-921.

V.

I.

DENIQUE si vocem rerum natura repente
Mittat et hoc alicui nostrum sic increpet
ipsa:—

Lastly, if the nature of things should suddenly utter a voice, and herself thus upbraid any one of us:— (Book iii. 944, 945.)

II.

*Quid tibi tantopere est mortalis quod nimis aegris
Luctibus indulges? quid mortem congemis ac fles?*

What good cause have you, oh mortal, to indulge in this immoderate grief? Why do you bemoan and weep over your coming death?—*Ibid.* 946, 947.

III AND IV.

*Sin ea quae fructus quumque es periere profusa
Vitaque in offenso est, cur amplius addere quaeris?*

But if these things, of which you have had the use, have been poured out and wasted, and life is hateful to you, why seek to add to it?—*Ibid.* 953, 954.

V AND VI.

*Nam gratum fuerit tibi vita anteacta priorque
Et non omnia pertusum congesta quasi in vas*

*Commoda perfluxere atque ingrata interiere;
Cur non ut plenus vitae conviva recedis
Aequo animoque capis securam, stulte, quietem?*

For if your past life has been grateful to you, and as your blessings have not, as though poured into a leaky vessel, flowed away and been lost, why not, like a guest sated at the banquet of life, retire, and with calm mind take your rest that never will be broken? — Book iii. 948-952.

VII TO X

*Cur . . .
Nec potius vitae finem facis atque laboris?
Nam tibi praeterea quod machiner inveniamque,
Quod placeat, nihil est; eadem sunt omnia semper.
. . . eadem tamen omnia restant,
Omnia si pergas vivendo vincere saecula.*

Why not rather wish [instead of living on] to make an end of life and sorrow at once? For there is nothing further which I could contrive or find out to please you. All things are always the same . . . You would find them always the same, even if you outlasted all the ages in living. — *Ibid.* 958-962.

PASSAGES FROM LUCRETIUS.

XII.

*Quid respondemus, nisi iustam intendere litem,
Naturam et veram verbis exponere causam?*

What do we answer to all this, but that nature brings a just charge against us, and sets forth a true case, in so speaking. — *Ibid.* 962-963.

VI.

I.

ATQUE ea nimirum quaecunque Acherunte profundo
Prodita sunt esse, in vita sunt omnia nobis.

And those things which are said to be in the depths of hell, really all of them happen to us, not there, but in life. — Book iii. 991, 992.

II.

*Nec miser impendens magnum timet aere saxum
 Tantalus, ut fama est, cassa formidine torpens:
 Sed magis in vita divum metus urget inanis
 Mortales casumque timent quem cuique ferat fors.*

Nor does any miserable Tantalus, as is said, stupid with blind fear, dread the great rock hanging above him in the air. But in this life an empty fear of the gods oppresses mortals; and they dread the fall that chance may bring to each. — *Ibid.* 993-996.

III.

*Nec Tityon volucres ineunt Acherunte iacentem
 Nec quid sub magno scrutenur pectore quidquam
 Perpetuam aetatem poterunt reperire profecto . . .
 Nec tamen aeternum poterit perferre laborem
 Nec praebere cibum proprio de corpore semper.*

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Nor do the birds penetrate Tityos as he lies in Acheron; nor, however his huge breast might be explored, could they find food there for infinite time . . . Nor could he himself endure the eternal pain, nor supply food always from his body. — *Ibid.* 997-1004.

IV.

*Sed Tityos nobis hic est, in amore iacentem
Quem volucres lacerant atque exest anxius angor.*

But he is a Tityos amongst us, whom, as he lies in love, the birds of passion tear, and anxious disquiet eats. — Book iii. 1005-1009.

V.

*Sisyphus in vita quoque nobis ante oculos est
Qui petere a populo fascēs saevasque securēs
Imbibit et semper victus tristisque recedit.*

A Sisyphus likewise is before our eyes in this life, in him who sets himself to seek from the voters the fascēs and the fierce axes, and retires always beaten and sad. — *Ibid.* 1008-1010.

VI.

*Nam petere imperium quod inane est nec datur
unquam
Atque in eo semper durum sufferre laborem,*

PASSAGES FROM LUCRETIUS

*Hoc est adverso nixantem trudere monte
Saxum quod tamen a summo iam vertice rursum
Volvitur et plani raptim petit aequora campi.*

For to seek power, which is empty in itself, and is moreover not gained, and constantly to endure hard labour in the pursuit of it, this is to hurl the stone with pain up the adverse hill, which yet is even now rolled down again from the summit, and impetuously seeks the surface of the open plain. — *Ibid.* 1011-1015.

VII.

Hinc Acherusia fit stultorum denique vita.

From fears of the torments of hell, the life of fools becomes a hell itself. — *Ibid.* 1036.

VIII.

Hoc etiam tibi tute interdum dicere possis.

This too you will also be able to say to yourself, [to give yourself courage]. — *Ibid.* 1037.

IX.

*Lumina sis oculis etiam bonus Ancu' reliquit . . .
Scipiades, belli fulmen, Carthagini's horror,
Ossa dedit terrae proinde ac famul infimus esset.*

PASSAGES FROM LUCRETIUS.

Even the good Ancus has deserted the light with his eyes . . . Scipio, the thunderbolt of war, the dread of Carthage gave his bows to the earth, as though he were his lowest slave. — Book iii. 1038, and 1047, 1048.

X.

*Adde repertores doctrinarum atque leporum,
Adde Heliconiadum comites; quorum unus
Homerus . . .*

Ipse Epicurus obit decurso lumine vitae.

Add to these the inventors of the sciences and the graces, and the companies of the Muses, of whom Homer is one . . . Epicurus died likewise, when his life's light had run its course. — *Ibid.* 1049, 1050, and 1055.

XIII.

*Exit sæpe foras magnis ex aedibus ille,
Esse domi quem pertaesum est.*

Often he goes forth out of his vast halls, who has grown weary of remaining at home. — *Ibid.* 1073, 1074.

XIV.

*Currit agens mannos ad villam praecipitanter,
Auxilium tectis quasi ferre ardentibus instans.*

He hastens precipitately to his villa hurrying on his horses, as though his house was on fire, and he were hastening to put out the flames. — *Ibid.* 1076-1077.

PASSAGES FROM LUCRETIUS

XV.

*Oscitat extemplo, tetigit quum limina villae,
Aut abit in somnum gravis atque oblivia quaerit,
Aut etiam properans urbem petit atque revisit.*

But he has no sooner touched the threshold of his villa than he yawns, or falls heavily to sleep, and heavily seeks forgetfulness; or even hurrying back again, betakes himself once more to the city. — Book iii. 1078-1080.

XVI.

*Hoc se quisque modo fugit; at quem scilicet, ut fit,
Effugere haud potis est, ingratis haeret, et odit
Propterea, morbi quia causam non tenet aeger.*

In this way each man flees from himself; but this self, whom, as it happens, he cannot escape from, still clings to him, and he hates it; for he, the sick man, does not know the cause of his disease. — *Ibid.* 1081-1083.

XVII.

*Quam bene si videat, iam rebus quisque relictis
Naturam primum studeat cognoscere rerum,
Temporis aeterni quoniam, non unius horae,
Ambigitur status, in quo sit mortalibus omnis
Aetas, post mortem quae restat cunque manendo.*

PASSAGES FROM LUCRETIUS.

Which cause if everybody could understand, each, in the first place, all other pursuits being left, would study to learn the nature of things; since what is at issue is the state not of one hour, but of that eternity in which the whole age of mortals — whatsoever may remain of it — after death must continue. — *Ibid.* 1084-1088.

XX.

*Tanquam in morte mali cum primis hoc sit eorum,
Quod sitis exurat miseros atque arida torreat,
Aut aliae cuius desiderium insideat rei.*

As if at their death this would be their chief evil, that parching thirst should burn and dry them up in their wretchedness, or the vain longing for some other thing settle on them. — *Ibid.* 939-941.

VII.

III AND IV.

QUARE religio pedibus subiecta vicissim
Obteritur, nos exaequat victoria coelo.

By means of whose science religion in its turn lies bruised under our feet, and his victory makes us equal with heaven. — Book i. 78, 79.

V.

*Scire licet nobis nihil esse in morte timendum
Nec miserum fieri qui non est posse neque hilum
Differre an ullo fuerit iam tempore natus,
Mortalem vitam mors quum immortalis ademit.*

We may be assured that in death there is nothing to be dreaded by us; that he who does not exist cannot be made miserable; and that it is nothing to a man that he was ever born at all, when once immortal death has taken away mortal life. — Book iii. 879-882.

IX.

*Nec quisquam in barathrum nec Tartara deditur
atra.*

Nor is any one ever given to the pit, or the night of Tartarus. — *Ibid.* 979.



The Bibelot

TO those of us who care greatly for all that Arthur Symons wrote and who find it difficult to bring together his uncollected brilliancies, this essay which "has always been recognised as far the most sympathetic and introspective account" of Aubrey Beardsley's work, will come in the nature of a real "find" and as a glad surprise. Originally published in *The Fortnightly Review* for May, 1898, it first appeared in book form (London, 1898), with a preface afterwards enlarged to almost double its earlier size (London, 1905). This, the latest edition, contained twenty-nine as against six reproductions of Beardsley's designs and was dedicated "to Conder in memory of 1895 at Dieppe."

How hard it is to rightly appraise a new light when it arises in art, manners, craftsmanship, or literature remains one of the solemn undisputed clichès of biography. We all admit it and many there be in such matters who come out of the same door wherein they went. Speaking for ourselves we confess to a Philistinism which

once upon a time ramped and raved over the supposedly decadent deeds of that strange artistic apparition, whose name we now admit, "Love reads out first at head of all our quire." Such a little while ago and yet how like the stretched metre of an antique song it is, as the Past returns to vex our old, outworn, inept conclusions!

It is true that the real Life and untampered Letters of Beardsley have yet to make their appearance. It is also true that the tumult and the shouting has died out and that American imitators of this great artist, male and female, have happily ceased to afflict us. Would that the American cult of Morris had been as decently interred! Still, we may err in the severity of just judgment. The real Beardsley and the real Morris required a "vehicle," so to speak, and it was possibly by way of these splatter-dash imitators that they came to their own. The bastard bookmaking, the black and white banalities are lost to sight, while the true artist, the real poet and romancer, remain to memory dear, and their work shall endure forever! One must not forget that Beardsley was only a boy in years when he died, while the star which on his birthday burned has not had, and may never have, a time to set.

What is most to regret is the fact that Mr. John Lane has never been able to issue the volume of Beardsley's Letters which he hoped to do so far back as 1904. What we did get with all the deep damnation of intermeddling and suppression of passages "to avoid giving pain or displeasure to living people" was the almost utterly fatuous volume, entitled *The Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley with an Introductory Note by The Rev. John Gray* (London, 1904). Here we are made familiar with the undoubted truth, that this wonderful and winged child of the end of the century made the amende honourable in duly authorized churchly fashion; for, as the Reverend gentleman puts the case: "He submitted, like Watteau, his master, to the Catholic Church." Alas! this pious information leaves one cold. As a final note it is perhaps better to consider Da Vinci of whom Pater has recorded, "the question of the precise form of his religion"—what of that? At once we are told "about the thirty masses and the great candles" in his will—"things of course," as Pater opines; but, "on no theory of religion could these hurried offices be of much consequence." May we not reasonably assume in Beardsley's leavestaking of life, even as in Da Vinci's,

that we have the right to forget their formal acceptances or renunciations, letting our minds rest, rather, "in speculating how one who has been always so desirous of beauty but desired it always in such definite and precise forms as hands, or flowers, or art, looked forward now into the vague land, and experienced the last curiosity."

AUBREY BEARDSLEY:
AN ESSAY WITH A PREFACE
By
ARTHUR SYMONS.

CATULLUS.

CARMEN CI.

*By ways remote and distant waters sped,
Brother, to thy sad grave-side am I come,
That I may give the last gifts to the dead,
And vainly parley with thine ashes dumb:
Since she who now bestows and now denies
Hath ta'en thee, hapless brother, from mine eyes.*

*But lo! these gifts, the heirlooms of past years
Are made sad things to grace thy coffin shell,
Take them, all drenchèd with a brother's tears,
And, brother, for all time, hail and farewell!*

AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

THERE is no need to disturb ourselves with hopes and fears for the estimation with which posterity will cherish his memory; art history cannot afford to overlook him; it could hardly resist the pretext of moralizing, expatiating and explaining away so considerable a factor in the book illustration of the nineties. As a mere comment on the admirations of twenty years, Beardsley is invaluable; he sums up all the delightful manias, all that is best in modern appreciation — Greek vases, Italian primitives, the “Hypnerotomachia,” Chinese porcelain, Japanese Kakemonos, Renaissance friezes, old French and English furniture, rare enamels, mediæval illumination, the *débonnaire* masters of the eighteenth century, the English pre-Raphaelites. There are differences of kind in æsthetic beauty, and for Beardsley it was the marriage of arabesque to figures and objects comely or fantastic, or in themselves ugly. For hitherto the true arabesque abhorred the graven image made of artists’ hands. To future draughtsmen he will have something of the value of an old master, studied for that fastidious technique which ignorant critics believed to be a trick; and collectors of his work may live to be rallied for their taste; but the wheat and the chaff contrive to exist together through the centuries.

ROBERT ROSS.

PREFACE.

IT was in the summer of 1895 that I first met Aubrey Beardsley. A publisher had asked me to form and edit a new kind of magazine, which was to appeal to the public equally in its letterpress and its illustrations: need I say that I am defining the "*Savoy*"? It was, I admit, to have been something of a rival to the "*Yellow Book*," which had by that time ceased to mark a movement, and had come to be little more than a publisher's magazine. I forget exactly when the expulsion of Beardsley from the "*Yellow Book*" had occurred; it had been sufficiently recent, at all events, to make Beardsley singularly ready to fall in with my project when I went to him and asked him to devote himself to illustrating my quarterly. He was supposed, just then, to be dying; and as I entered the room, and saw him lying out on a couch, horribly white, I wondered if I had come too late. He was full of ideas, full of enthusiasm, and I think it was then that he suggested the name "*Savoy*," finally adopted after endless changes and uncertainties.

A little later we met again at Dieppe, where for a month I saw him daily. It was at Dieppe that the "*Savoy*" was really planned, and it was in the café which Mr. Sickert has so often painted that I wrote the slightly pettish and defiant "Editorial Note," which made so many enemies for the first number. Dieppe just then was a meeting-place for the younger generation; some of us spent the whole summer there, lazily but profitably; others came and went. Beardsley at that time imagined himself to be unable to draw anywhere but in London. He made one or two faint attempts, and even prepared a canvas for a picture which was never painted, in the hospitable studio in which M. Jacques Blanche painted the admirable portrait reproduced in the frontispiece. But he found many subjects, some of which he afterwards worked out, in the expressive opportunities of the Casino and the beach. He never walked; I never saw him look at the sea; but at night he was almost always to be seen watching the gamblers at *petits chevaux*, studying them with a sort of hypnotised attention for that picture of "*The Little Horses*," which was never done.

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He liked the large, deserted rooms, at hours when no one was there; the sense of frivolous things caught at a moment of suspended life, *en déshabille*. He would glance occasionally, but with more impatience, at the dances, especially the children's dances, in the concert room; but he rarely missed a concert, and would glide in every afternoon, and sit on the high benches at the side, always carrying his large, gilt-leather portfolio with the magnificent, old, red-lined folio paper, which he would often open, to write some lines in pencil. He was at work then, with an almost pathetic tenacity, at his story, never to be finished, the story which never could have been finished, "*Under the Hill*," a new version, a parody (like Laforgue's parodies, but how unlike them, or anything!) of the story of Venus and Tannhäuser. Most of it was done at these concerts, and in the little, close writing-room, where visitors sat writing letters. The fragment published in the first two numbers of the "*Savoy*" had passed through many stages before it found its way there, and would have passed through more if it had ever been carried further. Tannhäuser, not

quite willingly, had put on Abbé's disguise, and there were other unwilling disguises in those brilliant, disconnected, fantastic pages, in which every sentence was meditated over, written for its own sake, and left to find its way in its own paragraph. It could never have been finished, for it had never really been begun; but what undoubted, singular, literary ability there is in it, all the same!

I think Beardsley would rather have been a great writer than a great artist; and I remember, on one occasion, when he had to fill up a form of admission to some library to which I was introducing him, his insistence on describing himself as "man of letters." At one time he was going to write an essay on "*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*," at another he had planned a book on Rousseau. But his plans for writing changed even more quickly than his plans for doing drawings, and with less profitable results in the meantime. He has left no prose except that fragment of a story; and in verse only the three pieces published in the "*Savoy*." Here, too, he was terribly anxious to excel; and his patience over a medium so unfamiliar, and hence so difficult, to him as verse, was

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infinite. We spent two whole days on the grassy ramparts of the old castle at Arques-la-Bataille, near Dieppe; I working at something or other in one part, he working at "*The Three Musicians*" in another. The eight stanzas of that amusing piece of verse are really, in their own way, a *tour de force*; by sheer power of will, by deliberately saying to himself, "I will write a poem," and by working with such strenuous application that at last a certain result, the kind of result he had willed, did really come about, he succeeded in doing what he had certainly no natural aptitude for doing. How far was that more genuine aspect of his genius also an "infinite capacity for taking pains"?

The republication by Mr. Lane, the publisher of the "*Yellow Book*," of Beardsley's contributions in prose and verse to the "*Savoy*," its "rival," as Mr. Lane correctly calls it, with the illustrations which there accompanied them, reopens a little, busy chapter in contemporary history. It is the history of yesterday, and it seems already at the distance of half a century. Then, what brave petulant outbursts of poets and artists, what comic rivalries and reluctances of pub-

lishers, what droll conflicts of art and morality, what thunders of the trumpets of the press! The press is silent now, or admiring; the publishers have changed places, and all rivalries are handsomely buried, with laudatory inscriptions on their tombstones. The situation has its irony, which would have appealed most to the actor most conspicuously absent from the scene.

Beardsley was very anxious to be a writer, and, though in his verse there was no merit except that of a thing done to order, to one's own order, and done without a flaw in the process, there was, in his prose, a much finer quality, and his fragment of an unachieved and unplanned romance has a savour of its own. It is the work, not of a craftsman, but of an amateur, and in this it may be compared with the prose of Whistler, so great an artist in his own art and so brilliant an amateur in the art of literature. Beardsley too was something of a wit, and in his prose one sees hard intellect, untinged with sentiment, employed on the work of fancy. He wrote and he saw, unimaginatively, and without passion, but with a fierce sensitive precision; and he saw by preference things

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elaborately perverse, full of fantastic detail, unlikely and possible things, brought together from the four corners of the universe. All those descriptions in "Under the Hill" are the equivalent of his drawings, and they are of especial interest in showing how definitely he saw things, and with what calm minuteness he could translate what seemed a feverish drawing into oddly rational words. Listen, for instance, to this garden-picture: "In the middle was a huge bronze fountain with three basins. From the first rose a many-breasted dragon and four little loves mounted upon swans, and each love was furnished with a bow and arrow. Two of them that faced the monster seemed to recoil in fear, two that were behind made bold enough to aim their shafts at him. From the verge of the second sprang a circle of slim golden columns that supported silver doves with tails and wings spread out. The third, held by a group of grotesquely attenuated satyrs, is centred with a thin pipe hung with masks and roses and capped with children's heads." The picture was never drawn, but does it want more than the drawing?

The prose of "Under the Hill" does not arrive at being really good prose, but it has felicities that astonish, those felicities by which the amateur astonishes the craftsman. The imaginary dedication is the best, the most sustained, piece of writing in it, but there is wit everywhere, subtly intermingled with fancy, and there are touches of colour such as this: "Huge moths, so richly winged that they must have banqueted upon tapestries and royal stuffs, slept on the pillars that flanked either side of the gateway, and the eyes of all the moths remained open and were burning and bursting with a mesh of veins." Here and there is a thought or a mental sensation like that of "the irritation of loveliness that can never be entirely comprehended, or ever enjoyed to the utmost." There are many affectations, some copied from Oscar Wilde, others personal enough, such as the use of French words instead of English ones: "chevelure" for hair, and "pantoufles" for slippers. I do not think Beardsley finally found a place for the word which he had adapted from the French, "papillions," instead of "papillons" or butterflies; it would have come amusingly,

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and it was one of his pet words. But his whole conception of writing was that of a game with words; some obsolete game with a quaint name, like that other favourite word of his, "spellicans," for which he did find a place in the story.

Taken literally, this fragment is hardly more than a piece of nonsense, and was hardly meant to be more than that. Yet, beyond the curiosity and ingenuity of the writing, how much there is of real skill in the evocation of a certain impossible but quite credible atmosphere! Its icy artificiality is indeed one of its qualities, and produces, by mere negation, an emotional effect. Beardsley did not believe in his own enchantments, was never haunted by his own terrors, and, in his queer sympathy and familiarity with evil, had none of the ardours of a lost soul. In the place of Faust he would have kept the devil at his due distance by a polite incredulity, openly expressed, as to the very existence of his interlocutor.

It was on the balcony of the Hotel Henri IV., at Arques, one of those September evenings, that I had the only quite serious, almost solemn, conversation I ever had with

Beardsley. Not long before we had gone together to visit Alexandre Dumas *fils* at Puy, and it was from talking of that thoughtfully, but entirely, Parisian writer, and his touching, in its unreal way so real, " Dame aux Camélias " (the novel, not the play), which Beardsley admired so much, that we passed into an unexpectedly intimate mood of speculation. Those stars up yonder, whether they were really the imprisoning worlds of other creatures like ourselves; the strange ways by which the soul might have come and must certainly go; death, and the future: it was of such things that I found him speaking, for once without mockery. And he told me then a singular dream or vision which he had had when a child, waking up at night in the moonlight and seeing a great crucifix, with a bleeding Christ, falling off the wall, where certainly there was not, and had never been, any crucifix. It is only by remembering that one conversation, that vision, the tone of awe with which he told it, that I can, with a great effort, imagine to myself the Beardsley whom I knew, with his so positive intelligence, his imaginative sight of the very spirit of man as a thing of definite outline,

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transformed finally into the Beardsley who died in the peace of the last sacraments of the Church, holding the rosary between his fingers.

And yet, if you read carefully the book of letters to an unnamed friend, which has been published six years after his death, it will be seen that here too, as always, we are in the presence of a real thing. In these naked letters we see a man die. And the man dies inch by inch, like one who slips inch by inch over a precipice, and knows that the grasses at which his fingers tear, clutching their feeble roots, are but delaying him for so many instants, and that he must soon fall. We see a fine, clear-sighted intellect set on one problem: how to get well; then, how to get a little better; and then, how not to get worse. He records the weather of each day, and each symptom of his disease; with a desperate calmness, which but rarely deserts or betrays him. To-day he feels better and can read Laclos; to-morrow he is not so well, and he must hear no music. He has pious books and pious friends for the days when he is driven back upon himself, and must turn aside his

attention from suffering which brings despair. Nothing exists any longer, outside himself; and there may be safety somewhere, in a "preservative girdle" or in a friend's prayer. He asks for both. Both are to keep him alive. He meets at Mentone some one who seems worse than himself, and who yet "lives on and does things. My spirits have gone up immensely since I have known him." A change of sky, the recurrence of a symptom: "to-day, alas, there is a downpour and I am miserably depressed." He reads S. Alphonsus Liguori, and it is "mere physical exhaustion more than hardness of heart that leaves me so apathetic and uninterested." He clings to religion as to his friend, thinking that they may help him to keep himself in life. He trains himself to be gentle, to hope little, to attack the sources of health stealthily. A "wonderful stretch of good health," a few whole days of it, makes him "tremble at moments." "Don't think me foolish to haggle about a few months," he writes, when he is hoping, all the time, that "the end is less near than it seems." He is received into the Church, makes his first confession, makes his first communion. It

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seems to him that each is a new clutch upon the roots of the grasses.

The whole book is a study in fear, and by its side everything else that has been done, imaginatively or directly, on that fierce passion, seems mere oratory or a talking beside the question. Here Beardsley is, as he is in his drawings, close, absorbed, limited, and unflinching. That he should be so honest with his fear; that he should sit down before its face and study it feature by feature; that he should never turn aside his eyes for more than an instant, make no attempt to escape, but sit at home with it, travel with it, see it in his mirror, taste it with the sacrament: that is the marvellous thing, and the sign of his fundamental sincerity in life and art.

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ANIMA *naturaliter pagana*, Aubrey Beardsley ended a long career, at the age of twenty-six, in the arms of the Church. No artist of our time, none certainly whose work has been in black and white, has reached a more universal, or a more contested fame; none has formed for himself, out of such alien elements, a more personal originality of manner; none has had so wide an influence on contemporary art. He had the fatal speed of those who are to die young; that disquieting completeness and extent of knowledge, that absorption of a lifetime in an hour, which we find in those who hasten to have done their work before noon, knowing that they will not see the evening. He had played the piano in drawing-rooms as an infant prodigy, before, I suppose, he had ever drawn a line: famous at twenty as a draughtsman, he found time, in those incredibly busy years which remained to him, to deliberately train himself into a writer of prose which was, in its way, as original as his draughtsmanship, and into a writer of verse which had at least ingenious and original moments. He seemed to have

read everything, and had his preferences as adroitly in order, as wittily in evidence, as almost any man of letters; indeed, he seemed to know more, and was a sounder critic, of books than of pictures; with perhaps a deeper feeling for music than for either. His conversation had a peculiar kind of brilliance, different in order but scarcely inferior in quality to that of any other contemporary master of that art; a salt, whimsical dogmatism, equally full of convinced egoism and of imperturbable keen-sightedness. Generally choosing to be paradoxical, and vehement on behalf of any enthusiasm of the mind, he was the dupe of none of his own statements, or indeed of his own enthusiasms, and, really, very coldly impartial. I scarcely except even his own judgment of himself, in spite of his petulant, amusing self-assertion, so full of the childishness of genius. He thought, and was right in thinking, very highly of himself; he admired himself enormously; but his intellect would never allow itself to be deceived even about his own accomplishments.

This clear, unemotional intellect, emotional only in the perhaps highest sense,

where emotion almost ceases to be recognisable, in the abstract, for ideas, for lines, left him, with all his interests in life, with all his sociability, of a sort, essentially very lonely. Many people were devoted to him, but he had, I think, scarcely a friend, in the fullest sense of the word; and I doubt if there were more than one or two people for whom he felt any real affection. In spite of constant ill-health, he had an astonishing tranquillity of nerves; and it was doubtless that rare quality which kept him, after all, alive so long. How far he had deliberately acquired command over his nerves and his emotions, as he deliberately acquired command over his brain and hand, I do not know. But there it certainly was, one of the bewildering characteristics of so contradictory a temperament.

One of his poses, as people say, one of those things, that is, in which he was most sincere, was his care in outwardly conforming to the conventions which make for elegance and restraint; his necessity of dressing well, of showing no sign of the professional artist. He had a great contempt for, what seemed to inferior craftsmen, inspiration, for what I

have elsewhere called the plenary inspiration of first thoughts; and he hated the outward and visible signs of an inward yeastiness and incoherency. It amused him to denounce everything, certainly, which Baudelaire would have denounced; and, along with some mere *gaminerie*, there was a very serious and adequate theory of art at the back of all his destructive criticisms. It was a profound thing which he said to a friend of mine who asked him whether he ever saw visions: "No," he replied, "I do not allow myself to see them except on paper." All his art is in that phrase.

And he attained, to the full, one certainly of his many desires, and that one, perhaps, of which he was most keenly or most continuously conscious: contemporary fame, the fame of a popular singer or a professional beauty, the fame of Yvette Guilbert or of Cléo de Mérode. And there was logic in his insistence on this point, in his eagerness after immediate and clamorous success. Others might have waited; he knew that he had not the time to wait. After all, posthumous fame is not a very cheering prospect to look forward to, on the part of

those who have worked without recompense, if the pleasure or the relief of work is not enough in itself. Every artist has his own secret, beyond the obvious one, of why he works. So far as it is not the mere need of earning one's living, it is generally some unhappiness, some dissatisfaction with the things about one, some too desperate or too contemptuous sense of the meaning of existence. At one period of his life a man works at his art to please a woman; then he works because he has not pleased the woman; and then because he is tired of pleasing her. Work for the work's sake it always must be, in a profound sense; and, with Beardsley, not less certainly than with Blake or with Rossetti. But that other, that accidental, insidious, significant motive, was, with Beardsley, the desire to fill his few working years with the immediate echo of a great notoriety.

Like most artists who have thought much of popularity, he had an immense contempt for the public; and the desire to kick that public into admiration, and then to kick it for admiring the wrong thing or not knowing why it was admiring, led him into many of

his most outrageous practical jokes of the pen. He was partly right and partly wrong, for he was indiscriminate; and to be indiscriminate is always to be partly right and partly wrong. The wish to *épater le bourgeois* is a natural one, and, though a little beside the question, does not necessarily lead one astray. The general public, of course, does not in the least know why it admires the right thing to-day though it admired the wrong thing yesterday. But there is such a thing as denying your Master while you are rebuking a servant-girl. Beardsley was without the very sense of respect; it was one of his limitations.

And this limitation was an unfortunate one, for it limited his ambition. With the power of creating beauty, which should be pure beauty, he turned aside, only too often, to that lower kind of beauty which is the mere beauty of technique, in a composition otherwise meaningless, trivial, or grotesque. Saying to himself, "I can do what I like; there is nothing I could not do if I chose to, if I chose to take the trouble; but why should I offer hard gold when an I.O.U. will be just the same? I can pay up whenever

the money is really wanted," he allowed himself to be content with what he knew would startle, doing it with infinite pains, to his own mind conscientiously, but doing it with that lack of reverence for great work which is one of the most sterilising characteristics of the present day.

The epithet *fin de siècle* has been given, somewhat loosely, to a great deal of modern French art, and to art which, in one way or another, seems to attach itself to contemporary France. Out of the great art of Manet, the serious art of Degas, the exquisite art of Whistler, all, in such different ways, so modern, there has come into existence a new, very modern, very far from great or serious or really exquisite kind of art, which has expressed itself largely in the "Courrier Français," the "Gil Blas illustré," and the posters. All this art may be said to be, what the quite new art of the poster certainly is, art meant for the street, for people who are walking fast. It comes into competition with the newspapers, with the music-halls; half contemptuously, it popularises itself; and, with real qualities and a real measure of good intention, finds itself forced

to seek for sharp, sudden, arresting means of expression. Instead of seeking pure beauty, the seriousness and self-absorption of great art, it takes, wilfully and for effect, that beauty which is least evident, indeed least genuine; nearest to ugliness in the grotesque, nearest to triviality in a certain elegant daintiness, nearest also to brutality and the spectacular vices. Art is not sought for its own sake, but the manual craftsman perfects himself to express a fanciful, ingenious, elaborate, somewhat tricky way of seeing things, which he has deliberately adopted. It finds its own in the eighteenth century, so that Willette becomes a kind of petty, witty Watteau of Montmartre; it parodies the art of stained glass, with Grasset and his followers; it juggles with iron bars and masses of shadow, like Lautrec. And, in its direct assault on the nerves, it pushes naughtiness to obscenity, deforms observation into caricature, dexterity of line and handling being cultivated as one cultivates a particular, deadly *botte* in fencing.

And this art, this art of the day and hour, competes not merely with the appeal and the popularity of the theatrical spectacle,

but directly with theatrical methods, the methods of stage illusion. The art of the ballet counts for much, in the evolution of many favourite effects of contemporary drawing, and not merely because Degas has drawn dancers, with his reserved, essentially classical mastery of form. By its rapidity of flight within bounds, by its bird-like and flower-like caprices of colour and motion, by that appeal to the imagination which comes from its silence (to which music is but like an accompanying shadow, so closely, so discreetly, does it follow the feet of the dancers), by its appeal to the eyes and to the senses, its adorable artificiality, the ballet has tempted almost every draughtsman, as the interiors of music-halls have also been singularly tempting, with their extraordinary tricks of light, their suddenness of gesture, their triumphant tinsel, their fantastic humanity. And pantomime, too, in the French and correct, rather than in the English and incorrect, sense of that word, has had its significant influence. In those pathetic gaieties of Willette, in the windy laughter of the frivolities of Chéret, it is the masquerade, the English clown or

acrobat seen at the Folies-Bergère, painted people mimicking puppets, who have begotten this masquerading humanity of posters and illustrated papers. And the point of view is the point of view of Pierrot —

“le subtil génie
De sa malice infinie
De poète-grimacier” —

Verlaine's *Pierrot gamin*.

Pierrot is one of the types of our century, of the moment in which we live, or of the moment, perhaps, out of which we are just passing. Pierrot is passionate; but he does not believe in great passions. He feels himself to be sickening with a fever, or else perilously convalescent; for love is a disease, which he is too weak to resist or endure. He has worn his heart on his sleeve so long, that it has hardened in the cold air. He knows that his face is powdered, and, if he sobs, it is without tears; and it is hard to distinguish, under the chalk, if the grimace which twists his mouth awry is more laughter or mockery. He knows that he is condemned to be always in public, that emotion would be supremely out of keeping with his costume, that he must remember

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to be fantastic if he would not be merely ridiculous. And so he becomes exquisitely false, dreading above all things that "one touch of nature" which would ruffle his disguise, and leave him defenceless. Simplicity, in him, being the most laughable thing in the world, he becomes learned, perverse, intellectualising his pleasures, brutalising his intellect; his mournful contemplation of things becoming a kind of grotesque joy, which he expresses in the only symbols at his command, tracing his Giotto's O with the elegance of his pirouette.

And Beardsley, with almost more than the Parisian's deference to Paris, and to the moment, was, more than any Parisian, this *Pierrot gamin*. He was more than that, but he was that: to be that was part of what he learnt from France. It helped him to the pose which helped him to reveal himself; as Burne-Jones had helped him when he did the illustrations to the "Morte Darthur," as Japanese art helped him to free himself from that influence, as Eisen and Saint-Aubin showed him the way to the "Rape of the Lock." He had that originality which surrenders to every influence, yet surrenders

to absorb, not to be absorbed; that originality which, constantly shifting, is true always to its centre. Whether he learnt from M. Grasset or from Mr. Ricketts, from an 1830 fashion-plate, or from an engraved plate by Hogarth, whether the scenery of Arques-la-Bataille composed itself into a pattern in his mind, or, in the Casino at Dieppe, he made a note of the design of a looped-up window-blind, he was always drawing to himself, out of the order of art or the confusion of natural things, the thing he wanted, the thing he could make his own. And he found, in the French art of the moment, a joyous sadness, the service to God of Mephistopheles, which his own temperament and circumstances were waiting to suggest to him.

"In more ways than one do men sacrifice to the rebellious angels," says St. Augustine; and Beardsley's sacrifice, together with that of all great decadent art, the art of Rops or the art of Baudelaire, is really a sacrifice to the eternal beauty, and only seemingly to the powers of evil. And here let me say that I have no concern with what neither he nor I could have had absolute knowledge of,

his own intention in his work. A man's intention, it must be remembered, from the very fact that it is conscious, is much less intimately himself than the sentiment which his work conveys to me. So large is the sub-conscious element in all artistic creation, that I should have doubted whether Beardsley himself knew what he intended to do, in this or that really significant drawing. Admitting that he could tell exactly what he had intended, I should be quite prepared to show that he had really done the very contrary. Thus when I say he was a profoundly spiritual artist, though seeming to care chiefly for the manual part of his work; that he expresses evil with an intensity which lifted it into a region almost of asceticism, though attempting, not seldom, little more than a joke or a caprice in line; and that he was above all, though almost against his own will, a satirist, a satirist who has seen the ideal; I am putting forward no paradox, nothing really contradictory, but a simple analysis of the work as it exists.

At times he attains pure beauty, has the unimpaired vision; in the best of the "Salome" designs, here and there afterwards.

From the first it is a diabolic beauty, but it is not yet divided against itself. The consciousness of sin is always there, but it is sin first transfigured by beauty, and then disclosed by beauty; sin, conscious of itself, of its inability to escape itself, and showing in its ugliness the law it has broken. His world is a world of phantoms, in whom the desire of the perfecting of mortal sensations, a desire of infinity, has overpassed mortal limits, and poised them, so faint, so quivering, so passionate for flight, in a hopeless and strenuous immobility. They have the sensitiveness of the spirit, and that bodily sensitiveness which wastes their veins and imprisons them in the attitude of their luxurious meditation. They are too thoughtful to be ever really simple, or really absorbed by either flesh or spirit. They have nothing of what is "healthy" or merely "animal" in their downward course towards repentance; no overwhelming passion hurries them beyond themselves; they do not capitulate to an open assault of the enemy of souls. It is the soul in them that sins, sorrowfully, without reluctance, inevitably. Their bodies are faint and eager with wantonness; they

desire more pleasure than there is in the world, fiercer and more exquisite pains, a more intolerable suspense. They have put off the common burdens of humanity, and put on that loneliness which is the rest of saints and the unrest of those who have sinned with the intellect. They are a little lower than the angels, and they walk between these and the fallen angels, without part or lot in the world.

Here, then, we have a sort of abstract spiritual corruption, revealed in beautiful form; sin transfigured by beauty. And here, even if we go no further, is an art intensely spiritual, an art in which evil purifies itself by its own intensity, and by the beauty which transfigures it. The one thing in the world which is without hope is that mediocrity which is the sluggish content of inert matter. Better be vividly awake to evil than, in mere somnolence, close the very issues and approaches of good and evil. For evil itself, carried to the point of a perverse ecstasy, becomes a kind of good, by means of that energy which, otherwise directed, is virtue; and which can never, no matter how its course may be changed, fail

to retain something of its original efficacy. The devil is nearer to God, by the whole height from which he fell, than the average man who has not recognised his own need to rejoice or to repent. And so a profound spiritual corruption, instead of being a more "immoral" thing than the gross and pestiferous humanity of Hogarth or of Rowlandson, is more nearly, in the final and abstract sense, moral, for it is the triumph of the spirit over the flesh, to no matter what end. It is a form of divine possession, by which the inactive and materialising soul is set in fiery motion, lured from the ground, into at least a certain high liberty. And so we find evil justified of itself, and an art consecrated to the revelation of evil equally justified; its final justification being that declared by Plotinus, in his treatise "On the Nature of Good and Evil": "But evil is permitted to remain by itself alone on account of the superior power and nature of good; because it appears from necessity everywhere comprehended and bound, in beautiful bands, like men fettered with golden chains, lest it should be produced openly to the view of divinity, or lest mankind should always

behold its horrid shape when perfectly naked; and such is the supervening power of good, that whenever a glimpse of perfect evil is obtained we are immediately recalled to the memory of good by the image of the beautiful with which evil is invested."

In those drawings of Beardsley which are grotesque rather than beautiful, in which lines begin to grow deformed, the pattern, in which now all the beauty takes refuge, is itself a moral judgment. Look at that drawing called "The Scarlet Pastoral." In front, a bloated harlequin struts close to the footlights, outside the play, on which he turns his back; beyond, sacramental candles have been lighted, and are guttering down in solitude, under an unseen wind. And between, on the sheer darkness of the stage, a bald and plumed Pierrot, holding in his vast, collapsing paunch with a mere rope of roses, shows the cloven foot, while Pierrette points at him in screaming horror, and the fat dancer turns on her toes indifferently. Need we go further to show how much more than Gautier's meaning lies in the old paradox of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," that "perfection of line is virtue?" That line

which rounds the deformity of the cloven-footed sin, the line itself, is at once the revelation and the condemnation of vice, for it is part of that artistic logic which is morality.

Beardsley is the satirist of an age without convictions, and he can but paint hell as Baudelaire did, without pointing for contrast to any contemporary paradise. He employs the same rhetoric as Baudelaire, a method of emphasis which it is uncritical to think insincere. In that terrible annunciation of evil which he called "The Mysterious Rose-Garden," the lantern-bearing angel with winged sandals whispers, from among the falling roses, tidings of more than "pleasant sins." The leering dwarfs, the "monkeys," by which the mystics symbolised the earthlier vices; those immense bodies swollen with the lees of pleasure, and those cloaked and masked desires shuddering in gardens and smiling ambiguously at interminable toilets; are part of a symbolism which loses nothing by lack of emphasis. And the peculiar efficacy of this satire is that it is so much the satire of desire returning upon itself, the mockery of desire enjoyed, the mockery of desire denied. It is because

he loves beauty that beauty's degradation obsesses him; it is because he is supremely conscious of virtue that vice has power to lay hold upon him. And, unlike those other acceptable satirists of our day, with whom satire exhausts itself in the rebuke of a drunkard leaning against a lamp-post, or a lady paying the wrong compliment in a drawing-room, he is the satirist of essential things; it is always the soul, and not the body's discontent only, which cries out of these insatiable eyes, that have looked on all their lusts, and out of these bitter mouths, that have eaten the dust of all their sweetnesses, and out of these hands, that have laboured delicately for nothing, and out of these feet, that have run after vanities. They are so sorrowful because they have seen beauty, and because they have departed from the line of beauty.

And after all, the secret of Beardsley is there; in the line itself rather than in anything, intellectually realised, which the line is intended to express. With Beardsley everything was a question of form: his interest in his work began when the paper was before him and the pen in his hand.

And so, in one sense, he may be said never to have known what he wanted to do, while, in another, he knew very precisely indeed. He was ready to do, within certain limits, almost anything you suggested to him; as, when left to himself, he was content to follow the caprice of the moment. What he was sure of, was his power of doing exactly what he proposed to himself to do; the thing itself might be "Salome" or "Belinda," "Ali Baba" or "Réjane," the "Morte Darthur" or the "Rhinegold" or the "Liaisons Dangereuses"; the design might be for an edition of a classic or for the cover of a catalogue of second-hand books. And the design might seem to have no relation with the title of its subject, and, indeed, might have none; its relation was of line to line within the limits of its own border, and to nothing else in the world. Thus he could change his whole manner of working five or six times over in the course of as many years, seem to employ himself much of the time on trivial subjects, and yet retain, almost unimpaired, an originality which consisted in the extreme beauty and the absolute certainty of design.

It was a common error, at one time, to say that Beardsley could not draw. He certainly did not draw the human body with any attempt at rendering its own lines, taken by themselves; indeed, one of his latest drawings, an initial letter to "Volpone," is almost the first in which he has drawn a nude figure realistically. But he could draw, with extraordinary skill, in what is after all the essential way: he could make a line do what he wanted it to do, express the conception of form which it was his intention to express; and this is what the conventional draughtsman, Bouguereau, for instance, cannot do. The conventional draughtsman, any Academy student, will draw a line which shows quite accurately the curve of a human body, but all his science of drawing will not make you feel that line, will not make that line pathetic, as in the little, drooping body which a satyr and a Pierrot are laying in a puff-powder coffin, in the tail-piece to "Salome."

And then, it must never be forgotten, Beardsley was a decorative artist, and not anything else. From almost the very first he accepted convention; he set himself to see things as pattern. Taking freely all that the

Japanese could give him, that release from the bondage of what we call real things, which comes to one man from an intense spirituality, to another from a consciousness of material form so intense that it becomes abstract, he made the world over again in his head, as if it existed only when it was thus re-made, and not even then, until it had been set down in black line on a white surface, in white line on a black surface. Working, as the decorative artist must work, in symbols almost as arbitrary, almost as fixed, as the squares of a chess-board, he swept together into his pattern all the incongruous things in the world, weaving them into congruity by his pattern. Using the puff-box, the toilet-table, the ostrich-feather hat, with a full consciousness of their suggestive quality in a drawing of archaic times, a drawing purposely fantastic, he put these things to beautiful uses, because he liked their forms, and because his space of white or black seemed to require some such arrangement of lines. They were the minims and crotchets by which he wrote down his music; they made the music, but they were not the music.

In the "Salome" drawings, in most of the "Yellow Book" drawings, we see Beardsley under this mainly Japanese influence; with, now and later, in his less serious work the but half-admitted influence of what was most actual, perhaps most temporary, in the French art of the day. *Pierrot gamin*, in "Salome" itself, alternates, in such irreverences as the design of "The Black Cape," with the creator of noble line, in the austere and terrible design of "The Climax," the ornate and vehement design of "The Peacock Skirt." Here we get pure outline, as in the frontispiece; a mysterious intricacy, as in the border of the title-page and of the table of contents; a paradoxical beauty of mere wilfulness, but a wilfulness which has its meaning, its excuse, its pictorial justification, as in "The Toilette." The "Yellow Book" embroiders upon the same manner; but in the interval between the last drawings for the "Yellow Book" and the first drawings for the "Savoy," a new influence has come into the work, the influence of the French eighteenth century. This influence, artificial as it is, draws him nearer, though somewhat unquietly nearer, to nature

Drawings like "The Fruit Bearers," in the first number of the "Savoy," with its solid and elaborate richness of ornament, or "The Coiffing," in the third number, with its delicate and elaborate grace, its witty concentration of line; drawings like the illustrations to the "Rape of the Lock," have, with less extravagance, and also a less strenuous intellectual effort, a new mastery of elegant form, not too far removed from nature while still subordinated to the effect of decoration, to the instinct of line. In the illustrations to Ernest Dowson's "Pierrot of the Minute," we have a more deliberate surrender, for the moment, to Eisen and Saint-Aubin, as yet another manner is seen working itself out. The illustrations to "Mademoiselle de Maupin," seemed to me, when I first saw them, with the exception of one extremely beautiful design in colour, to show a certain falling off in power, an actual weakness in the handling of the pen. But, in their not quite successful feeling after natural form, they did but represent, as I afterwards found, the moment of transition to what must now remain for us, and may well remain, Beardsley's latest manner. The

four initial letters to "Volpone," the last of which was finished not more than three weeks before his death, have a new quality both of hand and of mind. They are done in pencil, and they lose, as such drawings are bound to lose, very greatly in the reduced reproduction. But, in the original, they are certainly, in sheer technical skill, equal to anything he had ever done, and they bring at the last, and with complete success, nature itself into the pattern. And here, under some solemn influence, the broken line of beauty has reunited; "the care is over," and the trouble has gone out of this no less fantastic world, in which Pan still smiles from his terminal column among the trees, but without the old malice. Human and animal form reassert themselves, with a new dignity, under this new respect for their capabilities. Beardsley has accepted the convention of nature itself, turning it to his own uses, extracting from it his own symbols, but no longer rejecting it for a convention entirely of his own making. And thus in his last work, done under the very shadow of death, we find new possibilities for an art, conceived as pure line, conducted

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

through mere pattern, which, after many hesitations, has resolved finally upon the great compromise, that compromise which the greatest artists have made, between the mind's outline and the outline of visible things.



The Bibelot

OF writing wittily discursive books the present age may be said to see no end, and if much consists of slag, much also is a by-product of high value. In this preferred class of literature the book entitled *Masques and Phases* by Mr. Robert Ross (London: Arthur L. Humphreys, 1909) must of necessity be placed far to the front. It so happens that two of his appreciations are in alignment with what has gone before in recent pages of *The Bibelot*. To miss such a golden opportunity would be, as we conceive our editorial duties, an inexcusable blunder. Indeed, until the complete life is written we now have about all that can be brought together, but it suffices to place his reputation beyond the touch or taint of time.

*"Come back in sleep, for in the life
Where thou art not
We find none like thee. Time and strife
And the world's lot
Move thee no more: but love at least
And reverent heart
May move thee, royal and released
Soul, as thou art."*

As for the kit-kat of Simeon Solomon which Mr. Ross humourously calls a biography, it rounds out what is likely to remain something more than an imaginary portrait for all the years to come. We have already referred to an earlier contribution in The Academy (see Foreword to The Bibelot, January, 1909), and it is a pleasure to find that Mr. Ross leaves little to be desired in frankness or fullness of treatment as to one who might be literally said to have fared along "the Highway of Lost Men." Even so, when the final word is uttered, we more gladly say farewell to Simeon Solomon as he presented himself to Mrs. Julia Ellsworth Ford just before untoward circumstance dogged him down the last dark stair of life.

*"For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end."*

THREE APPRECIATIONS:

I AUBREY BEARDSLEY

II SIMEON SOLOMON

By ROBERT ROSS.

III NOTE ON SIMEON SOLOMON

By ARTHUR SYMONS.

“OUR talk wandered back again to the poets, and Mr. Solomon mentioned Keats as very dear to him,—‘but not so great a poet as Shelley.’

We next spoke of Swinburne, Solomon saying, ‘It was through Swinburne that I first read Walt Whitman’s *Leaves of Grass*. At first Swinburne admired him, though later he changed his opinion. I still care for him and he has been the inspiration of some of my work.’ Then he read aloud with appreciation and feeling these lines:

‘A clear midnight.

This is thy hour, O soul, thy free flight into the wordless,

Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done,

Thee fully emerging, silent gazing, pondering the themes thou lovest best;

Night, Sleep, Death, and the Stars.’

Mr. Solomon was silent a moment and then said: ‘Ah, that is finer than anything I have done,’ and almost to himself he added: ‘Night, Sleep, Death, and the Stars. They are the themes that I love best.’”

(See *Simeon Solomon: An Appreciation* by Julia Ellsworth Ford. Quarto. New York, 1909.)

I.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

MIDDLE-AGED, middle-class people, with a predilection for mediæval art, still believe that subject is an important factor in a picture or drawing. I am one of the number. The subject need not be literary or historical. After you have discussed in the latest studio jargon its carpentry, valued the tones and toned the values, motive or theme must affect your appreciation of a picture, your desire, or the contrary, to possess it. That the artist is able to endow the unattractive, and woo you to surrender, I admit. Unless, however, you are a pro-Boer in art matters, and hold that Rembrandt and the Boer school (the greatest technicians who ever lived) are finer artists than Titian, you will find yourself preferring Gainsborough to Degas, and the unskilful Whistler to the more accomplished Edouard Manet. Long ago French critics invented an æsthetic formula to conceal that poverty of imagination which sometimes stares from their perfectly executed pictures, and this was eagerly accepted by certain Englishmen, both painters and writers. Yet, when an

artist frankly deals with forbidden subjects, the canons regular of English art begin to thunder; the critics forget their French accent; the old Robert Adam, which is in all of us, asserts himself; we fly for the fig-leaves.

I am led to these reflections by the memory of Aubrey Beardsley, and the reception which his work received, not from the British public, but from the inner circle of advanced intellectuals. Too much occupied with the obstetrics of art, his superfluity of naughtiness has tarnished his niche in the temple of fame. "A wish to *épater le bourgeois*," says Mr. Arthur Symons, "is a natural one." I do not think so; at least, in an artist. Now much of Beardsley's work shows the *éblouissement* of the burgess on arriving at Montmartre for the first time—a weakness he shared with some of his contemporaries. This must be conceded in praising a great artist for a line which he never drew, after you have taken the immortal Zero's advice and divested yourselves of the scruples.

"I would rather be an Academician than an artist," said Aubrey Beardsley to me one day. "It takes thirty-nine men to make

an Academician, and only one to make an artist." In that sneer lay all his weakness and his strength. Grave friends (in those days it was the fashion) talked to him of "Dame Nature." "*Damn Nature!*" retorted Aubrey Beardsley, and pulled down the blinds and worked by gaslight on the finest days. But he was a real Englishman, who from his glass-house peppered the English public. No Latin could have contrived his arabesque. The grotesques of Jerome Bosch are positively pleasant company beside many of Beardsley's inventions. Even in his odd little landscapes, with their twisted promontories sloping seaward, he suggested mocking laughter; and the flowers of "Under the Hill" are cackling in the grass.

An essay, which Mr. Arthur Symons published in 1897, has always been recognised as far the most sympathetic and introspective account of this strange artist's work. It has been reissued, with additional illustrations, by Messrs. Dent. Those who welcome it as one of the most inspiring criticisms from an always inspired critic will regret that eight of the illustrations belong to the worst period of Beardsley's art. Kelmscott dys-

pepsia following on a surfeit of Burne-Jones, belongs to the pathology of style; it is a phase that should be produced by the prosecution, not by the eloquent advocate for the defence. Moreover, I do not believe Mr. Arthur Symons admires them any more than I do; he never mentions them in his text. "Le Débris d'un Poète," the "Coiffing," "Chopin's Third Ballad," and those for *Salome* would have sufficed. With these omissions the monograph might have been smaller; but it would have been more truly representative of Beardsley's genius and Mr. Arthur Symons's taste.

At one time or another every one has been brilliant about Beardsley. "Born Puck, he died Pierrot," said Mr. MacColl in one of the superb phrases with which he gibbets into posterity an art or an artist he rather dislikes. "The Fra Angelico of Satanism," wrote Mr. Roger Fry of an exhibition of the drawings. There seems hardly anything left even for Mr. Arthur Symons to write. Long anterior to these particular fireworks, however, his criticism is just as fresh as it was twelve years ago. I believe it will always remain the terminal essay.

The preface has been revised, and I could have wished for some further revision. Why is the name of Leonard Smithers—here simply called *a* publisher—omitted, when the other Capulets and Montagus are faithfully recorded? When no one would publish Beardsley's work, Smithers stepped into the breach. I do not know that the *Savoy* exactly healed the breach between Beardsley and the public, but it gave the artist another opportunity; and Mr. Arthur Symons an occasion for song. Leonard Smithers, too, was the most delightful and irresponsible publisher I ever knew. Who remembers without a kindly feeling the little shop in the Royal Arcade with its tempting shelves; its limited editions of 5000 copies; the shy, infrequent purchaser; the upstairs room where the roar of respectable Bond Street came faintly through the tightly-closed windows; the genial proprietor? In the closing years of the nineteenth century his silhouette reels (my metaphor is drawn from a Terpsichorean and Caledonian exercise) across an artistic horizon of which the *Savoy* was the afterglow. Again, why is Mr. Arthur Symons so precise about forgetting the date

of Beardsley's expulsion from the *Yellow Book*? It was in April, 1895, April 10th. A number of poets and writers blackmailed Mr. Lane by threatening to withdraw their own publications unless the Beardsley Body was severed from the Bodley Head. I am glad to have this opportunity, not only of paying a tribute to the courage of my late friend Smithers, but of defending my other good friend, Mr. John Lane, from the absurd criticism of which he was too long the victim. He could hardly be expected to wreck a valuable business in the cause of unpopular art. Quite wrongly Beardsley's designs had come to be regarded as the pictorial and sympathetic expression of a decadent tendency in English literature. But if there was any relation thereto, it was that of Juvenal towards Roman Society. Never was mordant satire more evident. If Beardsley is carried away in spite of himself by the superb invention of *Salome*, he never forgets his hatred of its author. It is characteristic that he hammered beauty from the gold he would have battered into caricature. *Salome* has survived other criticism and other caricature. And Mr. Lane once informed an

American interviewer that since that April Fool's Day poetry has ceased to sell altogether. The bards unconsciously committed suicide; and the *Yellow Book* perished in the odour of sanctity.

Recommending the perusal of some letters (written by Beardsley to an unnamed friend) published some years ago, Mr. Arthur Symons says: "Here, too, we are in the presence of the real thing." I venture to doubt this. I do not doubt Beardsley's sincerity in the religion he embraced, but his expression of it in the letters. At least, I hope it was insincere. The letters left on some of us a disagreeable impression, at least of the recipient. You wonder if this pietistic friend received a copy of the *Lysistrata* along with the eulogy of St. Alfonso Liguori and Aphra Behn. A fescennine temperament is too often allied with religiosity. It certainly was in Beardsley's case, but I think the other and stronger side of his character should, in justice to his genius, be insisted upon, as Mr. Arthur Symons insisted upon it. If we knew that the ill-advised and unnamed friend was the author of certain pseudo-scientific and pornographic works

issued in Paris, we should be better able to gauge the unimportance of these letters. Far more interesting would have been those written to Mr. Joseph Pennell, one of the saner influences; or those to Aubrey Beardsley's mother and sister.

"It was at Arques," says Mr. Arthur Symons . . . "that I had the only serious, almost solemn conversation I ever had with Beardsley." You can scarcely believe that any of the conversations between the two were other than serious and solemn, because he approaches Beardsley as he would John Bunyan or Aquinas. Art, literature and life, are all to this engaging writer a scholiast's pilgrim's progress. Beside him, Walter Pater, from whom he derives, seems almost flippant — and to have dallied too long in the streets of Vanity Fair.

(1906.)

II.

SIMEON SOLOMON.

(A BIOGRAPHY.)

A GOOD many years ago, before the Rhodes scholars invaded Oxford, there lingered in that home of lost causes and unpopular names, the afterglow of the æsthetic sunset. It was not a very brilliant period. Professor Mackail and Mr. Bowyer Nichols had left Balliol. Nothing was expected of either the late Sir Clinton Dawkins or Canon Beeching; and the authorities of Merton could form no idea where Mr. Beerbohm would complete his education. Names are more suggestive than dates and give less pain. Then, as now, there were "cultured" undergraduates, and those who were very cultured indeed, read Shelley and burned incense, would always have a few photographs after Simeon Solomon on their walls—little notes of illicit sentiment to vary the monotony of Burne-Jones and Botticelli. When uncles and aunts came up for Gaudys and Commem., while "Temperantia" and the "Primavera" were left in their places, "Love dying from the breath

of Lust," "Antinous," and other drawings by Solomon with titles from the Latin Vulgate, were taken down for the occasion. Views of the sister University, Cambridge, took their places, being more appropriate to Uncle Parker's and Aunt Jane's tastes. More advanced undergraduates, who "knew what things were," possessed even originals. Now the unfortunate artist is dead his career can be mentioned without prejudice.

Simeon Solomon was born in 1841. He was the third son of Michael Solomon, a manufacturer of Leghorn hats, and the first Jew ever admitted to the Freedom of London. The elder brother, Abraham, became a successful painter of popular subjects ("Waiting for the Verdict" and "First and Third Class"), and died on the day of his election to the Academy! Rebecca, a sister, who was also a painter, copied with success some of Millais's pictures. At the age of sixteen Simeon exhibited at the Academy, though beyond a short training at Leigh's Art School in Newman Street he was almost self-taught. He was an early and intimate friend of the Pre-Raphaelites, with whose art he had much in common, though it is

only for convenience that he is included in the school. Like Whistler, he was profoundly affected by the genius of Rossetti. Racial and other causes removed him from any real affinity to the archaistic moralitarianism of Mr. Holmon Hunt. For obvious reasons the Pre-Raphaelite memoirs are silent about him, but Burne-Jones was said to have maintained, in after years, "that he was the greatest artist of us all." Throughout the sixties Solomon was one of those black-and-white draughtsmen whose contributions to the magazines have made the period famous in English art. He found ready purchasers for his pictures and drawings, not only among the well-to-do Hebrew community, such as Dr. Ernest Hart, his brother's brother-in-law, but with well-known Christian collectors like Mr. Leathart. He was on intimate terms with Walter Pater, of whom he executed one of the only two known portraits; and in the *Greek Studies* will be found a graceful reference to the "young Hebrew painter" whose "Bacchus" at the Academy obviously contributed to the "gem-like" flame of which we have heard so much.

In a short-lived magazine, the *Dark Blue*, of July, 1871, may be found a characteristic review by Swinburne of Solomon's strange rhapsody, *A Vision of Love Revealed in Sleep*, his only literary work, now a great rarity. This is the longest, and with one exception the most interesting, tribute to Solomon ever published. "Since the first years of his early and brilliant celebrity as a young artist of high imagination, power, and promise," Swinburne says, "he has been at work long enough to enable us to define at least certain salient and dominant points of his genius. . . . I have heard him likened to Heine as a kindred Hellenist of the Hebrews; Grecian form and beauty divide the allegiance of his spirit with Hebrew shadow and majesty." It would be difficult to add anything further, in praise of the unfortunate artist, to the poet's eloquent eulogy of his friend's talents. An interesting piece of autobiography is afforded in the same article, where Swinburne tells us that his own poem of "Erotion," in the first series of *Poems and Ballads*, was written for a drawing by Simeon Solomon; and in another number of the same magazine there

appeared "The End of the Month," to accompany a new design of Solomon's, the poem appearing later in the second series of *Poems and Ballads*. Very few English artists—not even Millais—began life with fairer prospects. Thackeray wrote in one of the "Roundabout Papers" for 1860: "For example, one of the pictures I admired most at the Royal Academy is by a gentleman on whom I never, to my knowledge, set eyes. The picture is (346) 'Moses,' by S. Solomon. I thought it finely drawn and composed. It nobly represented to my mind the dark children of the Egyptian bondage. . . . My newspaper says: 'Two ludicrously ugly women, looking at a dingy baby, do not form a pleasing object,' and so good-bye, Mr. S. S." This beautiful picture, painted when the artist was only nineteen, is now in the collection of Mr. W. G. Rawlinson, and was seen quite recently at the Franco-British Exhibition, where those familiar with his work considered it one of Solomon's masterpieces. Very few students of Thackeray realised, however, that the painter thus singled out for praise formed the subject of a sordid

inquest reported in the *Times* of August 18th, 1905.

That Solomon's pictures were at first better known to the public than those of his now more famous associates is shown by Robert Buchanan confessing that he had scarcely seen any of their works except those of Solomon, which he proceeded to attack in the famous *The Fleshly School of Poetry*. As a sort of justification of the criticism, in the early seventies, the extraordinary artist had become a pariah. He was imprisoned for a short while, and on his release was placed in a private asylum by his friends. Scandal having subsided, since he showed no further signs of eccentricity, he was, by arrangement, sent out to post a letter in order that he might have a chance of quietly escaping and returning to the practice of his art. He returned to the asylum in half an hour! — a proceeding which was almost an evidence of insanity. He was subsequently officially dismissed, and from this time went steadily downhill, adding to his other vices that of intemperance. Every effort was made by friends and relatives to reclaim him. Studios were taken for him, commissions

were given him, clothes were bought for him. He spent his week-ends in the lock-up. Several picture-dealers tried giving him an allowance, but he turned up intoxicated to demand advances, and the police had to be called in. He was found selling matches in the Mile End Road and tried his hand at pavement decoration without much success. The companion of Walter Pater and Swinburne became the associate of thieves and blackmailers. A story is told that one afternoon he called for assistance at the house of a well-known artist, a former friend, from whom he received a generous dole. Observing that the remote neighbourhood of the place lent itself favourably to burgling operations, Solomon visited his benefactor the same evening in company with a house-breaker. They were studying the dining-room silver when they were disturbed; both were in liquor, and the noise they made roused the sleepers above. The unwilling host good-naturedly dismissed them!

Though a very delightful book might be made of his life by some one who would not shirk the difficulties of the subject, it is unnecessary here to dwell further on a career

which belongs to the history of morbid psychology rather than of painting. After drifting from the stream of social existence into a Bohemian backwater, he found himself in the main sewer. This he thoroughly enjoyed in his own particular way, and rejected fiercely all attempts at rescue or reform. To his other old friends, such as Burne-Jones and Sir Edward Poynter, there must have been something very tragic in the contemplation of his wasted talents, for few young painters were more successful. Any one curious enough to study his pictures will regret that he was lost to art by allowing an ill-regulated life to prey upon his genius. He had not sufficient strength to keep the two things separate, as Shakespeare, Verlaine, and Leonardo succeeded in doing. At the same time, it is a consolation to think that he enjoyed himself in his own sordid way. When I had the pleasure of seeing him last, so lately as 1893, he was extremely cheerful and not aggressively alcoholic. Unlike most spoilt wastrels with the artistic temperament, he seemed to have no grievances, and had no bitter stories or complaints about former friends, no scandalous tales about contem-

poraries who had remained reputable; no indignant feeling towards those who assisted him. This was an amiable, inartistic trait in his character, though it may be a trifle negative; and for a positive virtue, as I say, he enjoyed his drink, his overpowering dirt, and his vicious life. He was full of delightful and racy stories about poets and painters, policemen and prisons, of which he had wide experience. He might have written a far more diverting book of memoirs than the average Pre-Raphaelite volume to which we look forward every year, though it is usually silent about poor Simeon Solomon. Physically he was a small, red man, with keen, laughing eyes.

By 1887 he entirely ceased to produce work of any value. He poured out a quantity of pastels at a guinea apiece. They are repulsive and ill-drawn, with the added horror of being the shadows of once splendid achievements. Long after his name could be ever mentioned except in whispers, Mr. Hollyer issued a series of photographs of some of the fine early sanguine, Indian ink, and pencil drawings. The originals are unique of their kind. It is very easy to

detect the unwholesome element which has inspired many of them, even the titles being indicative: "Sappho," "Antinous," "Amor Sacramentum." One of the finest, "Love dying from the breath of Lust," of which also he painted a picture, became quite popular in reproduction owing to the moral which was screwed out of it. Another, of "Dante meeting Beatrice at a Child's Party," is particularly fascinating. To the present generation his work is perhaps too "literary," and his technique is by no means faultless; but the slightest drawing is informed by an idea, nearly always a beautiful one, however exotic. The faceless head and the headless body of shivering models dear to modern art students were absent from Solomon's designs. His pigments, both in water-colour and oils, are always harmonious, pure in tone, and rich without being garish. We need not try to frighten ourselves by searching too curiously for hidden meanings. His whole art is, of course, unwholesome and morbid, to employ two very favourite adjectives. His work has always appealed to musicians and men of letters rather than collectors — to those who ask that a drawing

or a picture should suggest an idea rather than the art of the artist. Subject with him triumphs over drawing. He is sometimes hopelessly crude; but during the sixties, when, as some one said, "every one was a great artist," he showed considerable promise of draughtsmanship. His pictures are less fantastic than the drawings, and aim at probability, even when they are allegorical, or, as is too often the case, *odd* in sentiment. He is apparently never concerned with what are called "problems," the articulation of forms, or any fidelity to nature beyond the human frame. Unlike many of the Pre-Raphaelites, he showed a feeling for the medium of oil. His friends and contemporaries, with the exception of Millais, and Rossetti occasionally, were always more at ease with water-colour or gouache, and you feel that most of their pictures ought to have been painted in *tempera*, the technique of which was not then understood. Since Millais was of French extraction, Rossetti of Italian, and Solomon of Hebrew, I fear this does not get us very much further away from the old French criticism that the English had forgotten or never learnt how to paint in oil.

It must be remembered that Whistler, who in the sixties achieved some of his masterpieces, was an American.

It is strange that Solomon did not allow a sordid existence to alter the trend of his subjects, for these are always derived from poetry and the Bible, or from Catholic, Jewish, or Greek Orthodox ritual—a strange contrast to the respectable, impeccable painter, M. Degas, the doyen of European art, nationalist and anti-Semite, who finds beauty only in brasseries, in the vulgar circus, and in the ghastly wings of the opera. How far removed from his surroundings are the inspirations of the artist! I believe J. F. Millet would have painted peasants if he had been born and spent his days in the centre of New York. With the life-long friend of M. Degas—Gustave Moreau—Solomon had much in common, but the colour of the English Hebrew is much finer, and his themes are less monotonous. I can imagine many people being repelled by this troubled introspective art, especially at the present day. There is hardly room for an inverted Watts. At the same time, even those who from age and training cannot take

a sentimental interest in faded rose-leaves, whose perfume is a little overpowering, may care to explore an interesting byway of art. For poor Solomon there was no place in life. Casting reality aside, he stepped back into the riotous pages of Petronius. Perhaps on the Paris boulevards, with Verlaine and Bibi la Purée, he might have enjoyed a distinct artistic individuality. Expeditions conducted by Mr. Arthur Symons might have been organised in order to view him at some popular café. Mr. George Moore might have written about him. But in respectable London he was quite impossible. In the temple of Art, which is less Calvinistic than artists would have us suppose, he will always have his niche. To the future English Vasari he will be a real gold-mine.

(1905.)

III.

SIMEON SOLOMON.

(From *Studies in Seven Arts* by
Arthur Symons, 1906.)

IN the nineteenth century, as in every century, there have been painters who have deliberately turned backwards or aside; haters of their own time, haters of reality, dreamers who have wanted to gather in some corner of unlimited space. Poets rather than painters, the visible world has seemed too narrow for them; and one, like Monticelli, has tried to paint in terms of music, and another, like Rossetti, has tried to put the spiritual mysteries of passion, or like Watts, the bodily form of great emotion and high duties, literally upon the canvas. Théodore Chassériau comes partly into this company; his pupil, in a sense, Gustave Moreau, belongs to it wholly; and there is Puvis de Chavannes (with a difference), and Simeon Solomon, and Burne-Jones, and Félicien Rops, and Aubrey Beardsley. Most of them are not perfectly equipped as painters, but may seem to escape from some at least of their limitations by this commerce

with another world. All have an interest beyond their mere skill as painters, with various kinds of appeal to those who go to art for something which is certainly not the art of it. They set up wayside idols to strange gods, and bow down before the Prince of the Power of the Air. Some have a devil, others speak with tongues. They stir the curiosity of their contemporaries more keenly than the painters who merely paint; and are easier to discuss, and more amusing to write about. One translates his own pictures into sonnets, another composes "A Vision of Love in Sleep," in melodious prose; and Moreau will live in the pages which Huysmans has written about him, at least as long as in his pictures.

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One "strain" of Chassériau, as Mr. MacColl notes, works out in the "monumental art, full of ancient quiet, of the gods and their sacred seats," of Puvis de Chavannes; another, "Greco-Indian, exotic and seductive," in "the fevered impotence of Gustave Moreau, a lover of the pungent spices and heavy incense of painting, but unable to

distil them from the thing." Moreau has been chiefly praised for qualities which belong rather to literature than to painting, and much of his work is like the idolatry of a savage drugged with opium. He has brought together the spoils of many altars, heaped mythology on mythology, and wrought out of his head a barbarous mosaic of decorative detail, which has been seen in no light in which human eyes ever saw. Legendary figures pose academically among landscapes of vegetable jewels. But in some of his work, done for enamelling or for the tapestry of the Gobelins, fantasies in which plain colour is placed against plain colour, and the drawing is rigid and as if petrified, weave admirable patterns, exactly suiting those two formal mediums. And, in some small water-colours hung lately in the Luxembourg, among more ambitious failures, there were miracles of sheer painter's colour, hardly attached to anything, a mosaic of precious stones, but with all the inner fires of the jewels flaming out of the canvas.

One, the unluckiest, of these dreamers who have made a world "*à rebours*," and have lived persistently in it, "though the

world," the other world, may have had only "a horror of their joy," is Simeon Solomon, a painter who lived on, forgotten, somewhere or other, until 1905, when his death in the workhouse opened to him once more the doors of the Royal Academy. Mr. MacColl does not mention him, though two of his pictures were in the Glasgow Exhibition; but it seems to me that he has his place, not far from Burne-Jones, in any record of the painting of the nineteenth century. Had circumstances been kinder to him, or had he been other than himself, he would have been a formidable rival for Burne-Jones, "where travellers of his tribe," as Mr. MacColl says, "will still be waylaid, on the confines of glamour and sleep." Look through the catalogue of the Royal Academy and of the Dudley Gallery, between 1865 and 1872, and you will find picture after picture, from the "Lady in the Chinese Dress," with its bad drawing and queer, orchid-like colour, and exotic and enigmatical expressiveness, to the Academy "Judith and her attendant going to the Assyrian Camp," of 1872. The very names, "Love in Winter," "Sacramentum Amoris," "Hosanna," suggest Burne-Jones,

though they are exactly parallel in date, and are as likely to represent an influence as a following. Others have a more definitely Jewish character, "The Three Holy Children in the Fiery Furnace," the "Patriarch of the Eastern Church pronouncing the Benediction of Peace," the "Carrying the Law in the Synagogue of Geneva"; while perhaps what was most significant in this strange temperament is seen in such pictures as "The Sleepers and the One that Waketh." Three faces, faint with languor, two with closed eyes and the other with eyes wearily open, lean together, cheek on cheek, between white, sharp-edged stars in a background of dim sky. These faces, with their spectral pallor, the robes of faint purple tinged with violet, are full of morbid delicacy, like the painting of a perfume. Here, as always, there is weakness, insecurity, but also a very personal sense of beauty, which this only half-mastered technique is just able to bring out upon the canvas, in at least a suggestion of everything that the painter meant.

In later years Solomon restricted himself to single heads drawn in coloured chalks,

sometimes two heads facing one another, the Saviour and Mary Magdalen, the Virgin and the Angel of the Annunciation. The drawing becomes more and more nerveless, the expression loses delicacy and hardens into the caricature of an emotion, the faint suggestions of colour become more pronounced, more crudely asserted. In the latest drawings of all, we see no more than the splintering wreck of a painter's technique. But as lately as ten years ago he could still produce, with an almost mechanical ease, sitting at a crowded table in a Clerkenwell news-room, those drawings which we see reproduced by some cheap process of facsimile, in pink or in black, and sold in the picture-shops in Regent Street, Oxford Street, and Museum Street. They have legends under them out of the Bible, in Latin, or out of Dante, in Italian; or they have the names of the Seven Virtues, or of the Seven Deadly Sins; or are images of Sleep and Death and Twilight. "A void and wonderfully vague desire" fills all these hollow faces, as water fills the hollow pools of the sand; they have the sorrow of those who have no cause for sorrow except that

they are as they are in a world not made after their pattern. The lips are sucked back and the chin thrust forward in a languor which becomes a mannerism, like the long thin throats, and heavy half-closed eyes and cheeks haggard with fever or exhaustion. The same face, varied a little in mood, scarcely in features, serves for Christ and the two Marys, for Sleep and for Lust. The lips are scarcely roughened to indicate a man, the throats scarcely lengthened to indicate a woman. These faces are without sex; they have brooded among ghosts of passions till they have become the ghosts of themselves; the energy of virtue or of sin has gone out of them, and they hang in space, dry, rattling, the husks of desire.



The Bibelot

THE literature of gardens is indeed a wide one. It began with the classics and the end is not yet reached in the latest verse of to-day. Among books which demand a larger public than they have apparently found, *The Heart of a Garden* by Rosamund Marriott Watson (London, 1905, and again 1907) has the unique charm of a poetical interlude alternating with prose whereof the first essay possesses a beauty peculiarly its own. Nothing, in fact, could be more in harmony with nature seen through a delicate mist of reminiscence, and of thoughts that lie too deep for tears than the little song cycle we have ventured to reprint and along with it *The Road to Spring*.

Whether an old Italian garden such as Vernon Lee has imagined with "a gate of charming hammered iron standing open between the scroll-work masonry and empty vases, under its covered escutcheon"—a veritable "gate that leads to nowhere"—or a formal English parterre of the eighteenth century, we do but come in sight of either—especially by the road of poetic

prose or verse — than we are subject to the mystic marvel lying at the heart of all outdoor beauty.¹

One can but think of all the art born of love which has had to do with gardens and their adornment since time began. In a manner Rosamund Watson's earlier poems are suggested by these waifs of garden song wherein a subdued tone of retrospective regret is discernible in each tender little lyric. How perfect the phrasing, how incomparably human-hearted these delicate songs seem to us! Evidently the book has not reached the honour of an American reprint, but if our readers will take it from us they will wisely seek it out and absorb the mingled melancholy yet light-hearted joy in the return of spring that wells up from its every page.

*"O, never do the birds of April sing
More sweet than in that dream I still remember:
Perchance the heart may keep its songs of spring
Even through the wintry dream of life's December."*

¹ An entire volume has been given up to this subject. We refer particularly to Mr. Albert Forbes Sieveking's *The Praise of Gardens*, (London, 1899) to which should be added Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's *Sundials and Roses of Yesterday* (New York, 1902) — two only out of a delightful shelf of personal preferences.

FROM THE HEART OF A GARDEN:

I LYRICS

II THE ROAD TO SPRING

By

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

And the Child was become happy and joyful, and breathed freely again, and thought no more of returning to his hut, for he saw that nothing returned inwards, but rather that all strove outwards into the free air; the rosy apple blossoms from their narrow buds, and the gurgling notes from the narrow breast of the lark. The germs burst open the folding doors of the seeds, and broke through the heavy pressure of the earth in order to get at the light: the grasses tore asunder their bands, and their slender blades sprung upwards. Even the rocks were become gentle, and allowed little mosses to peep out from their sides, as a sign that they would not remain impenetrably closed for ever. And the flowers sent out colour and fragrance into the whole world, for they kept not their best for themselves, but would imitate the sun and the stars, which poured their warmth and radiance over the spring. And many a little gnat and beetle burst the narrow cell in which it was enclosed, and crept out slowly, and, half asleep, unfolded and shook its tender wings, and soon gained strength, and flew off to untried delights.

And as the butterflies came forth from their chrysalids in all their gaiety and splendour, so did every humbled and suppressed aspiration and hope free itself, and boldly launch into the open and flowing sea of spring.

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END.

"Le vieux jardin a des vieilles tulipes."

TO LADY NORTHCLIFFE.

BIRDS in your garden once again —
 (The old-time garden that you love) —
 Wake to the touch of silver rain,
 Sing while the gold sun mounts above.

So runs it still, the ancient tale,
 Through immemorial years foretold —
The dreaming bride behind the veil,
 The conquering Prince with spurs of gold.

And those that say and those that sing
 (As thousands dead have said and sung),
Do but enregister the spring,
 But praise that world where all is young.

O, many a dream it fades and dies,
 And many a hope it lives in vain,
But never dream of April skies,
 And never hope of soft spring rain.

Then for your ancient pleasaunce' sake,
 With all its fair sequestered ways,
Dear Lady of the Garden, take
 This book of garden dreams and days.

LYRICS.

I.

POISED on the summit of the deodar
A song-thrush sings, this mild mid-winter day;
Sings of the Spring, although the Spring is far
And far away.

I shall not see the radiant white-winged throng
That wanders where the Heavenly gardens are,
Nor hear the floating echoes of their song
From star to star.

Yet, though immortal melodies I miss,
Here dwells my heart, nor seeks to soar above
The music of the kindly Earth — and this —
The voice I love.

Infinite solace falls with every note,
And dead dreams flower again the while he sings,
My Angel with the throbbing speckled throat
And dim brown wings.

II.

IDREAMED the peach-trees blossomed once again,
I dreamed the birds were calling in the dew,
Sun-rays fell round me like a golden rain,
And all was well with us and life was new.

How that great joy was born I cannot tell . . .
The warm low sun, the blossom on the wall,
With life so new to us and all so well,
And some lost word I never may recall.

Like a dark pool that once did mirror spring,
Or like a sealed shrine with a secret flame,
Though boughs are barren now and no birds sing,
I know the joy I never may reclaim.

III.

IN this veiled hush before the next soft shower,
Listen — 't is he, my Lord the blackbird sings,
A wizard chanting from his haunted tower
Legends of lost innumerable Springs.

Long, long ago, and far, and far away,
These golden falls, these strange *legatos* seem
To raise the ghost of a forgotten day,
Or thread the dim maze of some distant dream.

Between the wet woods and the clouded skies
His spell is wrought — the immemorial rune
That charms me back to that lost land which lies
East of the Sun and westward of the Moon.

IV.

A LONG the lawns the tulip lamps are lit,
 Amber, and amaranth, and ivory,
 Porphyry, silver, and chalcedony —
 Filled with the sunlight and the joy of it.

The tulip lamps are lit — the Spring's own gold
 Glows burning bright in each illumined cup,
 Wrought in those secret mines of dusky mould
 Where Winter's hidden hoard was garnered up.

The flame will fade, the goblets break and fall,
 Strewing the dim earth with their beauty's wrack;
 All will be spent and past their festival
 Ere the first vagrant swallow shall come back.

V.

TO C. S.

THE blossom-snow begins to blow
 About the orchard-close,
 The fields forget the violet;
 But soon shall come the rose, my Dear;
 Ah, soon shall bloom the rose!

The long year's prime is summer-time,
 And summer's coming on;
 But the spring o' the year is all too dear,
 And spring is past and gone, my Dear;
 Oh, this is past and gone.

VI.

TO MOMOTARO, MY PUG.

HUED like the full moon of the apricot,
Save where the signs of high descent are set —
Sleek ears and velvet muzzle dark as jet,
On either cheek a sable beauty-spot;
I watch thee prancing round the garden-plot,
Marvelling why I harbour such a pet,
So vain, so filled with frowardness — and yet
Pleasant thou art, and happy in thy lot.

Food, slumber, play, — what more is there to ask?
From soundest sleep still starting, brisk, elate,
At faintest clamour of a clattered plate;
Thine the smooth lawns whereon to frisk or bask;
Pert little snub-nosed favourite of Fate,
Puck playing truant in Apollyon's mask.

VII.

AUTUMNAL.

THE robin sings in the rain, and the first leaves fall,
Withering sun-flowers fling their tarnished gold
by the wall,
Hedge-fruits ripen and drop in coppice and lane,
And I am glad from my heart that the years return not
again.

May-flowers fade with the May, and are past and gone,
Butterflies live their day, and the year goes on:
Yet the heart that was blithe with the flower and the
 butterfly
Lingers, and lives, and outlives, while the years go by.

The end of the tale is best, and the close of the song
For the heart that has beat too fast, that has beat too
 long;
And my heart is glad that the years return not again —
Glad that the first leaves fall and the robin sings in
 the rain.

VIII.

GAY antirrhinums, powdered, striped, and freaked,
 Laugh down the garden ways in motley wise,
Rose-lipped, white-throated, blushing cherry-cheeked
 Some — and the rest like summer butterflies.

Ah, but they fail beneath the autumn sun,
 The low gold sunsets of the dying year;
For Summer wanes — for Summer's lease is run;
 Autumn is come, and Winter waits anear.

The threat takes form, the lurking Fate's revealed:
 Lo, undisguised, stark symbol of the tomb,
Or ever the hordes of Winter take the field —
 The bare brown skull behind the mask of bloom.

IX.

*Le flute amère d'Automne
Pleure dans le soir anxieux.*

AUTUMN'S melancholy lute
Calls so clear and calls so sweet,
Through the forest brown and mute,
Down the white-walled village street

"Follow now, Oh follow now,
Burns the leaf upon the bough;
Cross the mountains hoar and old,
To the land of sunset gold."

Autumn beckons as she goes, —
"Follow me, Oh follow me,
Would you 'scape the winter snows
And the Happy Valleys see."

Autumn's amber-coloured veil
Floats along the evening breeze,
Like a gilded galleon's sail
Beckoning on to splendid seas.

Autumn's lute sounds low and clear, —
Autumn's melancholy lute,
"Follow here, Oh follow here!"
Over woods and meadows mute.

“Come away, Oh come away!
Sundown calls you home from day;
Night is near and earth grows cold;
Follow through the sunset gold.”

x.

YOU may remember how the skies were dim,
And all the air was full of floating shadows,
Tall pine-trees stood upon the broad hills' rim,
And deep woods loomed beyond the water-meadows.

It was your birthday — I, from overseas,
Had come by many a vagrant path and byway,
To rest awhile beneath your ancient trees,
Before I sought once more the swallow's highway.

Still I remember — nor will you forget
How, when beclouded in the windless weather,
The silver phantom of the sun had set,
Along the fields we walked and talked together.

And all our talk went to the same good tune
Of rare days done, of those to come thereafter,
While up the hill-side, through the night's still moon,
We wandered with the white October moon,
And listened to the owl's delightful laughter.

XI.

VESTURED and veiled with twilight,
Lulled in the winter's ease,
Dim, happy, and silent,
My garden dreams by its trees.

Urn of the sprayless fountain,
Glimmering nymph and faun,
Gleam through the dark-plumed cedar,
Fade on the dusky lawn.

Here is no stir of summer,
Here is no pulse of spring;
Never a bud to burgeon,
Never a bird to sing.

Dreams — and the kingdom of quiet!
Only the dead leaves lie
Over the fallen roses
Under the shrouded sky.

Folded and fenced with silence,
Mindless of moil and mart,
It is twilight here in my garden,
And twilight here in my heart.

XII.

A WINTER SUNSET.

THE starlings pipe and whisper in the trees,
Now loud, now low, for Autumn's lease is run;
The skies are stiller than still summer seas,
As sinks in shining and translucent ease
The late November sun.

November sunset — and a phantom moon
That floats, a shell-pale sickle, in the blue;
The light that comes — the light that goes so soon,
Both with the season's silence seem in tune,
With my heart's silence too.

This misty hour, whose garrulous birds will cease
Their fitful gossip as the west grows pale,
Breathes it not more of solace and release
Than sunsets golden as the Golden Fleece
Or song of nightingale?

XIII.

So white with frost my garden lies,
So still, so bright, my garden is,
For sure the fields of Paradise
Show not more fair than this:

The streets of pearl, the gates of gold,
Are they, indeed, more peace-possest
Than this white pleasaunce, pure and cold,
Against an amber West?

THE ROAD TO SPRING.

THE halcyon days are over: mild and tender interlude of ineffable gentleness, a space of earliest Spring, as it were, but wanting Spring's disquietude. The serene and smiling grace of the low midwinter sun, the milk and turkis skies, the bared beauty of the naked trees, the strange richness of the short emerald grass, so wonderful to eyes already schooled to inexpectancy of Nature's kindness for many weeks to come — all has partaken almost of the nature of a benediction, a respite. The oasis was welcome, and more than welcome; but the long white road lies ahead, the road to Spring, swept by rough winds, blocked now and again by fog and frost and snow, and yet leading, every inch of it, to the desired haven —

“Over the Mountains of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride, the Shade replied,
If you seek for El Dorado.”

And so we too shall journey on, undaunted by the darkness of the way, even snatching a certain pleasure from its predicaments, and, at times, a swift and sudden joy from some

sunlit turn in the highway, some sheltered dip where unsuspected buds may be blowing, fair pledges of the promised land. One needs must take one's happiness where one may chance to find it; and for all its denials and asperities, I am come at last to consider winter, even our surly English winter, as a season by no manner of means so ungracious as it has been painted. There are ameliorations, there are beauties, if you do but choose to see them. All the deciduous trees in the garden have shed their leaves, it is true, but only to reveal the infinite variety and grace of their intimate structure. Winter, despite his reputation for seals and secrets, has many disclosures, and this, perhaps, is at once the most interesting and the most pleasing to the eye. Robbed of their green draperies they stand revealed — these trees that summer dresses; while the dim rich evergreens — cypress and laurel, holly, and ivy; the stately groves of rhododendron, with ilex and arbutus, cedar and deodar, and box and yew — stand fast in their dark mail, hugging close their mysteries.

Now it is an old pleasure renewed to note once more how the tall poplar's delicate

outer framework aspires, from fragile-seeming curve to curve almost mesh-like, climbing slenderly from beginning to apex, woven in fine rhythm upon a pearl and primrose sunset. The blunt-fingered ash waves supple arms towards you and above; the neighbouring oaks, less disguised by summer's veil than any other tree that grows, show forth their native property of strength inflexible, slow of growth and hard of grain. The oak is a fine stalwart tree, but he would seem to be the symbol of another age than this.

To my mind he is of the Middle Ages; he has, in a measure, the remoteness of mediævalism and the majesty. You are too apt to people the sward below his outspreading branches with folk in vair and velvet, and harness of damascened silver and gold, knights in chain-armour, and ladies with the hennin and the côte-hardie, to consider him an intimate. He is rather the ultimate outpost of old romance. And yet the bare hawthorn's twisted maze of gnarled trunk and infinite intricacies of twig and branch — although it reaches out to fancies of an older time, the misty age of myth and legend, murmuring "Broceliande" to you, even as

grey willows will whisper "Avalon"—the hawthorn, somehow, wears more the aspect of a familiar. While these have their distinct and separate associations, real or imagined, it is the beech that stands for to-day and yesterday and for all time. Clothed with translucent leafage, or stripped as now, in suave, silvery loveliness, it grows as a gracious monument to the memory of the old beliefs. To this day I find it no easy matter in the depths of a beech wood to disbelieve in Dryads.

All trees have each their proper charm: the orchard-trees are sweet honest country wenches in youth, and bent but still comely and hearty gammers in old age; the silver birch is ever a dainty *ingénue*; the cedar a very noble gentleman, somewhat of a Don Quixote; but the beech is the incomparable lady, the beautiful princess who never grows old, equally beautiful with or without her green mantle of leaves, fair alike in winter and in summer.

As I pass through the little belt of wilderness that is all our walled-in space allows for absolute liberty, I surprise many a small secret of the little folk who are wont to pitch

their tents there in due season. Secrets of Polichinelle, to-day, but none the less agreeable to me. I like it best for the birds to keep their own counsel while there is need; I would not wittingly betray them, but one never knows. In the pride of my heart, and the expansiveness bred by good company I might blab—and then? No, I want no meddlesome fingers or prying eyes in my minute preserves. But I like to note, now that all this serious business is over and done with, just where they built, my pleasant little garden-folk, and to see their variously-fashioned nests, so deftly made, and—sometimes—so diplomatically placed.

The yellow aconite will be flowering under foot here before long with its golden, green-befrilled buds, and the snowdrops that I have been at some pains to naturalise should make a brave show by and by. Overhead there is a continuous soft stir and bustle of birds: the blue and silver tits with their demure black velvet hoods and their elfin airs and graces are mighty busy; up and down and in and out they glance, most delicately important of mien, and I wonder now if this may be the family that was

reared last spring in the old leaden urn beneath the large ilex. Very numerous and very vocal was that candid brood; it seemed as though the fledgelings were demanding food with menaces the whole day through, and even my own humble wriggling offerings appeared to find favour in their midst. There was a secret so flagrantly open I could not choose but know it, yet I do not think they fared any the worse for their indiscretion. Those dainty little brown sprites, the wrens, are full of mysterious activities, and bold robin with his breast at its very brightest orange-tawny meets me at every turn. Fleeting glints of green and gold betoken the shy presence of the finches, and silent thrush and blackbird set about their avocations with an air of hardihood they did not show in spring. The tiny running streamlet is a true benefaction to them all.

On the topmost twig of the walnut-tree balances a huge rook in his solemn black soutane, curtseying and cawing in grotesque protestation. Why he so troubles deaf Heaven with his bootless cries I cannot think, unless it may be from sheer aggrieve-

ment at finding all the plunder gone. But I believe it is I, forsooth, who have the better cause of complaint, for he and his gang it was that robbed me of at least the half of my harvest this year. Many a strange sacerdotal-seeming feast have I surprised in my own orchard only some half an acre from here, when the nuts were at their best. But some folk have no sense of shame, and it is not the cowl that makes the monk. These gentlemen presume too much upon the sombre propriety of the black robe, I think. Go hunt at the tree-foot, friend, amid the tangled ground ivy and the fallen leaves, and it may chance to you, as often aforetime to me, to find a nut or two still sound and sweet within. It will profit you not one whit to keep curtseying and crying upon the clouds.

"Qu'est-ce qui passe ici si tard? Gai, gai, gai!" rings the old rhyme, brought back to mind just now by a lisping, whistling assemblage of shiny-coated starlings engaged in some noisy commerce or other, big with that pose of false business habits which could deceive no one, but above all abounding in gaiety. Early or late, the starling is always

gay, which is of course to be counted unto him for righteousness. Upon the whole, I find my attitude towards him undergoing a gradual change. Time was when I saw nothing but his ill qualities — his vulgarity, his greed, his blatant pushfulness, his friendly toleration of my enemies the sparrows — and could not away with him. But now, even though I may not esteem him more, I am bound to confess to something very like a sneaking affection for that small, smart, rowdy personality of his. "Though a poet" — and a distinctly minor one at that — "he is gay." He is always gay, even when sentimentalising in song as like the thrush's as his husky little throat can compass. He is something of an idealist, too, the man in the street, as it were, who supposes he has an ingrained passion for the fine arts; and his admiration of the thrush, who will have none of his company, is sincerity itself. So I have come to look with amused liking upon his clumsy *minauderies*, and to make allowances for his detestably bad manners, the more especially at such moments as when, sauntering between bare orchard trees in the murky glow of a dim red winter

THE ROAD TO SPRING

sunset, one is suddenly aware of having trespassed upon the blithest company in the world. There is such a clicking of castanets, such a ploy of light-hearted, stammering gossip, such liquid, sibilant calls and cries that you might well think to have stumbled upon another Goblin Market. The starling is certainly a scandal-monger, and probably a knave, but he is a merry soul and the cheeriest of company.

The hoar frost and the snow have been weaving their white magic over the garden, a wonder that never stales, but would seem to hang out fresh signals to the sense at every visitation. When you awake in the clear shining of the sun to discovery of the night's enchanted work, wrought with such swiftness, in such silence, it is as though you walked in a new world, in some strange kingdom of faëry with trees of silver and flowers and fruits of diamond and pearl. Every foot's pace bears you on to more revelations in this enchanted pleasaunce. Winter is indeed a rare artificer: there is not a leaf, or a blade, or growing spray or mass of plant-forms that he does not take pains to transfigure almost out of all knowl-

edge. This is surely the apotheosis, the magic hour of every humble unblossomed herb and green thing the garden grows. Spring and summer may bring no largesse for these, autumn no splendid stains and dyes; but here is winter, another King Cophetua, one might say, scattering his jewels broadcast with so royal a bounty that each unconsidered twig, each sober leaf of evergreen, is clothed with glories as great as, or greater, than the rose. Where there is already, as in the clustered ivy or Portugal laurel, a fine grace of outline and of form, it is intensified and made manifest a thousand-fold; while, so marvellous is this pure wealth of pearl and crystal set against the sun's clear gold, that it obliterates imperfection and exalts the commonplace. The scentless yellow jasmine trails upon the trellis like frosted amber, the dark leaves of the hellebore gleam all bediamonded about their pale roses. As I pass my herb-plot's bejewelled tangle, forgotten and left to wildness in the press of other work, I cannot find it in my heart to repent my omission, for had it been properly "redd up" and set in due order I must needs have missed this faint, sweet incense,

THE ROAD TO SPRING

the ghost of a perfume, that breathes from it to-day. How and why I know not, but some mysterious alchemy of sun and snow has drawn forth a fragrance of myrrh and thyme commingled, that sets you thinking of Solomon's Song and the beds of spices when the wind blew from Lebanon.

Dante, whose spirit was of the South, pictured a glacial place of terror, and his image of it is horrid enough, in all conscience. It smites imagination into shuddering, like some dreadful tale of Arctic desolation, or sinister histories of frozen ice-bound ships on the high seas. And yet, and in spite of all human fears and quakings ever inspired by the inhuman sovereignty of the great cold, is there not to us of Northern ancestry, of mainly Northern blood, a something that goes out joyously, with a sting, too, of recognition, to the frank, shrewd weather and the first snowfall? It is, in all likelihood, a blind survival of an ancient and outworn instinct originally barbarous of character, compact of the joy of battle and the bitter pleasure of resistance, the strong will to live, in short, now merged in milder sentiments — flushed warm with the colours of

the sunset and stirred sharply by the white unearthly beauty of the frost. The great post-mundane glories of a new heaven and a new earth were prefigured by an oriental imagination, but from the pictorial point of view I think a visionary might build Paradise enough from a snowclad garden-close and a fair sky. "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass." That is the gold of winter itself, gold of ice and sunlight, pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

My hellebores have not disappointed me this year, and those which I protected are of especial excellence and purity of colour; the milk-white are my favourites still, but the softly empurpled blossoms, as well as those that blush with a delicate pink through their petals of snow and ivory, are mighty pretty, and welcome beyond words at this season of flowerless parterres. It is pleasant to see the strong blunt buds pushing their way up through the dun earth and the snow to the light of day amid those dark sentinels, their leaves. It is yet another assurance of life's

persistency, of the robust and vigorous striving of the earth. I believe, for all the pains and penalties involved, that I should be something loth to miss winter from the year's calendar. There is so much that is comely and reviving in the atmosphere, which is essentially that of hope, however long deferred; memories of spring and summer take on a greater glory viewed through this lengthening vista. You are not burdened with that spendthrift consciousness that will sometimes fall upon you in the very heyday of the prime, of being in the act of consuming your substance with vivid improvidence, forced, it is true, but improvidence all the same.

Winter can show a kindlier face than one guesses, and when, like the unthrifty Lord of Linne, you may have fancied you were come to the end of your wealth, he is apt to offer you an undreamed-of hoard, the beaten gold and "the white mony" that are to console you for treasure spent. So long as one may have sight of the sun for a few hours on most days, and keep a bright hearth withindoors, I do not think we are so very hardly used; the pleasures of retro-

spect hang the long galleries sacred to their use with arras of unfading beauty, while who but Hope could make the corridors of the future to flower so wondrous sweet and fair? We look before and after, and take heart afresh for the journey, perhaps even with an impulse to sing upon the way. Of all the many great and gracious sayings that "R. L. S." has left us, there is not one truer to my mind than this (which comes, I think, in his "El Dorado"), that "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive."

In the garden every portent points to hopeful travel: such roses as are more sensible to cold are safely swaddled in russet withered bracken, cut down long since for their winter negligées; some pampered favourites have even been given little conical peaked head-pieces of straw that make them look in the late twilight, when the moon is rising, like a witches' gathering in miniature. The rosemary is decked with her small wan florets, and the laurustinus spreads its dull waxen umbels in the shrubbery above the shallow graves where the dead leaves lie buried. *Que la terre leur soit légère!* In but a very few months' time

THE ROAD TO SPRING

primroses will be flowering where they fell, arising in due season to play, these also, their little part in the immemorial game of life and death.

The sundial of grey stone stands like a monument and pledge of summer upon the sunken lawn between the high walls that engirt the rose-garden. The reigning season has despoiled it of the greater portion of its grateful task, and here it stays awaiting the sun's pleasure. "So flys Time away" is the quiet legend it holds up to the light, and I do not believe its long-dead maker could have hit upon a better one. Only to con it over is to invite serenity and the gracious influences of the sun, to see all things in so mild and equable a light as leaves no room for trouble or unrest. How well Charles Lamb interpreted the true sentiment of the dial!

"What a dead thing," says he, "is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure and silent heart-language of the old dial! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. . . . It spoke of

moderate labours, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance, and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world."

At all times and seasons and in all weathers it pleases me to walk here; disquietude could find no finer antidote, believe me, than the green confines of this narrow pleasaunce with its garden god dumbly eloquent of happy patience and the spirit of ancient peace. "So flys Time away" . . . the words to me seem the very epitome of composure and pleasant cheer, perhaps because I have known them for so long, scanned them so very often. Swift's friend and patron, Sir William Temple, so willed it that when he came to die his heart should be buried, enclosed in a silver box, beneath the sundial in his beautiful Surrey garden by his house of Moor Park, and in the end his wish was piously fulfilled. The desire may possibly smack of fantastic sentimentality to some, but I think I understand the impulse that inspired it. The romantic expression of yesterday took other forms than those we know now. "So flys Time away," and yet . . . and yet, where your treasure is there

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will your heart be also; and who shall say
whether the garden-lover's treasure may not
be about the turfy precincts of his dial in the
green depths of his garden?



A Be Bibelot

IT was the opinion lyrically expressed of the late John Boyle O'Reilly that he would rather live in Bohemia than in any other land. These sentiments are as likely to keep his memory green as anything uttered by the most solemn and didactic aspirant to posthumous regard. There have been many fresh hearts that failed much less than a thousand years ago, to whom this sentiment has become a truism, if ever sentimentality and truth can be said to "touch hands and part with laughter:" whether or not in the final interview they "touch lips and part with tears" is just as demonstrably in evidence.

The story of Francine's Muff may bid us pause and consider, for

"Who, alas! can love, and then be wise?"

It would, indeed, be a foolish critic who ignored this diminutive romance of finite hearts that yearn. It is a little masterpiece and taken in connection with Rodolphe's elegy and especially with Marcel's lament "for the lost days of his tropic youth," lies embedded in Murger's story as an episode easily transplanted. The poems form fit

prelude and postlude to the brief tragic comedy. Complete in itself we need not inquire as to the real existence of either Pierrot or Pierette. Fact or fiction or a consummate mingling of both, it has that indispensable something lifting it to a high level of emotional story telling. The Muff itself has since found its way into the hands of Mimi as all know who have witnessed the opera, and since the Scènes de la Vie de Bohême have been married to undying music by Puccini they are in a fair way to that immortality which can scarcely be said to have been foreseen by their "onlie beggetter." Along with Manon Lescaut, a kindred theme for the same composer, the book may safely be left to renew its claim upon us and upon posterity.

Than Arthur Symons no writer could be better fitted by temperament to say the right thing concerning the Scènes as a whole, nor, as it seems to us, can there be any question as to the high quality of the version we offer our readers, originally published and quite possibly translated, by Henry Vizetelly. It is by all odds the best and if proof is demanded the two lyrics are in evidence.

FRANCINE'S MUFF
(A SCENE FROM LA VIE DE BOHÊME)
By
HENRI MURGER.

*Here she lies where all must come
After days grown wearisome;
She that was Chrysanthemum.*

.
*Little hands shall hold no more
Closing door or opening door;
Keys of pleasure or of grief.
Lo! they hold a withered leaf.
World, and where is thy distress —
One chrysanthemum the less?
World, what sayest thou? She is dumb;
She that was Chrysanthemum.*

FROM A JAPANESE DIRGE.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

HENRI MURGER, born in 1822, died in a Parisian hospital in January, 1861. He first published his *Bohemians* in 1848, in a periodical *Le Corsaire* for which he is said to have received fifteen francs for each instalment and later on sold the completed volume for five hundred francs to a publisher who forthwith disposed of seventy thousand copies.

I. THE BOHEMIANS OF THE LATIN QUARTER, (*Scènes de la Vie de Bohême*) by Henri Murger, London: (Vizetelly & Co.) 1888. Octavo, cloth, Pp. xxxiv+1-317.

This translation has been reprinted in the series called Masterpieces of French Literature, Société des Beaux-Arts (Paris, London and New York), 1910, and in this *format* is readily obtained through any bookseller in this country.

II. THE LATIN QUARTER ("Scènes de la Vie de Bohême") by Henry Murger. Translated by Ellen Marriage and John Selwyn. With an Introduction by Arthur Symons. London: (Greening & Co., Limited), 1908. Fcap, 8vo, cloth, g. t. uncut, Pp. xxxii+1-402.

Issued in the Lotus Library edition, September, 1908, the book was originally brought out (in octavo,) London, 1901. It is a pleasing little volume in this shape, and from it we have taken Mr. Symons' Introduction. The Appendix gives the two poems used by us from the Vizetelly text, both in the original French and in English prose. To be had of the Torch Press Book Shop, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, at 75 cents, net.

INTRODUCTION.

“**B**OHEMIA,” says Murger, “is the preference to the Academy, the hospital, or the Morgue.” Murger died in a hospital, “*ce caravansérail des douleurs humaines*,” as he called it; and if he did not reach the Academy on his way there, he has had to suffer the praise of Academicians; he has become a kind of classic in *négligé*. His *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème* sum up an epoch, give us the map of a country: it is the Bohemia of the Latin Quarter, as it existed at the Romantic epoch. And it is also the eternal Bohemia, a country where people love lightly and sincerely, weep and laugh freely, are really hungry, really have their ambitions, and at times die of all these maladies. It is the gayest and most melancholy country in the world. Not to have visited it is to have made the grand tour for nothing. To have lived there too long is to find all the rest of the world an exile. But in Murger’s pages, perhaps, after all, you will see more of the country than anything less than a lifetime spent in it will show you.

Murger has his place in the Romantic movement, coming into it by a side door,

holding himself a little aloof in the company, and supplying an instructive comment on it. He shows us, in his poets and painters and musicians, the raw material of Romantics, with a sympathetic mockery; and he introduces us to a lively part of the audience which the Romantics gathered about them. It is only with Alfred de Musset that he finds himself quite at home. Musette, he said, is Bernerette's youngest sister.

The Bohemians of Murger are like children playing at life with all the gay seriousness of children. They have never unlearned the child's gesture of grasping at any shining thing, the vehemence of his desire for the moon, the irrational tempest of his tears or of his mirth, the regardlessness of anything but the desire of the moment. They realise very keenly that I am I, they can admit frankly that you are you, when you cross their path; but nothing has ever been able to teach them, any more than the child in the nurse's arms can be taught, that there exists a vague and vast abstraction, neither you nor I, but made up of infinite identities that have allowed themselves to be swallowed up for one another's benefit: the

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intangible, inexplicable monster that we call Society. Conscious of something against them in the world, they invent arbitrary nicknames: the Bourgeois, the Philistines, the Jews. They have rarely any desire to revolt; they ask only to be allowed to go their own way, on their own terms of logical enjoyment and material impossibility. If talent, or the desire of talent, will bring in money of itself, if the winter will not freeze them when there is no fire in the grate, if Mimi will be content with a garret on the fifth floor, they have little to ask. After all, comfort is a relative term, and Murger tells us of an "amateur Bohemian" who, with £400 a year to live on, chose to let himself be buried in a pauper's grave. He had found comfort, of a kind, no doubt, in Bohemia.

In Murger's picture of Bohemia, as Paul de Saint-Victor has noted, with partial truth, "the flames of the stake are changed into fireworks." In his own summing up, at the end of the Preface to the *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, he speaks of that "delightful and terrible life, which boasts its conquerors and its martyrs, on which no one should enter unless he has made up his mind beforehand

to submit to the ruthless law: *Væ Victis!*;" there is his "axiom: " "Unknown Bohemia is not a thoroughfare, it is a blind alley;" the confession of his dedicatory verses:

" Car cette route si belle
Quand je fis mes premiers pas,
Maintenant je la vois telle,
Telle qu'elle existe, hélas! . . .

" Et debout sur le rivage,
Les pieds mouillés par le flot,
Ami, c'est d'après l'orage
Que j'ai tracé mon tableau."

He could moralise after the event; there is pathos, very touching in its way, in his book; but the peculiar value of what he has to tell us of Bohemia is that it is told by a native of the country, who has lived there in his youth, and who has found life, with all its pains and pleasures, as much because of the pains as of the pleasures, admirable. Others have lived there, quite simply, and when they wrote have had other things to tell us. There have been writers who have visited Bohemia on their way to or from Shakespeare's seaport, inquisitive travellers with note-books; but Murger, writing of what he had lived, had precisely the talent to make it live over again, unmoralised,

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unchanged; the gay, hapless, irresponsible, eternally youthful thing that it had been.

Is the sentiment of the whole thing, it has often been asked, false sentiment? It is the sentiment youth has of itself, at the flowering moment of existence; and to whom, and in what sense, does a disillusioning experience give the right to deny the truth of a sentiment which had at least the irresistible sanction of a sensation? This gay and amusing book, in which youth speaks for itself with its own voice, is, after all, sad with the consciousness of the flight of youth.

"La jeunesse n'a qu'un temps,"

Murger sings, in his most famous song. All these merry, shifting, shiftless people seem continually to be saying: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" they have the feverish gaiety of the gambler who has staked all on one throw. It is all for love, and love, with them, is known always to be a fragile, inconstant thing, even at the sharpest moment of enjoyment. If it lasts at all, it will last as a memory; and they are careful in the preparation of that kind of posthumous enjoyment. "Muse de l'infidél-

ité," Murger addresses the eternal Musette, in one of those moments of recollection:

"Non, ma jeunesse n'est pas morte,
Il n'est pas mort ton souvenir;
Et si tu frappais à ma porte,
Mon cœur, Musette, irait t'ouvrir.
Puisque à ton nom toujours il tremble,
Muse de l'infidélité,
Reviens encor manger ensemble
Le pain béni de la gaiété."

And then, along with this pathetic feeling in regard to love, there is another, more sordid, not less actual, kind of pathos: the cold of winter nights in a garret, the odour of rich men's dinners as one passes penniless in the street. These people are very genuinely poor, and they discover no hidden treasure. They want, too, to be famous, and they have neither the talent nor the luck for that, the poor man's consolation. They see the hospital at the end of the way; at best, they divine it around the corner. And meanwhile there is the reality of day by day, the necessity of a few poor luxuries: Mimi's bonnet, Francine's muff. Here, once more, is a sentiment which only the quite rich and fortunate can afford to distinguish as "false."

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And Murger handles this material lightly, not making it less pathetic because he declines to take melancholy things seriously. Bohemia has its own philosophy, a laughing kind of Stoicism, and Murger shows us this philosophy in action. He becomes a humourist by his faithfulness to the point of view which it is his business to render.

Murger has an almost English quality in his humour, a quality so foreign to the French mind that the English word has been adopted to express a thing so essentially English. With him, as with Dickens, for example, mirth runs easily into pathos, though, with him, more simply, with less parade of tears. He professes no psychology beyond the humorous or pathetic representation of a few emotions common to most people; giving us, as he does, youth's valuation of itself as the only quite important thing in the world, he fills out the types with a youthful exaggeration. He writes to entertain, and he finds entertainment to hand in the probable enough adventures of a few young men and women living from hand to mouth with persistent gaiety. If you look for realism, as the word

has come to be understood, you will be disappointed. You will find instead a certain kind of reality, caught as it were in passing; an improvisation in which the faults of the artist count for something, in their suggestion of the mere instincts or accidents of nature; a human note, cry or laughter, which has its artistic value, as in some of the tales of Bret Harte, which are at once unreal and warmly human.

Murger writes of a life which is itself a tragic comedy in fancy dresses, a life wholly in exaggeration. No one is quite sincere in Bohemia, because sincerity is a respectable virtue, tedious in the long run, and the transposition of things part of the charm of existence there. Everyone poses for effect, an effect of sincerity, if you will. Life is to be an art: rhetoric is the embellishment of art; let life be rhetorical, a vari-coloured thing of sonorous cadences. Murger still touches us, through all that is unreal in the life that he represents and all that is unreal in his representation of it; awakening in us, against our will, against our better judgment, it may be, a sharp, personal sense of pity, of acute interest, as at the recollection of something that had actually happened to ourselves. He gives us every sentiment for its own sake, taking part with it uncritically; and, in his forgetfulness to be an artist, seems to come closer to us, like a comrade.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

PRELUDE.

RODOLPHE TO MIMI.

“‘**W**HEN I was seeking where to pledge my truth
Chance brought me face to face with you one
day;

At once I offered you my heart, my youth,
‘Do with them what you will,’ I dared to say.

“But ‘what you would,’ was cruel, dear; alas!

The youth I trusted with you is no more;
The heart is shattered like a fallen glass,
And the wind sings a funeral mass

On the deserted chamber floor,
Where he who loved you ne’er may pass.

“Between us now, my dear, ’t is all U. P.,

I am a spectre and a phantom you,
Our love is dead and buried; if you agree,
We’ll sing around its tombstone dirges due.

“But let us take an air in a low key,

Lest we should strain our voices, more or less;
Some solemn minor, free from flourishes;
I’ll take the bass, sing you the melody.

“Mi, re, mi, do, re, la, — ah! not that song!

Hearing the song that once you used to sing
My heart would palpitate — though dead so long —
And, at the *De Profundis*, upward spring.

“ Do, mi, fa, sol, mi, do, — this other brings
Back to the mind a valse of long ago
The fife’s shrill laughter mocked the sounding strings
That wept their notes of crystal to the bow.

“ Sol, do, do, si, si, la, — ah! stay your hand!
This is the air we sang last year in chorus,
With Germans shouting for their fatherland
In Meudon woods, while summer’s moon stood o’er us.

“ Well, well, we will not sing nor speculate,
But — since we know they never more may be —
On our lost loves, without a grudge or hate,
Drop, while we smile, a final memory.

“ What times we had, up there; do you remember?
When on your window-panes the rain would stream,
And, seated by the fire, in dark December,
I felt your eyes inspire me many a dream.

“ The live coal crackled, kindling with the heat,
The kettle sang, melodious and sedate,
A music for the visionary feet
Of salamanders leaping in the grate:

“ Languid and lazy, with an unread book,
You scarcely tried to keep your lids apart,
While to my youthful love new growth I took,
Kissing your hands and yielding you my heart.

"In merely entering one might believe,
One felt a scent of love and gaiety,
Which filled our little room from morn to eve,
For fortune loved our hospitality.

"And winter went: then, through the open sash,
Spring flew, to say the year's long night was done;
We heard the call, and ran with impulse rash
In the green country-side to meet the sun.

"It was the Friday of the Holy Week,
The weather, for a wonder, mild and fair;
From hill to valley, and from plain to peak,
We wandered long, delighting in the air.

"At length, exhausted by the pilgrimage,
We found a sort of natural divan,
Whence we could view the landscape, or engage
Our eyes in rapture on the heaven's wide span.

"Hand clasped in hand, shoulder on shoulder laid,
With sense of something ventured, something missed,
Our two lips parted, each; no word was said,
And silently we kissed.

"Around us blue-bell and shy violet
Their simple incense seemed to wave on high;
Surely we saw, with glances heavenward set,
God smiling from his azure balcony.

“ ‘Love on!’ he seemed to say, ‘I make more sweet
The road of life you are to wander by,
Spreading the velvet moss beneath your feet;
Kiss, if you will; I shall not play the spy.

“ ‘Love on, love on! in murmurs of the breeze,
In limpid streams, and in the woodland screen
That burgeons fresh in renovated green,
In stars, in flowers, and music of the trees,

“ ‘Love on, love on! but if my golden sun,
My spring, that comes once more to gladden earth,
If these should move your breasts to grateful mirth,
I ask no thanksgiving, your kiss is one.’

“ A month passed by; and, when the roses bloomed
In beds that we had planted in the spring,
When least of all I thought my love was doomed,
You cast it from you like a noisome thing.

“ Not that your scorn was all reserved for me,
It flies about the world by fits and starts;
Your changeful fancy flits impartially
From knave of diamonds to knave of hearts.

“ And now you are happy, with a brilliant suite
Of bowing slaves and insincere gallants;
Go where you will, you see them at your feet;
A bed of perfumed posies round you flaunts:

"The Ball's your garden: an admiring globe
Of lovers rolls about the lit saloon,
And, at the rustling of your silken robe,
The pack, in chorus, bay you like the moon.

"Shod in the softness of a supple boot
Which Cinderella would have found too small,
One scarcely sees your little pointed foot
Flash in the flashing circle of the Ball.

"In the soft baths that indolence has brought
Your once brown hands have got the ivory white,
The pallor of the lily which has caught
The silver moonbeam of a summer night:

"On your white arm half clouded, and half clear,
Pearls shine in bracelets made of chiselled gold;
On your trim waist a shawl of true Cashmere
Æsthetically falls in waving fold:

"Honiton point and costly Mechlin lace,
With gothic guipure of a creamy-white —
The matchless cobwebs of long-vanished days —
Combine to make your presence rich and bright.

"But I preferred a simpler guise than that,
Your frock of muslin or plain calico,
Simple adornments, with a veilless hat,
Boots, black or grey, a collar white and low.

“ The splendour your admirers now adore
Will never bring me back my ancient heats;
And you are dead and buried, all the more
For the silk shroud where *heart* no longer beats.

“ So, when I worked at this funereal dirge,
Where grief for a lost lifetime stands confessed,
I wore a clerk’s costume of sable serge,
Though not gold eye-glasses or pleated vest.

“ My penholder was wrapped in mournful crape,
The paper with black lines was bordered round
On which I laboured to provide escape
For love’s last memory hidden in the ground.

“ And now, when all the heart that I can save
Is used to furnish forth its epitaph.
Gay as a sexton digging his own grave
I burst into a wild and frantic laugh;

“ A laugh engendered by a mocking vein;
The pen I grasped was trembling as I wrote;
And, even while I laughed, a scalding rain
Of tears turned all the writing to a blot.”

FRANCINE'S MUFF.

I.

AMONGST the true Bohemians of the real Bohemia I used to know one, named Jacques D. He was a sculptor, and gave promise of great talent. But poverty did not give him time to fulfil this promise. He died of debility in March, 184—, at the Saint Louis Hospital, on bed No. 14 in the Sainte Victoire ward.

I made the acquaintance of Jacques at the hospital, where I was detained myself by a long illness. Jacques had, as I have said, the makings of a great talent, and yet he was quite unassuming about it. During the two months I spent in his company, and during which he felt himself cradled in the arms of Death, I never once heard him complain or give himself up to those lamentations which render the unappreciated artist so ridiculous. He died without attitudinizing. His death brings to my mind, too, one of the most horrible scenes I ever saw in that caravanseraï of human sufferings. His father, informed of the event, came to reclaim the body, and for a long time haggled over giving the thirty-six francs demanded

by the hospital authorities. He also haggled over the funeral service, and so persistently that they ended by knocking off six francs. At the moment of putting the corpse into the coffin, the male nurse took off the hospital sheet, and asked one of the deceased's friends who was there for the money for a shroud. The poor devil, who had not a sou, went to Jacques's father, who got into a fearful rage, and asked when they would finish bothering him.

The sister of charity, who was present at this horrible discussion, cast a glance at the corpse, and uttered these simple and feeling words:

"Oh! sir, you cannot have him buried like that, poor fellow, it is so cold. Give him at least a shirt, that he may not arrive quite naked before his God."

The father gave five francs to the friend to get a shirt, but recommended him to go to a wardrobe shop in the Rue Grange-aux-Belles, where they sold second-hand linen.

"It will be cheaper there," said he.

This cruelty on the part of Jacques's father was explained to me later on. He was furious because his son had chosen

FRANCINE'S MUFF

an artistic career, and his anger remained unappeased even in presence of a coffin.

But I am very far from Mademoiselle Francine and her muff. I will return to them. Mademoiselle Francine was the first and only mistress of Jacques, who did not die very old, for he was scarcely three-and-twenty when his father would have had him laid naked in the earth. The story of his love was told me by Jacques himself when he was No. 14 and I was No. 16 in the Sainte Victoire ward—an ugly spot to die in.

Ah! reader, before I begin this story, which would be a touching one if I could tell it as it was told to me by my friend Jacques, let me take a pull or two at the old clay pipe he gave me on the day that the doctor forbade its use by him. Yet at night, when the male nurse was asleep, my friend Jacques would borrow his pipe with a little tobacco from me. It is so wearisome at night in those vast wards, when one suffers and cannot sleep.

“Only two or three whiffs,” he would say, and I would let him have it; and Sister Sainte-Geneviève did not seem to notice the

smoke when she made her round. Ah! good sister, how kind you were, and how beautiful you looked, too, when you came to sprinkle us with holy water. We could see you approaching, walking slowly along the gloomy aisles, draped in your white veil, which fell in such graceful folds, and which our friend Jacques admired so much. Ah! kind sister, you were the Beatrice of that Inferno. So sweet were your consolations that we were always complaining in order to be consoled by you. If my friend Jacques had not died one snowy day he would have carved you a nice little Virgin Mary to put in your cell, good Sister Sainte-Geneviève.

A Reader: Well, and the muff? I do not see anything of the muff.

Another Reader: And Mademoiselle Francine, whereabouts is she, then?

First Reader: This story is not very lively.

Second Reader: We shall see further on.

I really beg your pardon, gentlemen, it is my friend Jacques's pipe that has led me away into these digressions. But, besides, I am not pledged to make you laugh. Times are not always gay in Bohemia.

Jacques and Francine had met in a house

in the Rue de la Tour-d'Auvergne, into which they had both moved at the same time at the April quarter.

The artist and the young girl were a week without entering on those neighbourly relations which are almost always forced on one when dwelling on the same floor. However, without having exchanged a word, they were already acquainted with one another. Francine knew that her neighbour was a poor devil of an artist, and Jacques had learned that his was a little seamstress who had quitted her family to escape the ill-usage of a stepmother. She accomplished miracles of economy to make both ends meet, and, as she had never known pleasure, had no longing for it. This is how the pair came under the common law of partition walls. One evening in April Jacques came home worn out with fatigue, fasting since morning, and profoundly sad with one of those vague sadnesses which have no precise cause, and which seize on you anywhere and at all times; a kind of apoplexy of the heart to which poor wretches living alone are especially subject. Jacques, who felt stifling in his narrow room, opened the window to

breathe a little. The evening was a fine one, and the setting sun displayed its melancholy splendours above the hills of Montmartre. Jacques remained pensively at his window listening to the winged chorus of spring harmony which added to his sadness. Seeing a raven flit by uttering a croak, he thought of the days when ravens brought food to Elijah, the pious recluse, and reflected that these birds were no longer so charitable. Then, not being able to stand it any longer, he closed his window, drew the curtain, and, as he had not the wherewithal to buy oil for his lamp, lit a resin taper that he had brought back from a trip to the Grande-Chartreuse. Sadder than ever he filled his pipe.

"Luckily, I have still enough tobacco to hide the pistol," murmured he, and began to smoke.

My friend Jacques must have been very sad that evening to think about hiding the pistol. It was his supreme resource on great crises, and was usually pretty successful. The plan was as follows. Jacques smoked tobacco on which he used to sprinkle a few drops of laudanum, and he would smoke until

the cloud of smoke from his pipe became thick enough to veil from him all the objects in his little room, and, above all, a pistol hanging on the wall. It was a matter of half a score pipes. By the time the pistol was wholly invisible it almost always happened that the smoke and the laudanum combined would send Jacques off to sleep, and it also often happened that his sadness left him at the commencement of his dreams.

But on this particular evening he had used up all his tobacco; the pistol was completely hidden, and yet Jacques was still bitterly sad. That evening, on the contrary, Mademoiselle Francine was extremely light-hearted when she came home, and, like Jacques's sadness, her light-heartedness was without cause, it was one of those joys that come from heaven, and that God scatters amongst good hearts. So Mademoiselle Francine was in a good temper, and sang to herself as she came upstairs. But as she was going to open her door a puff of wind, coming through the open staircase window, suddenly blew out her candle.

"Oh! what a nuisance," exclaimed the girl, "six flights of stairs to go down and up again."

But, noticing the light coming from under Jacques's door, the instinct of idleness grafted on a feeling of curiosity, advised her to go and ask the artist for a light. "It is a service daily rendered amongst neighbours," thought she, "and there is nothing compromising about it."

She tapped twice, therefore, at the door, and Jacques opened it, somewhat surprised at this late visit. But scarcely had she taken a step into the room than the smoke that filled it suddenly choked her, and, before she was able to speak a word, she sank fainting into a chair, dropping her candle and her room door key on to the ground. It was midnight, and every one in the house was asleep. Jacques thought it better not to call for help; he was afraid, in the first place, of compromising his neighbour. He contented himself, therefore, with opening the window to let in a little fresh air, and, after having sprinkled a few drops of water on the girl's face, saw her open her eyes and by degrees come to herself. When, at the end of five minutes' time, she had wholly recovered consciousness, Francine explained the motive that

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had brought her into the artist's room, and made many excuses for what had happened.

"Now, then, I am recovered," said she, "I can go in to my own room."

He had already opened the door, when she perceived that she was not only forgetting to light her candle, but that she had not the key of her room.

"Silly thing that I am," said she, putting her candle to the flame of the resin taper, "I came in here to get a light, and I am going away without one."

But at the same moment the draught caused by the door and window, both of which had remained open, suddenly blew out the taper, and the two young folk were left in darkness.

"One would think that it was done on purpose," said Francine. "Forgive me, sir, for all the trouble I am giving you, and be good enough to strike a light so that I may find my key."

"Certainly, mademoiselle," answered Jacques, feeling for the matches.

He had soon found them. But a singular idea flashed across his mind, and he put the matches in his pocket, saying, "Dear me,

mademoiselle, here is another trouble. I have not a single match here, I used the last when I came in."

"Oh!" said Francine, "after all I can very well find my way without a light, my room is not big enough for me to lose myself in it. But I must have my key. Will you be good enough, sir, to help me to look for it? it must have fallen to the ground."

"Let us look for it, mademoiselle," said Jacques.

And both of them began to seek the lost article in the dark, but as though guided by a common instinct, it happened during this search that their hands, groping in the same spot, met ten times a minute. And, as they were both equally awkward, they did not find the key.

"The moon, which is hidden just now by the clouds, shines right into the room," said Jacques. "Let us wait a bit; by-and-by it will light up the room, and may help us."

And, pending the appearance of the moon, they began to talk. A conversation in the dark, in a little room, on a spring night; a conversation which, at the outset trifling

and unimportant, gradually enters on the chapter of personal confidences. You know what that leads to. Language by degrees grows confused, full of reticences; voices are lowered; words alternate with sighs. Hands meeting complete the thought which from the heart ascends to the lips, and —— Seek the conclusion in your recollection, young couples. Do you remember, young man; do you remember, young lady, you who now walk hand-in-hand, and who, up to two days back, had never seen one another?

At length the moon broke through the clouds, and her bright light flooded the room. Mademoiselle Francine awoke from her reverie uttering a faint cry.

"What is the matter?" asked Jacques, putting his arm round her waist.

"Nothing," murmured Francine. "I thought I heard someone knock."

And, without Jacques noticing it, she pushed the key that she had just noticed under some of the furniture.

She did not want to find it now.

* * * * *

II.

First Reader: I certainly will not let my daughter read this story.

Second Reader: Up till now I have not caught a glimpse of a single hair of Made-moiselle Francine's muff; and, as to the young woman herself, I do not know any better what she is like, whether she is fair or dark.

Patience, readers, patience. I have promised you a muff, and I will give you one later on, as my friend Jacques did to his poor love Francine, who had become his mistress, as I have explained in the line left blank above.

She was fair, was Francine, fair and lively, which is not usual. She had remained ignorant of love till she was twenty, but a vague presentiment of her approaching end counselled her not to delay if she would become acquainted with it.

She met Jacques and loved him. Their connection lasted six months. They had taken one another in the spring; they were parted in the autumn. Francine was consumptive. She knew it and her lover,

Jacques, knew it too; a fortnight after he had taken up with her he had learnt it from one of his friends, who was a doctor.

"She will go with the autumn leaves," said the latter.

Francine heard this confidence, and perceived the grief it caused her lover.

"What matters the autumn leaves?" said she, putting the whole of her love into a smile. "What matters the autumn; it is summer, and the leaves are green; let us profit by that, love. When you see me ready to depart from this life, you shall take me in your arms and kiss me, and forbid me to go. I am obedient, you know, and I will stay."

And for five months this charming creature passed through the miseries of Bohemian life, a smile and a song on her lips. As to Jacques, he let himself be deluded. His friend often said to him: "Francine is worse, she must be attended to." Then Jacques went all over Paris to obtain the wherewithal for the doctor's prescription, but Francine would not hear of it, and threw the medicine out of the window. At night, when she was seized with a fit of coughing,

she would leave the room and go out on the landing, so that Jacques might not hear her.

One day, when they had both gone into the country, Jacques saw a tree the foliage of which was turning to yellow. He gazed sadly at Francine, who was walking slowly and somewhat dreamily.

Francine saw Jacques turn pale and guessed the reason of his pallor.

"You are foolish," said she, kissing him, "we are only in July, it is three months to October, loving one another day and night as we do, we shall double the time we have to spend together. And then, besides, if I feel worse when the leaves turn yellow, we will go and live in a pine forest, the leaves are always green there."

* * * * *

III.

In October Francine was obliged to keep her bed. Jacques's friend attended her. The little room in which they lived was situate right at the top of the house and looked into a court, in which there was a tree, which day by day grew barer of foliage. Jacques had put a curtain to the window to

hide this tree from the invalid, but Francine insisted on its being drawn back.

"Oh! my darling," said she to Jacques, "I will give you a hundred times more kisses than there are leaves." And she added, "Besides, I am much better now. I shall soon be able to go out, but as it will be cold, and I do not want to have red hands, you must buy me a muff."

During the whole of her illness this muff was her only dream.

The day before All Saints', seeing Jacques more grief-stricken than ever, she wished to give him courage, and to prove to him that she was better she got up.

The doctor arrived at that moment and forced her to go to bed again.

"Jacques," whispered he in the artist's ear, "you must summon up your courage. All is over; Francine is dying."

Jacques burst into tears.

"You may give her whatever she asks for now," continued the doctor, "there is no hope."

Francine heard with her eyes what the doctor had said to her lover.

"Do not listen to him," she exclaimed,

holding out her arm to Jacques; "do not listen to him; he is not speaking the truth. We will go out to-morrow — it is All Saints' Day; it will be cold — go and buy me a muff, I beg of you. I am afraid of chilblains this winter."

Jacques was going out with his friend, but Francine detained the doctor.

"Go and get my muff," said she to Jacques; "get a nice one, so that it may last a good while."

When she was alone she said to the doctor,

"Oh! sir, I am going to die, and I know it. But before I pass away give me something to give me strength for a night, I beg of you; make me well for one more night, and let me die afterwards, since God does not wish me to live longer."

As the doctor was doing his best to console her, the wind carried into the room and cast upon the sick girl's bed a yellow leaf, torn from the tree in the little courtyard.

Francine opened the curtain, and saw the tree entirely bare.

"It is the last," said she, putting the leaf under her pillow.

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"You will not die till to-morrow," said the doctor; "you have a night before you."

"Ah what happiness," exclaimed the poor girl; "a winter's night — it will be a long one."

Jacques came back; he brought a muff with him.

"It is very pretty," said Francine; "I will wear it when I go out."

She passed the night with Jacques.

The next day — All Saints' — about the middle of the day, the death agony seized on her, and her whole body began to quiver.

"My hands are cold," she murmured; "give me my muff."

And she buried her poor hands in the fur.

"It is the end," said the doctor to Jacques. "Kiss her for the last time."

Jacques pressed his lips to those of his love. At the last moment they wanted to take away the muff, but she clutched it with her hands.

"No, no," she said, "leave it me; it is winter, it is cold. Oh! my poor Jacques, my poor Jacques! what will become of you? Oh! heavens!"

And the next day Jacques was alone.

First Reader: I told you that this was not a very lively story.

What would you have, reader? we cannot always laugh.

IV.

It was the morning of All Saints'. Francine was dead.

Two men were watching at the bedside; the one of them standing up was the doctor; the other, kneeling beside the bed, was pressing his lips to the dead girl's hands, and seemed to seek to rivet them there in a despairing kiss. It was Jacques, her lover. For more than six hours he had been plunged in a state of heart-broken insensibility. An organ playing under the windows had just roused him from it.

This organ was playing a tune that Francine was in the habit of singing of a morning.

One of those mad hopes that are only born out of deep despair flashed across Jacques's mind. He went back a month in the past — to the period when Francine was only sick unto death; he forgot the present, and imagined for a moment that the dead girl was but sleeping, and that she would

wake up directly, her mouth full of her morning song.

But the sounds of the organ had not yet died away before Jacques had already come back to the reality. Francine's mouth was eternally closed to all songs, and the smile that her last thought had brought to her lips was fading away from them beneath death's fingers.

"Take courage, Jacques," said the doctor, who was the sculptor's friend.

Jacques rose, and said, looking fixedly at him, "It is over, is it not — there is no longer any hope?"

Without replying to this wild inquiry, Jacques's friend went and drew the curtains of the bed, and then, returning to the sculptor, held out his hand.

"Francine is dead," said he; "we were bound to expect it, though heaven knows that we have done what we could to save her. She was a good girl, Jacques, who loved you very dearly — dearer and better than you loved her yourself, for hers was love alone, whilst yours held an alloy. Francine is dead, but all is not yet over; we must now think about the steps necessary for her

burial. We will set about that together, and we will ask one of the neighbours to keep watch here whilst we are away."

Jacques allowed himself to be led away by his friend. They passed the day between the registrar of deaths, the undertaker, and the cemetery. As Jacques had no money, the doctor pawned his watch, a ring, and some clothes, to cover the cost of the funeral, that was fixed for the next day.

They both got in late at night. The neighbour who had been watching tried to make Jacques eat a little.

"Yes," said he, "I will; I am very cold, and I shall need a little strength for my work to-night."

The neighbour and the doctor did not understand him.

Jacques sat down at the table, and eat a few mouthfuls so hurriedly that he was almost choked. Then he asked for drink; but on lifting his glass to his lips he let it fall. The glass, which broke on the floor, had awakened in the artist's mind a recollection which itself revived his momentarily dulled pain. The day on which Francine had called on him for the first time she had

felt ill, and he had given her to drink out of this glass. Later, when they were living together, they had regarded it as a love-token.

During his rare moments of wealth the artist would buy for his love one or two bottles of the strengthening wine prescribed for her, and it was from this glass that Francine used to sip the liquid whence her love drew a charming gaiety.

Jacques remained for more than half an hour staring without uttering a word at the scattered fragments of this frail and cherished token. It seemed to him that his heart was also broken, and that he could feel the fragments tearing his breast. When he had recovered himself, he picked up the pieces of glass and placed them in a drawer. Then he asked the neighbour to fetch him two candles, and to send up a bucket of water by the porter.

"Do not go away," said he to the doctor, who had no intention of doing so; "I shall want you presently."

The water and the candles were brought and the two friends left alone.

"What do you want to do?" asked the

doctor, watching Jacques, who after filling a wooden bowl with water was sprinkling powdered plaster of Paris into it.

"What do I mean to do?" said the artist, "cannot you guess? I am going to model Francine's head, and as my courage would fail me if I were left alone, you must stay with me."

Jacques then went and drew the curtains of the bed and turned down the sheet that had been pulled up over the dead girl's face. His hand began to tremble and a stifled sob broke from his lips.

"Bring the candles," he cried to his friend, "and come and hold the bowl for me."

One of the candles was placed at the head of the bed so as to shed its light on Francine's face, the other candle was placed at the foot. With a brush dipped in olive oil the artist coated the eye-brows, the eye-lashes and the hair, which he arranged as Francine usually wore it.

"By doing this she will not suffer when we remove the mould," murmured Jacques to himself.

These precautions taken and after arranging the dead girl's head in a favourable

position, Jacques began to lay on the plaster in successive coats till the mould had attained the necessary thickness. In a quarter of an hour the operation was over and had been thoroughly successful.

By some strange peculiarity a change had taken place in Francine's face. The blood, which had not had time to become wholly congealed, warmed no doubt by the warmth of the plaster, had flowed to the upper part of the corpse and a rosy tinge gradually showed itself on the dead whiteness of the cheeks and forehead. The eyelids, which had lifted when the mould was removed, revealed the tranquil blue eyes in which a vague intelligence still seemed to lurk; from out the lips, parted by the beginning of a smile, there seemed to issue that last word, forgotten during the last farewell, that is only heard by the heart.

Who can affirm that intelligence absolutely ends where insensibility begins? Who can say that the passions fade away and die exactly at the last beat of the heart which they have agitated? Cannot the soul sometimes remain a voluntary captive within the corpse already dressed for the coffin, and

note for a moment from the recesses of its fleshly prison house, regrets and tears? Those who depart have so many reasons to mistrust those who remain behind.

At the moment when Jacques sought to preserve her features by the aid of art who knows but that a thought of after life had perhaps returned to awaken Francine in her first slumber of the sleep that knows no end. Perhaps she had remembered that he whom she had just left was an artist at the same time as a lover, that he was both because he could not be one without the other, that for him love was the soul of heart and that if he had loved her so, it was because she had been for him a mistress and a woman, a sentiment in a form. And then, perhaps, Francine, wishing to leave Jacques the human form that had become for him an incarnate ideal, had been able though dead and cold already to once more clothe her face with all the radiance of love and with all the graces of youth, to resuscitate the art treasure.

And perhaps, too, the poor girl had thought rightly, for there exist among true artists singular Pygmalions who, contrary to

the original one, would like to turn their living Galateas to marble.

In presence of the serenity of this face on which the death pangs had no longer left any trace, no one would have believed in the prolonged sufferings that had served as a preface to death. Francine seemed to be continuing a dream of love, and seeing her thus one would have said that she had died of beauty.

The doctor, worn out with fatigue, was asleep in a corner.

As to Jacques, he was again plunged in doubt. His mind, beset with hallucinations, persisted in believing that she whom he had loved so well was on the point of awakening, and as faint nervous contractions, due to the recent action of the plaster, broke at intervals the immobility of the corpse, this semblance of life served to maintain Jacques in his blissful illusion, which lasted until morning, when a police official called to verify the death and authorise interment.

Besides, if it needed all the folly of despair to doubt of her death on beholding this beautiful creature, it also needed all the infallibility of science to believe it.

v.

Whilst the neighbour was putting Francine into her shroud Jacques was led away into the next room, where he found some of his friends who had come to follow the funeral. The Bohemians desisted as regards Jacques, whom, however, they loved in brotherly fashion, from all those consolations which only serve to irritate grief. Without uttering one of those remarks so hard to frame and so painful to listen to, they silently shook their friend by the hand in turn.

"Her death is a great misfortune for Jacques," said one of them.

"Yes," replied the painter Lazare, a strange spirit who had been able at the very outset to conquer all the rebellious impulses of youth by the inflexibility of one set purpose, and in whom the artist had ended by stifling the man, "yes, but it is a misfortune that he incurred voluntarily. Since he knew Francine, Jacques has greatly altered."

"She made him happy," said another.

"Happy," replied Lazare, "what do you call happy? How can you call a passion, which brings a man to the condition in

which Jacques is at this moment, happiness? Show him a masterpiece and he would not even turn his eyes to look at it; and I am sure that to see his mistress once again he would walk on a Titian or a Raphael. My mistress is immortal and will never deceive me. She dwells in the Louvre, and her name is Joconde."

Whilst Lazare was about to continue his theories on art and sentiment, it was announced that it was time to start for the church.

After a few prayers the funeral procession moved on to the cemetery. As it was All Souls' Day an immense crowd filled it. Many people turned to look at Jacques walking bareheaded in rear of the hearse.

"Poor fellow," said one, "it is his mother, no doubt."

"It is his father," said another.

"It is his sister," was elsewhere remarked.

A poet, who had come there to study the varying expressions of regret at this festival of recollections celebrated once a year amidst November fogs, alone guessed on seeing him pass that he was following the funeral of his mistress.

When they came to the grave the Bohemians ranged themselves about it bare-headed, Jacques stood close to the edge, his friend, the doctor, holding him by the arm.

The grave-diggers were in a hurry and wanted to get things over quickly.

"There is to be no speechifying," said one of them. "Well, so much the better. Heave, mate, that's it."

The coffin taken out of the hearse was lowered into the grave. One man withdrew the ropes and then with one of his mates took a shovel and began to cast in the earth. The grave was soon filled up. A little wooden cross was planted over it.

In the midst of his sobs the doctor heard Jacques utter this cry of egoism —

"Oh! my youth, it is you they are burying."

VI.

Jacques belonged to a club styled the Water-drinkers, which seemed to have been founded in imitation of the famous one of the Rue des Quatre-Vents, which is treated of in that fine story "*Un Grand Homme de*

Province." Only there was a great difference between the heroes of the latter circle and the Water-drinkers who, like all imitators, had exaggerated the system they sought to put into practice. This difference will be understood by the fact that in De Balzac's book the members of the club end by attaining the object they proposed to themselves, whilst after several years' existence the club of the Water-drinkers was naturally dissolved by the death of all its members, without the name of anyone of them remaining attached to a work attesting their existence.

During his union with Francine, Jacques's intercourse with the Water-drinkers had become more broken. The necessities of life had obliged the artist to violate certain conditions solemnly signed and sworn by the Water-drinkers the day the club was founded.

Perpetually perched on the stilts of an absurd pride, these young fellows had laid down as a sovereign principle in their association, that they must never abandon the lofty heights of art; that is to say, that despite their mortal poverty, not one of them would make any concession to necessity. Thus the poet Melchior would never

have consented to abandon what he called his lyre, to write a commercial prospectus or an electoral address. That was all very well for the poet Rodolphe, a good-for-nothing who was ready to turn his hand to anything, and who never let a five franc piece flit past him without trying to capture it, no matter how. The painter Lazare, a proud wearer of rags, would never have soiled his brushes by painting the portrait of a tailor holding a parrot on his forefinger, as our friend the painter Marcel had once done in exchange for that famous dress-coat nicknamed Methuselah, which the hands of each of his sweethearts had starred over with darns. All the while he had been living in communion of thought with the Water-drinkers, the sculptor Jacques had submitted to the tyranny of the club rules; but when he made the acquaintance of Francine, he would not make the poor girl, already ill, share of the regimen he had accepted during his solitude. Jacques's was above all an upright and loyal nature. He went to the president of the club, the exclusive Lazare, and informed him that for the future he would accept any work that would bring him in anything.

"My dear fellow, your declaration of love is your artistic renunciation. We will remain your friends if you like, but we shall no longer be your partners. Work as you please, for me you are no longer a sculptor, but a plasterer. It is true that you may drink wine, but we who continue to drink our water, and eat our dry bread, will remain artists."

Whatever Lazare might say about it, Jacques remained an artist. But to keep Francine with him he undertook, when he had a chance, any paying work. It is thus that he worked for a long time in the workshop of the ornament maker Romagnesi. Clever in execution and ingenious in invention, Jacques, without relinquishing high art, might have achieved a high reputation in those figure groups that have become one of the chief elements in this commerce. But Jacques was lazy, like all true artists, and a lover after the fashion of poets. Youth in him had awakened tardily but ardent, and, with a presentiment of his approaching end, he had sought to exhaust it in Francine's arms. Thus it often happened that good chances of work knocked at his door with-

out Jacques answering, because he would have had to disturb himself, and he found it more comfortable to dream by the light of his beloved's eyes.

When Francine was dead the sculptor went to see his old friends the Water-drinkers again. But Lazare's spirit predominated in this club, in which each of the members lived petrified in the egoism of art. Jacques did not find what he came there in search of. They scarcely understood his despair, which they strove to appease by argument, and seeing this small degree of sympathy, Jacques preferred to isolate his grief rather than see it laid bare by discussion. He broke off, therefore, completely with the Water-drinkers and went away to live alone.

VII.

Five or six days after Francine's funeral, Jacques went to a monumental mason of the Montparnasse cemetery and offered to conclude the following bargain with him. The mason was to furnish Francine's grave with a border, which Jacques reserved the right of designing, and in addition to supply the sculptor with a block of white marble.

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In return for this Jacques would place himself for three months at his disposition, either as journeyman stone-cutter or sculptor. The monumental mason had then several important orders on hand. He visited Jacques's studio, and in presence of several works begun there, had proof that the chance which gave him the sculptor's services was a lucky one for him. A week later, Francine's grave had a border, in the midst of which the wooden cross had been replaced by a stone one with her name graven on it.

Jacques had luckily to do with an honest fellow who understood that a couple of hundredweight of cast-iron, and three square feet of Pyrenean marble, were no payment for three months' work by Jacques, whose talent had brought him in several thousand francs. He offered to give the artist a share in his business, but Jacques would not consent. The lack of variety in the subjects for treatment was repugnant to his inventive disposition, besides he had what he wanted, a large block of marble, from the recesses of which he wished to evolve a masterpiece destined for Francine's grave.

At the beginning of spring Jacques's position improved. His friend the doctor put him in relation with a great foreign nobleman who had come to settle in Paris, and who was having a magnificent mansion built in one of the most fashionable districts. Several celebrated artists had been called in to contribute to the luxury of this little palace. A chimney-piece was commissioned from Jacques. I can still see his design, it was charming; the whole poetry of winter was expressed in the marble that was to serve as a frame to the flames. Jacques's studio was too small, he asked for and obtained a room in the mansion, as yet uninhabited, to execute his task in. A fairly large sum was even advanced him on the price agreed on for his work. Jacques began by repaying his friend the doctor the money the latter had lent him at Francine's death, then he hurried to the cemetery to cover the earth, beneath which his mistress slept, with flowers.

But spring had been there before him, and on the girl's grave a thousand flowers were springing at hazard amongst the grass. The artist had not the courage to pull them

up, for he thought that these flowers might perhaps hold something of his dead love. As the gardener asked him what was to be done with the roses and pansies he had brought with him, Jacques bade him plant them on a neighbouring grave, newly dug, the poor grave of some poor creature, without any border and having no other memorial over it than a piece of wood stuck in the ground and surmounted by a crown of flowers in blackened paper, the scant offering of some pauper's grief. Jacques left the cemetery in quite a different frame of mind to what he had entered it. He looked with happy curiosity at the bright spring sunshine, the same that had so often gilded Francine's locks when she ran about the fields culling wild flowers with her white hands. Quite a swarm of pleasant thoughts hummed in his heart. Passing by a little tavern on the outer Boulevard he remembered that one day, being caught by a storm, he had taken shelter there with Francine, and that they had dined there. Jacques went in and had dinner served at the same table. His dessert was served on a plate with a pictorial pattern; he recognised it and remembered

that Francine had spent half an hour in guessing the rebus painted on it, and recollected, too, a song sung by her when inspired by the violet hued wine which does not cost much and has more gaiety in it than grapes. But this flood of sweet remembrances recalled his love without re-awakening his grief. Accessible to superstition, like all poetical and dreamy intellects, Jacques fancied that it was Francine, who, hearing his step beside her, had wafted him these pleasant remembrances from her grave, and he would not damp them with a tear. He quitted the tavern with firm step, erect head, bright eye, beating heart, and almost a smile on his lips, murmuring as he went along the refrain of Francine's song —

“Love hovers round my dwelling,
My door must open be.”

This refrain in Jacques's mouth was also a recollection, but then it was already a song, and perhaps without suspecting it he took that evening the first step along the road which leads from sorrow to melancholy, and thence onward to forgetfulness. Alas! whatever one may wish and whatever one

may do the eternal and just law of change wills it so.

Even as the flowers, sprung perhaps from Francine, had sprouted on her tomb the sap of youth stirred in the heart of Jacques, in which the remembrance of the old love awoke vague aspirations for new ones. Besides, Jacques belonged to that race of artists and poets who make passion an instrument of art and poetry, and whose mind only shows activity in proportion as it is set in motion by the motive powers of the heart. With Jacques invention was really the daughter of sentiment, and he put something of himself into the smallest things he did. He perceived that souvenirs no longer sufficed him, and that, like the millstone which wears itself away when corn runs short, his heart was wearing away for want of emotion. Work had no longer any charm for him, his power of invention, of yore feverish and spontaneous, now only awoke after much patient effort. Jacques was discontented, and almost envied the life of his old friends, the Water-drinkers.

He sought to divert himself, held out his hand to pleasure, and made fresh acquaint-

ances. He associated with the poet, Rodolphe, whom he had met at a café, and each felt a warm sympathy towards the other. Jacques explained his worries, and Rodolphe was not long in understanding their cause.

"My friend," said he; "I know what it is," and tapping him on the chest just over the heart he added, "Quick, you must rekindle the fire there, start a little love affair at once, and ideas will recur to you."

"Ah!" said Jacques, "I loved Francine too dearly."

"It will not hinder you from still always loving her. You will embrace her on another's lips."

"Oh!" said Jacques, "if I could only meet a girl who resembled her."

And he left Rodolphe deep in thought.

* * * * *

VIII.

Six weeks later Jacques had recovered all his energy, rekindled by the tender glances of a young girl whose name was Marie, and whose somewhat sickly beauty recalled that

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of poor Francine. Nothing, indeed, could be prettier than this pretty Marie, who was within six weeks of being eighteen years of age, as she never failed to mention. Her love affair with Jacques had its birth by moonlight in the garden of an open-air ball, to the strains of a shrill violin, a grunting double bass, and a clarionet that trilled like a blackbird. Jacques met her one evening when gravely walking round the space reserved for the dancers. Seeing him pass stiffly in his eternal black coat buttoned to the throat, the pretty and noisy frequenters of the place, who knew him by sight, used to say amongst themselves,

“What is that undertaker doing here? Is there any one who wants to be buried?”

And Jacques walked on always alone, his heart bleeding within him from the thorns of a remembrance which the orchestra rendered keener by playing a lively quadrille which sounded to his ears as mournful as a *De Profundis*. It was in the midst of this reverie that he noticed Marie, who was watching him from a corner, and laughing like a wild thing at his gloomy bearing. Jacques raised his eyes and saw this burst of

laughter in a pink bonnet within three paces of him. He went up to her and made a few remarks, to which she replied. He offered her his arm for a stroll round the garden which she accepted. He told her that he thought her as beautiful as an angel, and she made him repeat it twice over; he stole some green apples hanging from the trees of the garden for her, and she devoured them eagerly to the accompaniment of that ringing laugh which seemed the burden of her constant mirth. Jacques thought of the Bible, and thought that we should never despair as regards any woman, and still less as regards those who love apples. He took another turn round the garden with the pink bonnet, and it is thus that arriving at the ball alone he did not return from it so.

However, Jacques had not forgotten Francine; bearing in mind Rodolphe's words, he kissed her daily on Marie's lips, and wrought in secret at the figure he wished to place on the dead girl's grave.

One day when he received some money Jacques bought a dress for Marie — a black dress. The girl was pleased, only she thought that black was not very lively for

summer wear. But Jacques told her that he was very fond of black, and that she would please him by wearing this dress every day. Marie obeyed.

One Saturday Jacques said to her:

"Come early to-morrow; we will go into the country."

"How nice!" said Marie; "I am preparing a surprise for you. You shall see. It will be sunshiny to-morrow."

Marie spent the night at home finishing a new dress that she had bought out of her savings—a pretty pink dress. And on Sunday she arrived clad in her smart purchase at Jacques's studio.

The artist received her coldly, almost brutally.

"I thought I should please you by making this bright toilette," said Marie, who could not understand his coolness.

"We cannot go into the country to-day," replied he; "you had better be off. I have some work to-day."

Marie went home with a full heart. On the way she met a young man who was acquainted with Jacques's story, and who had also paid court to herself.

"Ah! Mademoiselle Marie, so you are no longer in mourning?" said he.

"In mourning?" said Marie. "For whom?"

"What, did you not know? It is pretty generally known, though, the black dress that Jacques gave you——."

"Well, what of it?" asked Marie.

"It was mourning. Jacques made you wear mourning for Francine."

From that day Jacques saw no more of Marie.

This rupture was unlucky for him. Evil days returned; he had no more work, and fell into such a fearful state of wretchedness that, no longer knowing what would become of him, he begged his friend the doctor to obtain him admission to a hospital. The doctor saw at the first glance that this admission would not be difficult to obtain. Jacques, who did not suspect his condition, was on the way to rejoin Francine.

He was admitted into the Saint Louis hospital.

As he could still move about, Jacques begged the superintendent of the hospital to let him have a little unused room, and he

FRANCINE'S MUFF

had a stand, some tools, and some modelling clay brought there. During the first fortnight he worked at the figure he intended for Francine's grave. It was an angel with outspread wings. This figure, which was Francine's portrait, was never quite finished, for Jacques could soon no longer mount the stairs, and in a short time could not leave his bed.

One day the order book fell into his hands, and seeing the things prescribed for himself, he understood that he was lost. He wrote to his family, and sent for Sister Sainte-Geneviève, who looked after him with charitable care.

"Sister," said Jacques, "there is upstairs in the room that was lent me, a little plaster cast. This statuette, which represents an angel, was intended for a tomb, but I had not time to execute it in marble. Yes, I had a fine block — white marble with pink veins. Well, sister, I give you my little statuette for your chapel."

Jacques died a few days later. As the funeral took place on the very day of the opening of the annual exhibition of pictures,

the Water-drinkers were not present. "Art before all," said Lazare.

Jacques's family was not a rich one, and he did not have a grave of his own.

He is buried somewhere.

POSTLUDE.

MARCEL TO MUSETTE.

“ I SAW a swallow yesterday,
He brought Spring's promise to the air;
'Remember her,' he seemed to say,
'Who loved you when she'd time to spare;'
And all the day I sate before
The almanac of yonder year,
When I did nothing but adore,
And you were pleased to hold me dear.

“ But do not think my love is dead,
Or to forget you I begin.
If you sought entry to my shed
My heart would leap to let you in:
Since at your name it trembles still —
Muse of oblivious fantasy! —
Return and share, if share you will,
Joy's consecrated bread with me.

“ The decorations of the nest
Which saw our mutual ardour burn,
Already seem to wear their best
At the mere hope of such return.
Come, see if you can recognise
Things your departure reft of glee,
The bed, the glass of extra size,
In which you often drank for me.

“ You shall resume the plain white gown
You used to look so nice in, then;
On Sunday we can still run down
To wander in the woods again.
Beneath the bower, at evening,
Again we'll drink the liquid bright
In which your song would dip its wing
Before in air it took to flight.”

Musette, who has at last confessed
The carnival of life was gone,
Came back, one morning, to the nest
Whence, like a wild bird, she had flown:
But, while I kissed the fugitive,
My heart no more emotion knew,
For, she had ceased, for me, to live,
And “ You,” she said, “ no more are you.”

“ Heart of my heart ! ” I answered, “ Go !
We cannot call the dead love back ;
Best let it lie, interred, below
The tombstone of the almanac
Perhaps a spirit that remembers
The happy time it notes for me
May find some day amongst its embers
Of a lost Paradise the key.”



The Bibelot

WHEN all is said by Mr. Andrew Lang in his introduction to *The Lyrics and Ballads of Sir Walter Scott* (London, 1894), it has to be admitted that his conclusion is irresistible. However great our affection for Scott as a man, we cannot "force the note in speaking of his poetry, beyond what he would have thought just." And as it is our aim to present the lyrical side only of his poetical genius, such well known ballads as *Lochinvar* and *Bonny Dundee* are cheerfully omitted to make room for the few things of undying excellence. Within what small compass can the essential lyric be compressed!

In *Proud Maisie* we get, as it were, a distillation which the Wizard of the North never cared to pour for us again. Perhaps the alembic was broken in this final and finer effort; at any rate what we have chosen from Mr. Lang's selections are the quintessential things. When *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), *Marmion* (1808), and *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), together with *Rokeby* (1813), and last and least of all, *Harold the Dauntless* (1817), have

come to their full centenary term of existence, they will find readers and will be reprinted, but — however much all this, written for boys, appeals to boys, generation after generation, it has for the lover of poetry forever ceased to be. What will remain is the faery music of Proud Maisie, and the other still shorter breaths of song as set forth in this single issue of *The Bibelot*. Read all of Scott, lyric, ballad, and romantic poem, and to this conclusion you must come at last:

*“For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow,
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow.”*

PROUD MAISIE AND OTHER LYRICS
By
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THROUGHOUT the whole of his long poems, and throughout almost the whole of his work in verse, Scott remains an improviser in rhyme, not a poet. But in a few of the songs contained in the novels, songs written after he had practically given up writing verse, flickering touches of something very like poetry are from time to time seen. In one song of four stanzas, "Proud Maisie," published in 1818 in the "Heart of Midlothian," Scott seems to me to have become a poet. In this poem, which is like nothing else he ever wrote, some divine accident has brought all the diffused poetical feeling of his nature to a successful birth. Landor, who seems to have overlooked this perfect lyric, thought there was one line of genuine poetry in Scott's verse, which he quotes from an early poem on Helvellyn. But I cannot feel that this line is more than a pathetic form of rhetoric. In "Proud Maisie" we get, for once, poetry.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

(The Romantic Movement in English Poetry, 1909.)

INTRODUCTION.

THE critic who would praise without reserve the poetry of Scott, has not only all the other critics against him, but has to reckon with Sir Walter himself. He frankly stated that he never cared much for his own poetry: he did not think it of sufficient excellence for his children to read, but regarded it as a "light horse" kind of rhyme, fit for young men fond of adventure and of the open air. In his address to William Erskine, his friend and adviser, in the Preface to the Third Canto of *Marmion*, he speaks as all honest poets must speak to all such friends. These are continually asking a man not to be himself, not to do what heaven has given him the power of doing, but to attempt something else. Erskine wanted Scott to study the classics.

"Vos exemplaria Graeca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

He suggested topics: "Brunswick's venerable hearse," the "Red Cross Knight," or a revival of Tragedy, which Sir Walter, as enthusiastic for his friends' work as indifferent to his own, thought had been sufficiently revived by Miss Joanna Baillie. He himself was content to

“Ape the measure wild
Of tales that charmed me as a child.”

He describes his early boyhood, the haunted towers he knew:

“Methought that still with tramp and clang
The gateway’s broken arches rang . . .
And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe and mirth,
Of lovers’ sleights, of ladies’ charms,
Of witches’ spells, and warriors’ arms.”

Scottish memories, all the hot-blooded past of the race, these were, these were to be, his topics. His manner was, and was to be, what heaven made it:

“Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my tale.”

So he wrote from Ashestiel, perhaps while clouds blew down the vale of Tweed, and the river roared red below the cliff, and the Peel burn leaped down to join the stream. “The classic poet’s well-conned task,” he said, “was not for him,” who brooked ill the labour of the file, who had no skill in magic words, like Shakespeare and Keats, who told a plain story, rapidly, copiously, powerfully, but left little (though he left something) for the heart to meditate, for the mere pleasure of its “fairy way of writing.”

No critic can stand up against Sir Walter’s own lucid theory of his own poetry. He is

not a reflective poet, anxious *rerum cognoscere causas*, straining his sight to behold what is hidden from men, and labouring to discover the secret springs of human thought, character, and conduct. No man is less speculative. He is content with broad, obvious surfaces, colours, sounds. He gives us no deep thoughts, few really magical cadences, no trimmed and polished art. He is at the opposite pole from Virgil, but he is, except in his lack of reflection, very closely akin to a greater than Virgil, to Homer. He is, and he is likely to remain, the Latest Minstrel, the last voice of the old world, akin to Homer, still more akin to Homer's bards, Phemius and Demodocus. The deeds, not the thoughts of men, are his matter; passions expressed in action, not passions analysed in the poetic laboratory. So potent was his genius, so inspiring the martial tramp and clang of his measures, that he made the new world listen to the accents of the old. But the world must go its own way, and think its new thoughts, with Shelley, with Tennyson, with Wordsworth. Scott drove the shadow back on the dial for an hour, as it were; but the shadow, the pale cast of *thought*, crept forward again. We have left behind us the age which

delights in long narrative poems; we take our narratives now in prose. Thus the Muse of Scott could not expect always to be received with the early raptures which never were critical raptures. The reviewers, from Jeffrey downwards, were from the first very keen to note the faults of which Sir Walter himself was so keenly conscious,—the recklessness, the occasional blank defect of inspiration, the hasty and inaccurate rhyme, the lapses into doggerel. The public, too, slackened in its *engouement*. Byron, the first and greatest of Scott's imitators, gave them verse often much inferior to his. But Byron's personal force, the mystery with which he surrounded himself, his adventures, real or fabled, his beauty—nay, even his title, dominated the world of readers, who, tired of the mountain and the flood, fell eagerly on tales of the Orient, and on darkling Levantine pirates. Byron was newer, more actual, he was thought to be his own hero, while Scott's heroes were his ancestors. Consequently the wise world left Scott, and followed after Byron, while few dreamed that Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, and Wordsworth were really poets more essentially poetical, more permanent, than either the Peer or the

Sheriff of the Forest. Our modern taste finds them more acceptable, and is disinclined to read romances in rhyme, consequently Scott is, probably, at this moment rather undervalued than overrated as a poet. His prose romances have been the most dangerous rivals of his verse. Yet even the most "cultured" and "æsthetic" opinion must allow that Scott's best passages of rapid and warlike flight remain unequalled in the language, while his lyric note was entirely fresh, entirely his own; solitary, unique, in the poetry of Britain. To his lyrics and ballads this volume is restricted; not every scrap that left his pen is included, but the collection contains both his best and that of his which is not so good.

That Scott became a poet, and a poet of his own kind, looks, as we glance at his life, the result of accident. Strange as it seems, Scott began as a drawing-room poet: it is more graceful, and equally true, to say that he was inspired by love, and the desire to please women. His earliest volume, the translations from Bürger (1796), was done for a lady, was published, probably, not without hope of its favourable effect on the one lady of his heart. "He made many little stanzas about the lady," said Lord

Kincedder, "but we really thought them in general very poor." Of these two were preserved; one is "The violet in her greenwood bower," "done just after the conclusion of the business." The "business" would have been stock in trade for many an elegiac poet. The sharpness of that sorrow never ceased to sting, and the pain of that old wound rankles, thirty years later, in the *Journal*. But Scott was not an elegiac poet, not a poet of his own most intimate emotions.

His early ballads, *The Eve of St. John*, his finest, *Cadyow Castle*, and the rest, were purely occasional pieces, written to please Lady Louisa Stuart and other friends. The *Lay* was nothing more, in its inception, merely a ballad produced at the command of the Duchess of Buccleuch. But, when he began the *Lay*, Scott was already the collector and editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*. He was saturated with the spirit of the Northern Border, its daring in war, its dread in the dark, its loyalty, courage, its recklessness, and its "pastoral melancholy." Moreover, Scott had heard some passages repeated from Coleridge's *Christabel*, still in manuscript. His retentive memory kept them, he caught and prolonged the note

which Coleridge had struck in secret. Like an echo from the music in the Hill of Hörsel, that song reached a dweller in the Border valley, and Coleridge gave the impulse to Scott, as Scott gave the impulse to Byron. *Musai lampada tradunt*: every poet receives the torch from another, Burns from Fergusson, Scott from Coleridge, Tennyson from Shelley and Keats. The purposed ballad became a romance, the *Lay*. When these nine-and-twenty knights of fame hung their shields in Branksome Hall, a new poet, a new poetry, had begun their course. Good fortune followed Scott when he listened to the appeal of his chieftainess, and his Muse awoke to the ancient slogan, *Rise for Branksome readily!* His fortune, as it were, was made in a moment, and his path was clear for *Marmion*, the *Lady of the Lake*, *Rokeby*, and *The Lord of the Isles*. To the Editor's mind, the *Lay* is as much the best of all these as it is the freshest, the least premeditated, the most spontaneous, the most *disinterested*. More and more the latter poems become articles of manufacture — not, indeed, *Marmion*, composed during gallops on the hills, nor *The Lady of the Lake*, with all its enchanted memories of his romantic native land. But *Rokeby*, despite

its lovely lyrics, is not spontaneous, and *The Lord of the Isles*, with all the vigour of its Bannockburn, is as much an article of commerce as *Anne of Geierstein*. So the world, seeking some new thing, turned to Byron, and Scott to *Waverly*. His *Harold* and *Bridal of Triermain* are not written with his heart. Yet the Muse had not forsaken him. In his novels many a situation suggested its appropriate song, and these wild lyrics of Madge Wildfire, that roll-call of Flora Mac-Ivor, that soldier's snatch of Major Bellen-den, that ditty of the Glee Maiden, these lines of Bothwell, with many another piece, are not only essentially lyric, but essentially dramatic, they come from the right mouth of the right person, in the right situation. Only once or twice the personal note is struck, as in *The Sun upon the Weirclaw Hill*, "verses written in dejection," unlike the mood of Scott. It was "in dejection," in the first anguish of his ruin, that he composed the most gallant of all cavalier songs, *Bonnie Dundee*, wondering if it were good or not, and wishing that Will Erskine was alive to tell him sooth. The song has all the gladdest and gayest elements of his genius, a buoyant scorn of what is grey and sour,—of "the cowls of Kilmarnock"—a

splendid audacious loyalty; so he parts from a hero, and strikes his last stroke for Claverhouse. Here is the essence of Sir Walter's songs; here, in a clatter of hoofs on the causeway, a flutter of ribbons and scented love-locks, a clash of claymores on the target of barked bull's hide, and, above it all, beyond it all, "the shade of Montrose," and a foreboding of that darkest hour when "low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee." These are almost the first verses I remember, and they rang in the memory of a child who did not know their author's name, who knew not what event they celebrated, who had never heard of Walter Scott. They are parts of a dead world, but to enrich our days with the very life blood of the past is the gift of Scott as of Homer.

These, then, were his essential qualities as a lyrist; he storms our hearts with a *reveillez*, from dewy woods where the hart has been tracked; he makes us art and part with outlaws, "where mavis and merle are singing;" he enlists us in a company of cavaliers who fight for the king; he harps for us in hall among fair ladies. He is obedient to the past, and loyal to the dead, and he risks the future bravely. The Reform Bill was passing, the funeral knell of old

England was tolling, when Scott, a dying man, by the rocky shore of Lake Avernus, forgot the haunted coasts, heard no Virgilian echoes, but murmured:

“Up the heathery mountain,
Down the rocky glen,
We daurna gang a-milking
For Charlie and his men.”

In Rome, where, indeed, he had scarce strength to walk, it was not the Vatican, nor the Churches, nor the Imperial Arch that he visited, but the tomb of the Stuarts. There, too, when rather cruelly asked to write verses for a lady (ending as he began), it was Scotland that he remembered, of Scotland that he wrote; lines faltering, indeed, and incoherent, but with a touch of his ancient passion, of the old national melody.

The Border was his inspiration, the clear west wind singing over the purple hills was the accompaniment of his lyre. Even in the *Bridal of Triermain*, he commences, at least, like himself:

“Bewcastle now must keep the Hold,
Speir-Adam’s steeds must bide in stall,
Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold
Must only shoot from battled wall;
And Liddesdale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Taras and Ewes keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale foray Cumberland.”

This is, indeed, an unreflective kind of poetry: assuredly we need other poems than these, and many prefer a singer who hints at a moral. Scott's is simple enough:

“Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.”

And, for the end of all:

“Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee
Run a course as well as we,
Time, stern huntsman, who can baulk?
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk.
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.”

Be up, be active, be in the air, and on the hills:

“For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow,
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow.”

It is an honest morality. *Remember on Dethe*, says the inscription round a skull of gold, in an ancient Scottish ring. Scott “remembers on Dethe” in the magical song of Proud Maisie, on death coming to youth in its glory; but, for the most part, it is Life that he remembers and bids us remember and enjoy. He is not a love poet; we have no lines of his like “Had we never loved so

kindly;" his ladies are shadows, like Margaret in the *Lay*, of the one lady of his heart. It has been said that he is passionless, by those who forget Di Vernon, and who forget, or have never known, the history of a passion as enduring as Dante's. But that passion is too sacred for verse; the broken heart was not worn on his sleeve:

" I may not, must not, sing of Love."

Only he remembers, as his minstrel sings:

" And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red;
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon prest:
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold,"

for this is a portrait from the life.

Neither the Lyrics nor the Ballads of Scott are of anything like equal merit. His cavalier and hunting songs, his charming ditty of Highland Nora, his inspiring Roll-call of the Clans, his serenade from *Quentin Durward*, are not, of course, so unique as his *Proud Maisie*, though these and the lyrics from *Rokeby* are all bright, glad, and full of woodland or martial music. None of his other ballads attains the gloom and horror of *The Eve of St. John*, nor matches the im-

petus of *Cadyow Castle*; still less do they approach the merit of Elspeth's ballad of the Red Harlaw, the one ballad by a modern man which the ancient minstrels might be proud to call their own. Many of the occasional pieces are merely occasional,—the songs for the yeomanry regiment, the political verses, the stirring song of the Forest Football Match, the rhymes for the Bannatyne Club, the ditties written for musical collections, in Scott's habitual good nature, and so forth. Scott, as a lyrist, is limited by his unconsciousness, by his invincible disinclination to be his own subject, to versify his own emotions. In *The Sun upon the Weirclaw Hill* we have a rare example of what he could do, when he forgot his rule, or lapsed from his habit. Perhaps only those who have often watched the day decline on the extreme heights of Ettrick, and the twilight falling brown on the Tweed, know all the charm in that lonely expression of a mood to which Scott seldom yielded. By this inability to speak in verse about himself he was so confined, that, but for his novels and longer poems, and the dramatic necessity for songs in certain parts of these, we should have had from Scott scarce any lyrics, no dirge of Meg Merrilies, no incan-

tation of Norna, no wistful snatches of Madge Wildfire, no County Guy. The limitation which we regret in the poet we cannot but admire in the man. Scott is certainly not "the poets' poet;" no poet was ever so remote from the fault he found in Mrs. Hemans, of being "too poetical." But few poets have ever been so much of a man. Being so impersonal in his genius, he did not seek a reflection of his moods in nature; being so unspeculative, he did not seek a clue to the riddles of the universe in nature. To him nature was enough in herself, and in her associations with the past. A flooded ford, a difficult hill, a glen where reivers of old had driven the kye, were his delight, and, on the summit of an Orcadian mountain, he laughs at the lyric excesses to which some would have urged themselves to be moved. Probably he was never tempted to commit, what he certainly never committed, a sonnet.

The critic, indeed, has put constraint on himself to write thus, esteeming, as he does, more highly the verse which "stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet," than the verse which lulls and charms, or the verse which climbs heights inaccessible to thought. But the affection with which we regard Scott as

a man should itself warn us not to force the note, in speaking of his poetry, beyond what he would have thought just.

Reference has been made to Scott's latest lines, written for a lady at Rome. In 1878 a Miss Nicholson, niece of Sir Walter's valet, entrusted to Mr. James B. Kerr a paper, which seems to contain a rough draft of these verses. Lockhart remarks that in Rome a lady asked him for a favour, which it was not agreeable to grant. He was asked if he had yielded: "Yes," he said; "as I am now good for nothing else, I think it as well to be good-natured." The lady was the Countess of Wollenluss. The request, of course, was for a poem. Scott's condition at the moment may be understood from a slight pencil sketch made of him at that time. The powerful frame is worn to a shadow; the handwriting of the verses is feeble — "the pen staggers," as he said, the thought reels. We do not quote all the verses, for, in the draft, they are broken and tentative. His hand "an uncertain warbling made."

"Lady, they say thy native land,
Unlike this clime of fruits and flowers,
Loves, like the minstrel's northern strand,
The sterner share of Nature's powers. . . .

Mortals in vain, so says the Text,
Seek grapes from briars, from thistles corn,
Say, can fair Wollenluss expect
Fruit from a withered Scottish thorn? ”

Thus his last lines, like all his poetry, more resemble a deed than a thought, for his Muse leaves him in an act of kindness, and with a memory of his dear native land. His latest written words, Mr. Kerr says, adorn the book of a little inn, in the Tyrol: —

“ Sir Walter Scott, for Scotland. 1832.”

In these brief comments on his poems, it has seemed well not to go too far beyond the estimate of them in which they were held by their author.

ANDREW LANG.

HUNTING SONG.

From Scott's continuation of
Strutt's *Queen Hoo Hall*, 1808.
We have placed this buoyant
melody foremost; it has all Scott's
sylvan freshness and gladness, it
is fragrant of the woodlands and
the dew, and rings like a *reveillez*
of Romance.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder, chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk:
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

DAVIE GELLAT-
LEY'S SONGS.

The three following pieces are
songs, partly traditional, sung by
Davie Gellatley, the Baron's faith-
ful fool, in *Waverley*.

FALSE LOVE.

FALSE love, and hast thou play'd me this
In summer among the flowers?
I will repay thee back again
In winter among the showers.
Unless again, again, my love,
Unless you turn again;
As you with other maidens rove,
I'll smile on other men.

The Knight's to the mountain
His bugle to wind;
The Lady's to greenwood
Her garland to bind.
The bower of Burd Ellen
Has moss on the floor,
That the step of Lord William
Be silent and sure.

HIE AWAY.

Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,

Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away,

YOUTH AND AGE.

Young men will love thee more fair and more fast;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
Old men's love the longest will last,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

The young man will brawl at the evening board;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
But the old man will draw at the dawning the sword,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

(1816.)

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:

Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

MAJOR BELLEN-
DEN'S SONG.

From *Old Mortality*. This, like Annot Lyle's song in *A Legend of Montrose*, and "The Resolve," is a good specimen of Scott's power of imitating the poetry of the seventeenth century.

AND what though winter will pinch severe
Through locks of grey and a cloak that's old,
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.
For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow!

FROM "OLD
MORTALITY."

A motto from *Old Mortality*. These four lines contain the very essence of Scott's poetry.

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

MADGE WILD-
FIRE'S SONGS.

From *Heart of Midlothian*.
Scott put his most enchanted
songs in the mouth of the mad
Madge Wildfire.

WHEN the gledd's in the blue cloud,
The lavrock lies still;
When the hound's in the green-wood,
The hind keeps the hill.

O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld rise and ride?
There's twenty men wi' bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.

Hey for cavaliers, ho for cavaliers,
Dub a dub, dub a dub;
Have at old Beëlzebub,—
Oliver's running for fear.—

What did ye wi' the bridal ring — bridal ring — bridal
ring?
What did ye wi' your wedding ring, ye little cutty
quean, O?
I gied it till a sodger, a sodger, a sodger,
I gied it till a sodger, an auld true love o' mine, O.

Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee;
I prithee, dear moon, now show to me
The form and the features, the speech and degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

My banes are buried in yon kirk-yard
Sae far ayont the sea,
And it is but my blithesome ghaist
That 's speaking now to thee.

FROM *Heart of Midlothian*.

I GLANCE like the wildfire through country and town;
I'm seen on the causeway — I'm seen on the down;
The lightning that flashes so bright and so free,
Is scarcely so blithe or so bonnie as me.

I'm Madge of the country, I'm Madge of the town,
And I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to own —
The Lady of Beever in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so lightsome as mine.

I am Queen of the Wake, and I'm Lady of May,
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole to-day;
The wildfire that flashes so fair and so free
Was never so bright or so bonnie as me.

PROUD MAISIE.

FROM *Heart of Midlothian*.

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

“Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?” —

“When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.”

“Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?” —

“The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

“The glow-worm o’er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing,
‘Welcome, proud lady.’”

FROM *Heart of Midlothian*.

CAULD is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow:
But thine sall be as sad and cauld,
My fause true-love! to-morrow.

And weep ye not, my maidens free,
Though death your mistress borrow;
For he for whom I die to-day,
Shall die for me to-morrow.

LUCY ASHTON'S SONG.

FROM *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

LOOK not thou on beauty's charming, —
Sit thou still when kings are arming, —
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens, —
Speak not when the people listens, —
Stop thine ear against the singer, —
From the red gold keep thy finger, —
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

Νηλεγὲς ἦτορ ἔχων.

QUID tibi, sive acuunt reges in proelia ferrum,
Instruit illecebras seu Cytherea suas?
Quid tibi, si spumant lucentia pocula Baccho,
Seu stetit intento densa corona foro?
Non oculos rutili deleniat aura metalli,
Non animum liquidos docta Thalia modos.
Claudere securam facili vis funere vitam?
Libera gestabis lumina, corda, manus.¹

¹ The above recent version in Latin is found in a little book of verse *Aeneas and other Verses and Versions* by D. A. Slater. (London, 1910.)

CORONACH.

FROM *The Lady of the Lake.*

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

SONG.

FROM *Rokeby*.

BRIGNALL BANKS.

O, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily,—

CHORUS.

“O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English Queen.”—

“If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down?
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May.”—

CHORUS.

Yet sung she, " Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English Queen.

" I read you, by your bugle-horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's greenwood." —
" A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 't is at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night." —

CHORUS.

Yet sung she, " Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

" With burnish'd brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum." —
" I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

CHORUS.

“ And, O! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May!

“ Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die!
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.

CHORUS.

“ Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.”

SONG.

FROM *Rokeby*.

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green, —
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again.
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore." —

SONG.

This is the song prophetic of
the felon hero's fate in *Marmion*;
it rings in his brain as he lies
dying on Flodden Field.

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever!
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it, —
Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never!

SONG.

FROM *Quentin Durward*.

COUNTY GUY.

A^E! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
But where is County Guy? —

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know —
But where is County Guy!

SONG.

The song is for Fitz-James,
after the hunt in *The Lady of
the Lake*.

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen by thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;

Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest; thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé.



The Bibelot

THE thoughts of Leonardo da Vinci comprise a selection arranged and rendered into English by Mr. Edward McCurdy of which the first section on Life is here given entire.¹ It is at best a redaction, because out of above five thousand manuscript pages the translator has chosen what he considered the most to his purpose and in his latest and more popular edition² has winnowed his grain to the exclusion of all chaff whatsoever. A description given by Leonardo himself, of a single manuscript, may be aptly cited concerning his manuscripts at large as they have come down to us: "A collection without order, made up of many sheets which I have copied here, hoping afterwards to arrange them in order in their proper places according to the subjects of which they treat."

¹ *Leonardo da Vinci's Note-Books Arranged and rendered into English with Introductions by Edward McCurdy, M. A. London: Duckworth & Co. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons 1906.*

² *The Thoughts of Leonardo da Vinci As Recorded in His "Note-Books" Arranged and Rendered into English by Edward McCurdy London Duckworth & Co. 3 Henrietta Street, W. C. 1907.*

As Mr. McCurdy points out: "The section entitled *Life in the passages* which follow is almost entirely made up of these imaginative and philosophical fragments." And for those who care for direct contact with the mind of Leonardo such subjects, however briefly treated, have the greatest possible interest. Mr. McCurdy has made it plain that, "in some of the briefer passages, especially when moralizing upon the greater truths of human existence, he attains to perfect lucidity of utterance." But, when all is said, we cannot overlook the fact that this supreme artist who painted *The Last Supper* and *La Gioconda* remains "perhaps the most mysterious figure in the annals of Italian art."

Pater's essay is still to be accepted as the deepest interpretation of the man who, to his contemporaries, seemed "a bold speculator, holding lightly by other men's beliefs, setting philosophy above Christianity." If in his human relations he lived and loved and was as other men we do not surely know. Of him as of Shakespeare must the words suffice: "Others abide our question. Thou art free."

For it is as impossible to believe that Leonardo was a devout son of the Church, as it is to accept the notion insinuated by

Lady Burton that the author of The Kasidah became in his last hours reconciled to the greatest belief in the world, as she considered it. Fortunately we have no intimation of feminine influence of any sort in the life of him whom all later ages have come to consider as the spirit of the Renaissance made flesh. "While I thought that I was learning how to live I have been learning how to die." The thought that was Leonardo's was also the thought of Edward FitzGerald. It is neither new nor old but, as we read it in Mr. McCurdy's version, we feel that here at least the man revealed an inkling of his mortality. To cite Pater's concluding sentence: "We forget them [concerning masses and candles in his will] in speculating how one who had been always so desirous of beauty, but desired it always in such definite and precise forms, as hands or flowers or hair, looked forward now into the vague land, and experienced the last curiosity."



SELECTIONS FROM LEONARDO DA VINCI
Translated by
EDWARD McCURDY.

Seeing that I cannot choose any subject of great utility or pleasure, because my predecessors have already taken as their own all useful and necessary themes, I will do like one who, because of his poverty, is the last to arrive at the fair, and not being able otherwise to provide himself, chooses all the things which others have already looked over and not taken, but refused as being of little value. With these despised and rejected wares — the leavings of many buyers — I will load my modest pack, and therewith take my course, distributing, not indeed amid the great cities, but among the mean hamlets, and taking such reward as befits the things I offer.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

THOUGHTS ON LIFE.

THOU, O God, dost sell unto us all good things at the price of labour.

I obey thee, O Lord, first because of the love which I ought reasonably to bear Thee; secondly, because Thou knowest how to shorten or prolong the lives of men.

Our body is subject to heaven, and heaven is subject to the spirit.

The soul desires to dwell in the body because without the members of that body it can neither act nor feel.

How admirable thy justice, O Thou first mover! Thou hast not willed that any power should lack the processes or qualities necessary for its results.

The soul can never be infected by the corruption of the body, but acts in the body like the wind which causes the sound of the organ, wherein if one of the pipes is spoiled the wind cannot produce a good result in that pipe.

Whoever would see in what state the soul dwells within the body, let him mark how this body uses its daily habitation, for

if this be confused and without order, then will the body be kept in disorder and confusion by the soul.

Music has two ills, the one mortal the other wasting; the mortal is ever allied with the instant which follows that of the music's utterance, the wasting ill lies in its repetition, making it seem contemptible and mean.

The imitation of the antique is more to be praised than that of the modern.

In life beauty perishes, not in art.

The painter contends with and rivals nature.

The senses are of the earth, the reason stands apart from them in contemplation.

Where there is most power of feeling, there of martyrs is the greatest martyr.

Tears come from the heart, not from the brain.

The thoughts turn towards hope.

Pray hold me not in scorn! I am not poor! Poor rather is the man who desires

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many things. Where shall I take my place?
Where in a little time from henceforth you
shall know. Do you answer for yourself!
From henceforth in a little time. . . .

Vows begin when hope dies.

If liberty is dear to you, may you never
discover that my face is love's prison.

The lover is drawn by the thing loved, as
the sense is by that which it perceives, and
it unites with it, and they become one and
the same thing. The work is the first thing
born of the union; if the thing that is loved
be base, the lover becomes base. When the
thing taken into union is in harmony with
that which receives it, there follow rejoicing
and pleasure and satisfaction. When the
lover is united to that which is loved it
finds rest there: when the burden is laid
down there it finds rest.

Behold now the hope and desire to go
back to our own country, and to return to
our former state, how like it is to the moth
with the light! And the man who with
perpetual longing ever looks forward with

joy to each new spring and each new summer, and to the new months and the new years, deeming that the things he longs for are too slow in coming, does not perceive that he is longing for his own destruction. But this longing is the quintessence and spirit of the elements, which, finding itself imprisoned within the life of the human body, desires continually to return to its source. And I would have you to know that this very same longing is that quintessence inherent in nature, and that man is a type of the world.

In youth acquire that which may requite you for the deprivations of old age; and if you are mindful that old age has wisdom for its food, you will so exert yourself in youth, that your old age will not lack sustenance.

We have no lack of system or device to measure and to parcel out these poor days of ours; wherein it should be our pleasure that they be not squandered or suffered to pass away in vain, and without meed of honour, leaving no record of themselves in the minds of men; to the end that this our poor course may not be sped in vain.

THOUGHTS ON LIFE

O thou that sleepest, what is sleep? Sleep is an image of death. Oh, why not let your work be such that after death you become an image of immortality; as in life you become when sleeping like unto the hapless dead.

Every evil leaves a sorrow in the memory except the supreme evil, death, and this destroys memory itself together with life.

As a well-spent day brings happy sleep, so life well used brings happy death.

While I thought that I was learning how to live, I have been learning how to die.

The mirror bore itself proudly holding the queen mirrored within it, and after she has departed the mirror remains.

The age as it flies glides secretly and deceives one and another; nothing is more fleeting than the years, but he who sows virtue reaps honour.

Iron rusts from disuse; stagnant water loses its purity and in cold weather becomes frozen; even so does inaction sap the vigour of the mind.

Life well spent is long.

In rivers the water that you touch is the last of what has passed and the first of that which comes: so with time present.

Wrongfully do men lament the flight of time, accusing it of being too swift, and not perceiving that its period is yet sufficient! but good memory wherewith nature has endowed us, causes everything long past to seem present.

O Time, thou that consumest all things!
O envious age, thou destroyest all things
and devourest all things with the hard teeth
of the years, little by little, in slow death;
Helen, when she looked in her mirror and
saw the withered wrinkles which old age
had made in her face, wept, and wondered
to herself why ever she had twice been
carried away.

O Time, thou that consumest all things!
O envious age, whereby all things are consumed!

Wood feeds the fire that consumes it.

Call not riches that which may be lost;
virtue is our true wealth, and the true

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reward of its possessor. It cannot be lost; it will not abandon us unless life itself first leaves us. As for property and material wealth, these you should ever hold in fear; full often they leave their possessor in ignominy mocked at for having lost possession of them.

The supreme misfortune is when theory outstrips performance.

The natural desire of good men is knowledge.

The knowledge of past time and of the position of the earth is the adornment and the food of human minds.

Nothing can be written as the result of new researches.

All our knowledge originates in opinions.

Shun those studies in which the work that results dies with the worker.

Whoever in discussion adduces authority uses not intellect but rather memory.

Good literature proceeds from men of natural probity, and since one ought rather

to praise the inception than the result, you should give greater praise to a man of probity unskilled in letters than to one skilled in letters but devoid of probity.

Poor is the pupil who does not surpass his master.

Science is the captain, practice the soldiers.

To devise is the work of the master, to execute the act of the servant.

Every part is disposed to unite with the whole, that it may thereby escape from its own incompleteness.

There is no certainty where one can neither apply any of the mathematical sciences nor any of those which are based upon the mathematical sciences.

There is no result in nature without a cause; understand the cause and you will have no need of the experiment.

The lying interpreters of nature assert that mercury is a common factor in all the metals; they forget that nature varies its

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factors according to the variety of things which it desires to produce in the world.

✓ Nature never breaks her own law.

✓ Nature is constrained by the order of her own law, which lives and works within her.

Every weight tends to fall towards the centre by the shortest way.

Experience is not at fault; it is only our judgment that is in error in promising itself from experience things which are not within her power.

Wrongly do men cry out against experience, and with bitter reproaches accuse her of deceitfulness. Let experience alone, and rather turn your complaints against your own ignorance, which causes you to be so carried away by your vain and insensate desires as to expect from experience things which are not within her power!

Wrongly do men cry out against innocent experience, accusing her often of deceit and lying demonstrations!

Nature is full of infinite causes which were never set forth in experience.

I reveal to men the origin of the first, or perhaps the second cause of their existence.

Falsehood is so utterly vile that though it should praise the great works of God it offends against His divinity; truth is of such excellence that if it praise the meanest things they become ennobled.

Without doubt truth stands to falsehood in the relation of light to darkness, and truth is in itself of such excellence that even when it treats of humble and lowly matters, it yet immeasurably outweighs the sophistries and falsehoods which are spread out over great and high-sounding discourses; for though we have set up falsehood as a fifth element in our mental state it yet remains that the truth of things is the chief food of all finer intellects — though not indeed of wandering wits.

But you who live in dreams — the specious reasonings, the feints which *palla* players might use — if only they treat of things vast and uncertain, please you more than do the things which are sure and natural and of no such high pretension.

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The line that is straightest offers most resistance.

He who has most possessions should have the greatest fear of loss.

Supreme happiness will be the greatest cause of misery, and the perfection of wisdom the occasion of folly.

Threats only serve as weapons to the threatened.

You do ill if you praise, but worse if you censure, what you do not rightly understand.

Folly is the buckler of shame as impotency is of poverty.

Who injures others regards not himself.

Truth alone was the daughter of time.

He who does not value life deserves it not.

Justice requires power, intelligence and will. It resembles the queen bee.

He who neglects to punish evil sanctions the doing thereof.

Let him expect disaster who shapes his course on a young man's counsel.

The memory of benefits is frail as against ingratitude.

Reprove a friend in secret but praise him before others.

Lie not about the past.

It is by testing that we discern fine gold.

As is the mould so will be the cast.

Every wrong shall be set right.

Constancy. Not he who begins, but he who perseveres.

Obstacles cannot bend me.

Every obstacle yields to effort.

He who fixes his course by a star changes not.

A Simile of Patience.

Patience serves as a protection against wrongs as clothes do against cold. For if you put on more clothes as the cold increases it will have no power to hurt you. So in like manner you must grow in patience when you meet with great wrongs, and they will then be powerless to vex your mind.

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This Envy is represented making a contemptuous motion towards heaven, because if she could she would use her strength against God. She is made with a mask upon her face of fair appearance. She is made wounded in the sight by palm and olive. She is made wounded in the ear by laurel and myrtle to signify that victory and truth offend her. She is made with many lightnings issuing forth from her to denote her evil-speaking. She is made lean and wizened, because she is ever wasting in perpetual desire. She is made with a fiery serpent gnawing at her heart. She is given a quiver with tongues for arrows, because with the tongue she often offends; and she is made with a leopard's skin, since the leopard from envy slays the lion by guile. She is given a vase in her hand full of flowers, and beneath these filled with scorpions and toads and other venomous things. She is made riding upon death, because envy, never dying, has lordship over him; and death is made with a bridle in his mouth and laden with various weapons, since these are all the instruments of death.

In the moment when virtue is born she

gives birth to envy against herself, and a body shall sooner exist without shadow than virtue without envy.

Pleasure and Pain are represented as twins, as though they were joined together, for there is never the one without the other; and they turn their backs because they are contrary to each other.

If you shall choose pleasure know that he has behind him one who will deal out to you tribulation and repentance.

This is pleasure together with pain, and they are represented as twins because the one is never separated from the other. They are made with their backs turned to each other because they are contrary the one to the other. They are made growing out of the same trunk because they have one and the same foundation, for the foundation of pleasure is labour with pain, and the foundations of pain are vain and lascivious pleasures. And accordingly it is represented here with a reed in the right hand which is useless and without strength [?] and the wounds made with it are poisoned. In Tuscan reeds are put to support beds to signify

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that here occur vain dreams, and here is consumed a great part of life; here is squandered much useful time, namely that of the morning when the mind is composed and refreshed, and the body therefore is fitted to resume new labours. There also are taken many vain pleasures both with the mind imagining impossible things, and with the body taking those pleasures which are often the cause of the failing of life; so that for this the reed is held as representing such foundations.

Intellectual passion drives out sensuality.

Whoso curbs not lustful desires puts himself on a level with the beasts.

You can have neither a greater nor a less dominion than that over yourself.

It is easier to resist at the beginning than at the end.

If you kept your body in accordance with virtue, your desires would not be of this world.

And this man excels in folly who continually stints himself in order that he may not

want, and his life slips away while he is still looking forward to enjoying the wealth which by extreme toil he has acquired.

O speculators about perpetual motion, how many vain chimeras have you created in the like quest? Go and take your place with the seekers after gold.

✓ O misery of man! To how many things do you make yourself a slave for money?

To the ambitious, whom neither the boon of life nor the beauty of the world suffice to content, it comes as penance that life with them is squandered, and that they possess neither the benefits nor the beauty of the world.

Wine is good, but water is preferable at table.

Man and the animals are merely a passage and channel for food, a tomb for other animals, a haven for the dead, giving life by the death of others, a coffer full of corruption.

Man has great power of speech, but the greater part thereof is empty and deceitful. The animals have little, but that little is

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useful and true; and better is a small and certain thing than a great falsehood.

Small rooms or dwellings set the mind in the right path, large ones cause it to go astray.

Of Christians.

There are many who hold the faith of the Son and only build temples in the name of the Mother.

Of the Selling of Paradise.

A countless multitude will sell publicly and without hindrance things of the very greatest value without license from the Lord of these things, which were never theirs nor in their power; and human justice will take no account of this.

Of the Dead who are taken to be Buried.

The simple folk will carry a great number of lights to light up the journeys of all those who have wholly lost the power of sight! O human folly! O madness of mankind! These two phrases stand for the commencement of the matter.

Of the Thurible with Incense.

Some shall go about in white vestments with arrogant gestures threatening others with metal and fire, which yet have never done them any harm.

And many have made a trade in deceits and feigned miracles, cozening the foolish herd, and if no one showed himself cognisant of their deceits they would impose them upon all.

All those things which in the winter are concealed and hidden beneath the snow will be left bare and exposed in summer:—

Said of a lie which cannot remain hidden.

Of the Precious Metals.

There shall come forth out of dark and gloomy caves that which shall cause the whole human race to undergo great afflictions, perils, and death. To many of those who follow it, after much tribulation it will yield delight; but whosoever pays it no homage will die in want and misery. It shall bring to pass an endless number of crimes; it shall prompt and incite wretched men to assassinate, to steal, and to enslave;

it shall hold its own followers in suspicion; it shall deprive free cities of their rank; it shall take away life itself from many; it shall make men torment each other with many kinds of subterfuge, deceits and treacheries.

O vile monster! How much better were it for men that thou shouldst go back to hell! For this the vast forests shall be stripped of their trees; for this an infinite number of creatures shall lose their lives.

Of the Cruelty of Man.

Creatures shall be seen upon the earth who will always be fighting one with another, with very great losses and frequent deaths on either side. These shall set no bounds to their malice; by their fierce limbs a great number of the trees in the immense forests of the world shall be laid level with the ground; and when they have crammed themselves with food it shall gratify their desire to deal out death, affliction, labours, terrors and banishment to every living thing. And by reason of their boundless pride they shall wish to rise towards heaven, but the excessive weight of their limbs shall hold them down. There shall be nothing

remaining on the earth or under the earth or in the waters that shall not be pursued and molested or destroyed, and that which is in one country taken away to another; and their own bodies shall be made the tomb and the means of transit of all the living bodies which they have slain. O Earth! what delays thee to open and hurl them headlong into the deep fissures of thy huge abysses and caverns, and no longer to display in the sight of heaven so savage and ruthless a monster?

But of all human discourses that must be considered as most foolish which affirms a belief in necromancy, which is the sister of alchemy, the producer of simple and natural things, but is so much the more worthy of blame than alchemy, because it never gives birth to anything whatever except to things like itself, that is to say lies; and this is not the case with alchemy, which works by the simple products of nature, but whose function cannot be exercised by nature herself, because there are in her no organic instruments with which she might be able to do the work which man performs with his

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hands, by the use of which he has made glass, etc. But this necromancy, an ensign or flying banner, blown by the wind, is the guide of the foolish multitude, which is a continual witness, by its clamour, to the limitless effects of such an art. And they have filled whole books in affirming that enchantments and spirits can work and speak without tongues, and can speak without any organic instrument,—without which speech is impossible,—and can carry the heaviest weights, and bring tempests and rain, and that men can be changed into cats and wolves and other beasts, although those first become beasts who affirm such things. And, undoubtedly, if this necromancy did exist, as is believed by shallow minds, there is nothing on the earth that would have so much power either to harm or benefit man; if it were true, that is, that by such an art one had the power to disturb the tranquil clearness of the air, and transform it into the hue of night, to create coruscations and tempests with dreadful thunder-claps and lightning-flashes rushing through the darkness, and with impetuous storms to overthrow high buildings and uproot forests, and

with these to encounter armies and break and overthrow them, and — more important even than this — to make the devastating tempests, and thereby rob the husbandmen of the reward of their labours. For what method of warfare can there be which can inflict such damage upon the enemy as the exercise of the power to deprive him of his crops? What naval combat could there be which should compare with that which he would wage who has command of the winds, and can create ruinous tempests that would submerge every fleet whatsoever? In truth, whoever has control of such irresistible forces will be lord over all nations, and no human skill will be able to resist his destructive power. The buried treasures, the jewels that lie hid in the body of the earth, will all become manifest to him; no lock, no fortress, however impregnable will avail to save anyone against the will of such a necromancer. He will cause himself to be carried through the air from East to West, and through all the uttermost parts of the universe. But why do I thus go on adding instance to instance? What is there which could not be brought to pass by a mechan-

ician such as this? Almost nothing, except the escaping from death.

We have therefore ascertained in part the mischief and the usefulness that belong to such an art if it is real; and if it is real why has it not remained among men who desire so much, not having regard to any deity, merely because there are an infinite number of persons who in order to gratify one of their appetites would destroy God and the whole universe?

If then it has not remained among men, although so necessary to them, it never existed, and never can exist, as follows from the definition of a spirit, which is invisible and incorporeal, for within the elements there are no incorporeal things, because where there is not body there is a vacuum, and the vacuum does not exist within the elements, because it would be instantly filled up by the element.

Consider carefully how, by the movement of the tongue, with the help of the lips and teeth, the pronunciation of all the names of things is known to us; and how, by means of this instrument, the simple and compound

words of a language arrive at our ears; and how these, if there were a name for all the effects of nature, would approach infinity in number, together with all the countless things which are in action and in the power of nature; and these would not be expressed in one language only, but in a great number of languages, and these also would tend to infinite variety, because they vary continually from century to century, and in one country and another, through the intermingling of the peoples, who by wars or other mischances are continually becoming mixed with each other; and these same languages are liable to pass into oblivion, and they are mortal like all the rest of created things, and if we grant that our world is everlasting we shall then say that these languages have been, and must still be, of infinite variety, through the infinite number of centuries which constitute infinite time.

Nor is this true in the case of any other sense; for these are concerned only with such things as nature is continually producing, and she does not change the ordinary kinds of the things which she creates in the

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same way that, from time to time, the things are changed which have been created by man; and indeed man is nature's chiefest instrument, because nature is concerned only with the production of elementary things, but man from these elementary things produces an infinite number of compounds, although he has no power to create any natural thing except another like himself, that is his children.

And of this the old alchemists will serve as my witnesses, who have never either by chance or deliberate experiment succeeded in creating the smallest thing which can be created by nature; and indeed this generation deserves unmeasured praises for the serviceableness of the things which they have invented for the use of man, and would deserve them even more if they had not been the inventors of noxious things, like poisons and other similar things, which destroy the life or the intellect; but they are not exempt from blame in that by much study and experiment they are seeking to create, not, indeed, the meanest of nature's products, but the most excellent, namely gold, which is begotten of the sun inasmuch as it has

more resemblance to it than to anything else that is, and no created thing is more enduring than this gold. It is immune from destruction by fire, which has power over all the rest of created things, reducing them to ashes, glass, or smoke. If, however, insensate avarice should drive you into such error, why do you not go to the mines where nature produces this gold, and there become her disciple? She will completely cure you of your folly by showing you that nothing which you employ in your furnace will be numbered among the things which she employs in order to produce this gold. For there is there no quicksilver, no sulphur of any kind, no fire nor other heat than that of nature giving life to our world; and she will show you the veins of the gold spreading through the stone,—the blue lapis-lazuli, whose colour is unaffected by the power of the fire. And consider carefully this ramification of the gold, and you will see that the extremities of it are continually expanding in slow movement, transmuting into gold whatever they come in contact with; and note that therein is a living organism which it is not within your power to produce.

A bird is an instrument working according to mathematical law, which instrument it is within the capacity of man to reproduce with all its movements, but not with a corresponding degree of strength, though it is deficient only in the power of maintaining equilibrium. We may therefore say that such an instrument constructed by man is lacking in nothing except the life of the bird, and this life must needs be supplied from that of man.

The life which resides in the bird's members will, without doubt, better conform to their needs than will that of man which is separated from them, and especially in the almost imperceptible movements which preserve equilibrium. But since we see that the bird is equipped for many obvious varieties of movements, we are able from this experience to deduce that the most rudimentary of these movements will be capable of being comprehended by man's understanding; and that he will to a great extent be able to provide against the destruction of that instrument of which he has himself become the living principle and the propeller.

Seeing that the images of the objects are all spread throughout all the air which surrounds them, and are all in every point of the same, it must be that the images of our hemisphere enter and pass together with those of the heavenly bodies through the natural point, in which they merge and become united by mutually penetrating and intersecting each other, whereby the image of the moon in the east and the image of the sun in the west at this natural point become united and blended together with our hemisphere.

O marvellous Necessity, thou with supreme reason constrainest all effects to be the direct result of their causes, and by a supreme and irrevocable law every natural action obeys thee by the shortest possible process!

Who would believe that so small a space could contain the images of all the universe? O might process! What talent can avail to penetrate a nature such as thine? What tongue will it be that can unfold so great a wonder? Verily, none! This it is that guides the human discourse to the considering of divine things.

Here the figures, here the colours, here

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all the images of every part of the universe are contracted to a point.

O what point is so marvellous!

O wonderful, O stupendous Necessity, thou by thy law constrainest all effects to issue from their causes in the briefest possible way! These are the miracles, . . . forms already lost, mingled together in so small a space, it can recreate and reconstitute by its dilation.

Although human subtlety makes a variety of inventions answering by different means to the same end, it will never devise an invention more beautiful, more simple, or more direct than does nature, because in her inventions nothing is lacking, and nothing is superfluous; and she needs no countervailing weights when she creates limbs fitted for movement in the bodies of the animals, but puts within them the soul of the body which forms them, that is the soul of the mother which first constructs within the womb the shape of the man, and in due time awakens the soul that is to be its inhabitant.

For this at first remained asleep, in the guardian-ship of the soul of the mother,

who nourishes and gives it life through the umbilical vein, with all its spiritual members, and so it will continue for such time as the said umbilical cord is joined to the placenta and the cotyledons by which the child is attached to the mother. And this is the reason why any wish or intense desire or fright experienced by the mother, or any other mental suffering, is felt more powerfully by the child than by the mother, for there are many cases in which the child loses its life from it.

This discourse does not properly belong here, but is necessary in treating of the structure of animated bodies; and the rest of the definition of the soul, I leave to the wisdom of the friars, those fathers of the people who by inspiration know all mysteries. I speak not against the sacred books, for they are supreme truth.

And thou, man, who by these my labours dost look upon the marvellous works of nature, if thou judgest it to be an atrocious act to destroy the same, reflect that it is an infinitely atrocious act to take away the life of man. For thou shouldst be mindful that though what is thus compounded seem to

thee of marvellous subtlety, it is as nothing compared with the soul that dwells within this structure; and in truth, whatever this may be, it is a divine thing which suffers it thus to dwell within its handiwork at its good pleasure, and wills not that thy rage or malice should destroy such a life, since in truth he who values it not does not deserve it.

For we part from the body with extreme reluctance, and I indeed believe that its grief and lamentation are not without cause.

I wish to work miracles;—I may have less than other men who are more tranquil, or than those who aim at growing rich in a day. I may live for a long time in dire poverty as happens, and to all eternity will happen, to the alchemists, the would-be creators of gold and silver, and to the mechanicians who attempt to make dead water stir itself into life in perpetual motion, and to those consummate fools, the necromancer and the enchanter.

And you who say that it is better to look at an anatomical demonstration than to see these drawings, you would be right, if it were

possible to observe all the details shown in these drawings in a single figure, in which, with all your ability, you will not see nor acquire a knowledge of more than some few veins, while, in order to obtain an exact and complete knowledge of these, I have dissected more than ten human bodies, destroying all the various members, and removing even the very smallest particles of the flesh which surrounded these veins without causing any effusion of blood other than the imperceptible bleeding of the capillary veins. And, as one single body did not suffice for so long a time, it was necessary to proceed by stages with so many bodies as would render my knowledge complete; and this I repeated twice over in order to discover the differences.

But though possessed of an interest in the subject you may perhaps be deterred by natural repugnance, or, if this does not restrain you, then perhaps by the fear of passing the night-hours in the company of these corpses, quartered and flayed and horrible to behold; and, if this does not deter you, then perhaps you may lack the skill in drawing essential for such represen-

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tation; and even if you possess this skill it may not be combined with a knowledge of perspective, while, if it is so combined, you may not be versed in the methods of geometrical demonstration or the method of estimating the forces and strength of muscles, or perhaps you may be found wanting in patience so that you will not be diligent. Concerning which things, whether or no they have all been found in me, the hundred and twenty books which I have composed will give their verdict "yes" or "no;" in these I have not been hindered either by avarice or negligence but only by want of time. Farewell.



The Bibelot

ONE of the most pathetic introductions to a book ever written is that prefixed to *Woman and Labor* by Olive Schreiner, (New York, 1911). In it she recounts how after years of intense effort the book which was to be called *Musings on Woman and Labor* was practically destroyed during the Boer War in 1899. What she has recovered and rewritten, however, is by no means of negligible quality, and it may well be that the work, fragment though it remain, will reach many who could never find time for a more extensive volume.

It was a reference to the allegory entitled *Three Dreams in a Desert*, which as originally planned was to serve as a proem to a chapter in the perished book, that has led us to reprint its text along with one other short Dream omitted in our edition of *The Lost Joy* for reasons that then and there seemed valid. Space permitting we also give from what is in fact a supplemental volume to *Dreams* a brief but poignant episode in a woman's life, "*The Policy in Favour of Protection* —" They all possess peculiar beauties of their own and the last makes us wish that Mrs. Schreiner

had kept in touch with the romantic movement in her later years. It will still remain as she put it, an unanswered question, "Was it right? — Was it wrong?" in this tragic little story.

What she said of the allegorical Three Dreams may be quoted: "In addition to the prose argument I had in each chapter one or more allegories; because while it is easy clearly to express abstract thoughts in argumentative prose, whatever emotion those thoughts awaken I have not felt myself able adequately to express except in the other form." She might indeed have prefixed the line that opens Thomson's sombre lyric in The City of Dreadful Night: "As I came through the desert, thus it was," to this lost chapter of the earlier treatise. But the actual ending of her introduction to Woman and Labor is expressed in these more hopeful words:

"You will marvel at the labor that ended in so little;—but, what you will never know is how it was thinking of you and for you, that we struggled as we did and accomplished the little which we have done; that it was in the thought of your larger realization and fuller life that we found consolation for the futilities of our own."

"All I aspire to be, and was not, comforts me."

And it is on this high note of optimism that we leave Olive Schreiner.

THREE DREAMS IN A DESERT
By
OLIVE SCHREINER.

THE ancient Chaldean seer had a vision of a Garden of Eden which lay in a remote past. It was dreamed that man and woman once lived in joy and fellowship, till woman ate of the tree of knowledge and gave to man to eat; and that both were driven forth to wander, to toil in bitterness; because they had eaten of the fruit.

We also have our dream of a Garden, but it lies in a distant future. We dream that woman shall eat of the tree of knowledge together with man, and that side by side and hand close to hand, through ages of much toil and labor, they shall together raise about them an Eden nobler than any the Chaldean dreamed of; an Eden created by their own labor and made beautiful by their own fellowship.

In his apocalypse there was one who saw a new heaven and a new earth; we see a new earth; but therein dwells love — the love of comrades and co-workers.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

THREE DREAMS IN A DESERT.

UNDER A MIMOSA-TREE.

As I travelled across an African plain the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa-tree, and I took the saddle from him and left him to feed among the parched bushes. And all to right and to left stretched the brown earth. And I sat down under the tree, because the heat beat fiercely, and all along the horizon the air throbbed. And after a while a heavy drowsiness came over me, and I laid my head down against my saddle, and I fell asleep there. And, in my sleep, I had a curious dream.

I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. And I thought I saw two great figures like beasts of burden of the desert, and one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out, and one stood by it. And I looked curiously at the one that lay upon the ground, for it had a great burden on its back, and the sand was thick about it, so that it seemed to have piled over it for centuries.

And I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. And I

said to him, "What is this huge creature who lies here on the sand?"

And he said, "This is woman; she that bears men in her body."

And I said, "Why does she lie here motionless with the sand piled round her?"

And he answered, "Listen, I will tell you! Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest, oldest man living has never seen her move: the oldest, oldest book records that she lay here then, as she lies here now, with the sand about her. But listen! Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the Rocks of Language, on the hard-baked clay of Ancient Customs, now crumbling to decay, are found the marks of her footsteps! Side by side with his who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who now lies there once wandered free over the rocks with him."

And I said, "Why does she lie there now?"

And he said, "I take it, ages ago the Age-of-dominion-of-muscular-force found her, and when she stooped low to give suck to her

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young, and her back was broad, he put his burden of subjection on to it, and tied it on with the broad band of Inevitable Necessity. Then she looked at the earth and the sky, and knew there was no hope for her; and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. Ever since she has lain here. And the ages have come, and the ages have gone, but the band of Inevitable Necessity has not been cut."

And I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries; the ground was wet with her tears, and her nostrils blew up the sand.

And I said, "Has she ever tried to move?"

And he said, "Sometimes a limb has quivered. But she is wise; she knows she cannot rise with the burden on her."

And I said, "Why does not he who stands by her leave her and go on?"

And he said, "He cannot. Look——"

And I saw a broad band passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them together.

He said, "While she lies there he must stand and look across the desert."

And I said, "Does he know why he cannot move?"

And he said, "No."

And I heard a sound of something cracking, and I looked, and I saw the band that bound the burden on to her back broken asunder; and the burden rolled on to the ground.

And I said, "What is this?"

And he said, "The Age-of-muscular-force is dead. The Age-of-nervous-force has killed him with the knife he holds in his hand; and silently and invisibly he has crept up to the woman, and with that knife of Mechanical Invention he has cut the band that bound the burden to her back. The Inevitable Necessity is broken. She might rise now."

And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to look for something on the far-off border of the desert that never came. And I wondered if she were awake or asleep. And as I looked her body quivered, and a light came into her eyes, like when a sunbeam breaks into a dark room.

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I said, "What is it?"

He whispered "Hush! the thought has come to her, ' Might I not rise? ' "

And I looked. And she raised her head from the sand, and I saw the dent where her neck had lain so long. And she looked at the earth, and she looked at the sky, and she looked at him who stood by her: but he looked out across the desert.

And I saw her body quiver; and she pressed her front knees to the earth, and veins stood out; and I cried, "She is going to rise!"

But only her sides heaved, and she lay still where she was.

But her head she held up; she did not lay it down again. And he beside me said, "She is very weak. See, her legs have been crushed under her so long."

And I saw the creature struggle: and the drops stood out on her.

And I said, "Surely he who stands beside her will help her?"

And he beside me answered, "He cannot help her: *she must help herself*. Let her struggle till she is strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not hinder

her! See, he moves farther from her, and tightens the cord between them, and he drags her down."

And he answered, "He does not understand. When she moves she draws the band that binds them, and hurts him, and he moves farther from her. The day will come when he will understand, and will know what she is doing. Let her once stagger on to her knees. In that day he will stand close to her, and look into her eyes with sympathy."

And she stretched her neck, and the drops fell from her. And the creature rose an inch from the earth and sank back.

And I cried, "Oh, she is too weak! she cannot walk! The long years have taken all her strength from her. Can she never move?"

And he answered me, "See the light in her eyes!"

And slowly the creature staggered on to its knees.

And I awoke: and all to the east and to the west stretched the barren earth, with the dry bushes on it. The ants ran up and

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down in the red sand, and the heat beat fiercely. I looked up through the thin branches of the tree at the blue sky overhead. I stretched myself, and I mused over the dream I had had. And I fell asleep again, with my head on my saddle. And in the fierce heat I had another dream.

I saw a desert and I saw a woman coming out of it. And she came to the bank of a dark river; and the bank was steep and high.¹ And on it an old man met her, who had a long white beard; and a stick that curled was in his hand, and on it was written Reason. And he asked her what she wanted; and she said "I am woman; and I am seeking for the land of Freedom."

And he said, "It is before you."

And she said, "I see nothing before me but a dark flowing river, and a bank steep and high, and cuttings here and there with heavy sand in them."

And he said, "And beyond that?"

She said, "I see nothing, but sometimes,

¹ The banks of an African river are sometimes a hundred feet high, and consist of deep shifting sands, through which in the course of ages the river has worn its gigantic bed.

when I shade my eyes with my hand, I think I see on the further bank trees and hills, and the sun shining on them! ”

He said, “ That is the Land of Freedom.”

She said, “ How am I to get there? ”

He said, “ There is one way, and one only. Down the banks of Labour, through the water of Suffering. There is no other.”

She said, “ Is there no bridge? ”

He answered, “ None.”

She said, “ Is the water deep? ”

He said, “ Deep.”

She said, “ Is the floor worn? ”

He said, “ It is. Your foot may slip at any time, and you may be lost.”

She said, “ Have any crossed already? ”

He said, “ Some have *tried!* ”

She said, “ Is there a track to show where the best fording is? ”

He said, “ It has to be made.”

She shaded her eyes with her hand; and she said, “ I will go.”

And he said, “ You must take off the clothes you wore in the desert: they are dragged down by them who go into the water so clothed.”

And she threw from her gladly the mantle

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of Ancient-received-opinions she wore, for it was worn full of holes. And she took the girdle from her waist that she had treasured so long, and the moths flew out of it in a cloud. And he said, "Take the shoes of dependence off your feet."

And she stood there naked, but for one white garment that clung close to her.

And he said, "That you may keep. So they wear clothes in the Land of Freedom. In the water it buoys; it always swims."

And I saw on its breast was written Truth; and it was white; the sun had not often shone on it; the other clothes had covered it up. And he said, "Take this stick; hold it fast. In that day when it slips from your hand you are lost. Put it down before you; feel your way: where it cannot find a bottom do not set your foot."

And she said, "I am ready; let me go."

And he said, "No — but stay; what is that — in your breast? "

She was silent.

He said, "Open it, and let me see."

And she opened it. And against her breast was a tiny thing, who drank from it, and the yellow curls above his forehead

pressed against it; and his knees were drawn up to her, and he held her breast fast with his hands.

And Reason said, "Who is he, and what is he doing here?"

And she said, "See his little wings ——"

And Reason said, "Put him down."

And she said, "He is asleep, and he is drinking! I will carry him to the Land of Freedom. He has been a child so long, so long, I have carried him. In the Land of Freedom he will be a man. We will walk together there, and his great white wings will overshadow me. He has lisped one word only to me in the desert — 'Passion!' I have dreamed he might learn to say 'Friendship' in that land."

And Reason said, "Put him down!"

And she said, "I will carry him so — with one arm, and with the other I will fight the water."

He said, "Lay him down on the ground. When you are in the water you will forget to fight, you will think only of him. Lay him down." He said, "He will not die. When he finds you have left him alone he will open his wings and fly. He will be in

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the Land of Freedom before you. Those who reach the Land of Freedom, the first hand they see stretching down the bank to help them shall be Love's. He will be a man then, not a child. In your breast he cannot thrive; put him down that he may grow."

And she took her bosom from his mouth, and he bit her, so that the blood ran down on to the ground. And she laid him down on the earth; and she covered her wound. And she bent and stroked his wings. And I saw the hair on her forehead turned white as snow, and she had changed from youth to age.

And she stood far off on the bank of the river. And she said, "For what do I go to this far land which no one has ever reached? *Oh, I am alone! I am utterly alone!*"

And Reason, that old man, said to her, "Silence! what do you hear?"

And she listened intently, and she said, "I hear a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they beat this way!"

He said, "They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead on! make a track

to the water's edge! Where you stand now, the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet." And he said, "Have you seen the locusts how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water-edge, and it is swept away, and then another comes and then another, and then another, and at last with their bodies piled up a bridge is built and the rest pass over."

She said, "And, of those that come first, some are swept away, and are heard of no more; their bodies do not even build the bridge? "

"And are swept away, and are heard of no more — and what of that? " he said.

"And what of that ——" she said.

"They make a track to the water's edge."

"They make a track to the water's edge ——." And she said, "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass? "

He said, "*The entire human race.*"

And the woman grasped her staff.

And I saw her turn down that dark path to the river.

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And I awoke; and all about me was the yellow afternoon light: the sinking sun lit up the fingers of the milk bushes; and my horse stood by me quietly feeding. And I turned on my side, and I watched the ants run by thousands in the red sand. I thought I would go on my way now — the afternoon was cooler. Then a drowsiness crept over me again, and I laid back my head and fell asleep.

And I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed I saw a land. And on the hills walked brave women and brave men, hand in hand. And they looked into each other's eyes, and they were not afraid.

And I saw the women also hold each other's hands.

And I said to him beside me, "What place is this?"

And he said, "This is heaven."

And I said, "Where is it?"

And he answered, "On earth."

And I said, "When shall these things be?"

And he answered, "IN THE FUTURE."

And I awoke, and all about me was the

sunset light; and on the low hills the sun lay, and a delicious coolness had crept over everything; and the ants were going slowly home. And I walked towards my horse, who stood quietly feeding. Then the sun passed down behind the hills; but I knew that the next day he would arise again.

"I THOUGHT I STOOD."

I.

I THOUGHT I stood in Heaven before God's throne, and God asked me what I had come for. I said I had come to arraign my brother, Man.

God said, "What has he done?"

I said, "He has taken my sister, Woman, and has stricken her, and wounded her, and thrust her out into the streets; she lies there prostrate. His hands are red with blood. *I* am here to arraign him; that the kingdom be taken from him, because he is not worthy, and given unto me. My hands are pure."

I showed them.

God said, "Thy hands are pure.—Lift up thy robe."

I raised it; my feet were red, blood-red, as if I had trodden in wine.

God said, "How is this?"

I said, "Dear Lord, the streets on earth are full of mire. If I should walk straight on in them my outer robe might be bespotted, you see how white it is! Therefore I pick my way."

God said, "*On what?*"

I was silent, and I let my robe fall. I wrapped my mantle about my head. I went out softly. I was afraid that the angels would see me.

II.

Once more I stood at the gate of Heaven, I and another. We held fast by one another; we were very tired. We looked up at the great gates; the angels opened them, and we went in. The mud was on our garments. We walked across the marble floor, and up to the great throne. Then the angels divided us. Her, they set upon the top step, but me, upon the bottom; for, they said, " Last time this woman came here she left red foot-marks on the floor; we had to wash them out with our tears. Let her not go up."

Then she, with whom I came, looked back, and stretched out her hand to me; and I went and stood beside her. And the angels, they, the shining ones who never sinned and never suffered, walked by us to and fro and up and down; I think we should have felt a little lonely there if it had not

“ I THOUGHT I STOOD ”

been for one another, the angels were so bright.

God asked me what I had come for; and I drew my sister forward a little that he might see her.

God said, “ How is it you are here together to-day? ”

I said, “ She was upon the ground in the street, and they passed over her; I lay down by her, and she put her arms around my neck, and so I lifted her, and we two rose together.”

God said, “ Whom are you now come to accuse before me? ”

I said, “ We are come to accuse no man.”

And God bent, and said, “ My children — what is it that ye seek? ”

And she beside me drew my hand that I should speak for both.

I said, “ We have come to ask that thou shouldst speak to Man, our brother, and give us a message for him that he might understand, and that he might —— ”

God said, “ Go, take the message down to him! ”

I said, “ But what *is* the message? ”

God said, " Upon your hearts it is written; take it down to him."

And we turned to go; the angels went with us to the door. They looked at us.

And one said — " Ai! but their dresses are beautiful! "

And the other said, " I thought it was mire when they came in, but see, it is all golden! "

But another said, " Hush, it is the light from their faces! "

And we went down to him.

Alassio, Italy.

“THE POLICY IN FAVOUR OF PROTECTION —.”

WAS IT RIGHT? — WAS IT WRONG?

A WOMAN sat at her desk in the corner of a room; behind her a fire burnt brightly.

Presently a servant came in and gave her a card.

“Say I am busy and can see no one now. I have to finish this article by two o’clock.”

The servant came back. The caller said she would only keep her a moment: it was necessary she should see her.

The woman rose from her desk. “Tell the boy to wait. Ask the lady to come in.”

A young woman in a silk dress, with a cloak reaching to her feet, entered. She was tall and slight, with fair hair.

“I knew you would not mind. I wished to see you so!”

The woman offered her a seat by the fire. “May I loosen your cloak? — the room is warm.”

“I wanted so to come and see you. You are the only person in the world who could help me! I know you are so large, and

generous, and kind to other women!” She sat down. Tears stood in her large blue eyes: she was pulling off her little gloves unconsciously.

“You know Mr. ——” (she mentioned the name of a well-known writer): “I know you meet him often in your work. I want you to do something for me!”

The woman on the hearth-rug looked down at her.

“I couldn’t tell my father or my mother, or any one else; but I can tell you, though I know so little of you. You know, last summer he came and stayed with us a month. I saw a great deal of him. I don’t know if he liked me; I know he liked my singing, and we rode together—I liked him more than any man I have ever seen. Oh, you know it isn’t true that a woman can only like a man when he likes her; and I thought, perhaps, he liked me a little. Since we have been in town we have asked, but he has never come to see us. Perhaps people have been saying something to him about me. You know him, you are always meeting him, couldn’t you say or do anything for me?” She looked up with her

lips white and drawn. "I feel sometimes as if I were going mad! Oh, it is so terrible to be a woman!" The woman looked down at her. "Now I hear he likes another woman. I don't know who she is, but they say she is so clever and writes. Oh, it is so terrible, I can't bear it."

The woman leaned her elbow against the mantel-piece, and her face against her hand. She looked down into the fire. Then she turned and looked at the younger woman. "Yes," she said, "it is a very terrible thing to be a woman." She was silent. She said with some difficulty: "Are you sure you love him! Are you sure it is not only the feeling a young girl has for an older man who is celebrated, and of whom every one is talking?"

"I have been nearly mad. I haven't slept for weeks!" She knit her little hands together, till the jewelled rings almost cut into the fingers. "He is everything to me; there is nothing else in the world. You, who are so great, and strong, and clever, and who care only for your work, and for men as your friends, you cannot understand what it is when one person is everything

to you, when there is nothing else in the world!"

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Oh, I don't know!" She looked up. "A woman knows what she can do. Don't tell him that I love him." She looked up again. "Just say something to him. Oh, it's so terrible to be a woman; I can't do anything. You won't tell him exactly that I love him? That's the thing that makes a man hate a woman, if you tell it him plainly."

"If I speak to him I must speak openly. He is my friend. I cannot fence with him. I have never fenced with him in my own affairs." She moved as though she were going away from the fireplace, then she turned and said: "Have you thought of what love is between a man and a woman when it means marriage? That long, long life together, day after day, stripped of all romance and distance, living face to face: seeing each other as a man sees his own soul? Do you realise that the end of marriage is to make the man and woman stronger than they were; and that if you cannot, when you are an old man and

woman and sit by the fire, say, ‘Life has been a braver and a freer thing for us, because we passed it hand in hand, than if we had passed through it alone,’ it has failed? Do you care for him enough to live for him, not to-morrow, but when he is an old, faded man, and you an old, faded woman? Can you forgive him his sins and his weaknesses, when they hurt you most? If he were to lie a querulous invalid for twenty years, would you be able to fold him in your arms all that time, and comfort him, as a mother comforts her little child?” The woman drew her breath heavily.

“Oh, I love him absolutely! I would be glad to die, if only I could once know that he loved me better than anything in the world!”

The woman stood looking down at her. “Have you never thought of that other woman; whether *she* could not perhaps make his life as perfect as you?” she asked, slowly.

“Oh, no woman ever could be to him what I would be. I would live for him. He belongs to me.” She bent herself forward, not crying, but her shoulders moving.

"It is such a terrible thing to be a woman, to be able to do nothing and say nothing!"

The woman put her hand on her shoulder; the younger woman looked up into her face; then the elder turned away and stood looking into the fire. There was such quiet, you could hear the clock tick above the writing-table.

The woman said: "There is one thing I can do for you. I do not know if it will be of any use—I will do it." She turned away.

"Oh, you are so great and good, so beautiful, so different from other women, who are always thinking only of themselves! Thank you so much. I know I can trust you. I couldn't have told my mother, or any one but you."

"Now you must go; I have my work to finish."

The younger woman put her arms round her. "Oh, you are so good and beautiful!"

The silk dress and the fur cloak rustled out of the room.

The woman who was left alone walked up and down, at last faster and faster, till the drops stood on her forehead. After a time

she went up to the table: there was written illegibly in a man's hand on a fragment of manuscript paper: "*Can I come to see you this afternoon?*" Near it was a closed and addressed envelope. She opened it. In it were written the words: "*Yes, please come.*"

She tore it across and wrote the words: "*No, I shall not be at liberty.*"

She closed them in an envelope and addressed them. Then she rolled up the manuscript on the table and rang the bell. She gave it to the servant. "Tell the boy to give this to his master, and say the article ends rather abruptly; they must state it is to be continued; I will finish it to-morrow. As he passes No. 20 let him leave this note there."

The servant went out. She walked up and down with her hands folded above her head.

Two months after, the older woman stood before the fire. The door opened suddenly, and the younger woman came in.

"I had to come — I couldn't wait. You have heard, he was married this morning? Oh, do you think it is true? Do help me!" She put out her hands.

"Sit down. Yes, it is quite true."

"Oh, it is so terrible, and I didn't know anything! Did you ever say anything to him?" She caught the woman's hands.

"I never saw him again after the day you were here — so I could not speak to him — but I did what I could." She stood looking passively into the fire.

"And they say she is quite a child, only eighteen. They say he only saw her three times before he proposed to her. Do you think it is true?"

"Yes, it is quite true."

"He can't love her. They say he's only marrying her for her rank and her money."

The woman turned quickly. "What right have you to say that? No one but me knows him. What need has he of any one's rank or wealth? He is greater than them all! Older women may have failed him; he has needed to turn to her beautiful, fresh, young life to compensate him. She is a woman whom any man might have loved, so young and beautiful; her family are famed for their intellect. If he trains her, she may make him a better wife than any other woman would have done."

“Oh, but I can’t bear it—I can’t bear it!” The younger woman sat down in the chair. “She will be his wife, and have his children.”

“Yes.” The elder woman moved quickly. “One wants to have the child, and lay its head on one’s breast and feed it.” She moved quickly. “It would not matter if another woman bore it, if one had it to take care of.” She moved restlessly.

“Oh, no, I couldn’t bear it to be hers. When I think of her I feel as if I were dying; all my fingers turn cold; I feel dead. Oh, you were only his friend; you don’t know!”

The older spoke softly and quickly. “Don’t you feel a little gentle to her when you think she’s going to be his wife and the mother of his child? I would like to put my arms round her and touch her once, if she would let me. She is so beautiful, they say.”

“Oh, I could never bear to see her; it would kill me. And they are so happy together to-day! He is loving her so!”

“Don’t you want him to be happy?” The older woman looked down at her. “Have you *never* loved him, at all?”

The younger woman's face was covered with her hands. "Oh, it's so terrible, so dark! and I shall go on living year after year, always in this awful pain! Oh, if I could only die!"

The older woman stood looking into the fire; then slowly and measuredly she said, "There are times, in life, when everything seems dark, when the brain reels, and we cannot see that there is anything but death. But, if we wait long enough, after long, long years, calm comes. It may be we cannot say it was well; but we are contented, we accept the past. The struggle is ended. That day may come for you, perhaps sooner than you think." She spoke slowly, and with difficulty.

"No, it can never come for me. If once I have loved a thing, I love it for ever. I can never forget."

"Love is not the only end in life. There are other things to live for."

"Oh, yes, for you! To me love is everything!"

"Now, you must go, dear."

The younger woman stood up. "It has been such a comfort to talk to you. I think

I should have killed myself if I had not come. You help me so. I shall always be grateful to you.”

The older woman took her hand.

“I want to ask something of you?”

“What is it?”

“I cannot quite explain to you. You will not understand. But there are times when something more terrible can come into a life than that it should lose what it loves. If you have had a dream of what light ought to be, and you try to make it real, and you fail; and something you have killed out in your heart for long years wakes up and cries, ‘Let each man play his own game, and care nothing for the hand of his fellow! Each man for himself. So the game must be played!’ and you doubt all you have lived for, and the ground seems washing out under your feet ——” She paused. “Such a time has come to me now. If you would promise me that if ever another woman comes to seek your help, you will give it to her, and try to love her for my sake, I think it will help me. I think I should be able to keep my faith.”

“ Oh, I will do anything you ask me to. You are so good and great.”

“ Oh, good and great!—if you knew! Now go, dear.”

“ I have not kept you from your work, have I? ”

“ No; I have not been working lately. Good-bye, dear.”

The younger woman went; and the elder knelt down by the chair, and wailed like a little child when you have struck it and it does not dare to cry loud.

A year after; it was early spring again.

The woman sat at her desk writing; behind her the fire burnt brightly. She was writing a leading article on the causes which in differing peoples lead to the adoption of Free Trade or Protectionist principles.

The woman wrote on quickly. After awhile the servant entered and laid a pile of letters on the table. “ Tell the boy I shall have done in fifteen minutes.” She wrote on. Then she caught sight of the writing on one of the letters. She put down her pen, and opened it. It ran so:—

“ DEAR FRIEND,—I am writing to you,

because I know you will rejoice to hear of my great happiness. Do you remember how you told me that day by the fire to *wait*, and after long, long years I should see that all was for the best? That time has come sooner than we hoped. Last week in Rome I was married to the best, noblest, most large-hearted of men. We are now in Florence together. You don't know how beautiful all life is to me. I know now that the old passion was only a girl's foolish dream. My husband is the first man I have ever truly loved. He loves me and understands me as no other man ever could. I am thankful that my dream was broken; God had better things in store for me. I don't hate that woman any more; I love every one! How are you, dear? We shall come and see you as soon as we arrive in England. I always think of you so happy in your great work and helping other people. I don't think *now* it is terrible to be a woman; it is lovely.

"I hope you are enjoying this beautiful spring weather.

"Yours always full of gratitude and love,

"E ———."

The woman read the letter: then she stood up and walked towards the fire. She did not re-read it, but stood with it open in her hand, looking down into the blaze. Her lips were drawn in at the corners. Presently she tore the letter up slowly, and watched the bits floating down one by one into the grate. Then she went back to her desk, and began to write, with her mouth still drawn in at the corners. After awhile she laid her arm on the paper and her head on her arm, and seemed to go to sleep there.

Presently the servant knocked; the boy was waiting. “Tell him to wait ten minutes more.” She took up her pen —— “The Policy of the Australian Colonies in favour of Protection is easily understood ——” she waited —— “when one considers the fact —— the fact ——”; then she finished the article.

Cape Town, South Africa, 1892.



The Bibelot

THE literary outcropping of our Civil War was a limited one both as to quantity and quality, especially as to quality. Emerging from the conflict a few cockle-boats of rhyme managed to float downwards on the tide of years, and of these, *Il Pesceballo* has a very definite and durable claim for recognition. The rarity of the little pamphlet would alone entitle it to reissue in these pages.¹ The only reprint that we know was made by the Caxton Club

1 *Il Pesceballo* | *Opera* | in un Atto | Musica del Maestro Rossibelli-Donimozarti | (*Device*) | Cambridge | Printed at the Riverside Press | 1862. 16mo. Paper wrapper. Pp. 31.

It is of decided interest to know the prices paid at auction within the past two years:

Il Pesceballo. First Edition (four signatures). (Cambridge, 1862.) 16mo.

Sewed, in mor. case (*Arnold copy*), Maier, A., Nov. 22, '09. (1352) \$40.00.

Il Pesceballo. Second edition (two signatures). (Cambridge, 1862.) 16mo.

Sewed, Harris L., Oct. 6, '09. (1214) \$16.00.

Sewed, in mor. case, Maier A., Nov. 22, '09. (1353) \$20.00.

Sewed (*Presentation copy*), Weld & Grimko, Feb. 2, '10. (998) \$15.50.

Sewed, L., Feb. 24, '10. (828) \$10.00.

of Chicago in 1899, and of two hundred and ten copies but few presumably reached the general reading public.² The late Charles Eliot Norton who wrote an Introduction for the Caxton edition puts the essential facts as to this tiny jeu d'esprit in a very convincing manner:

"The theme of the Pesceballo was suggested to him [Professor Child] by a local ballad which had had great vogue, written not many years before by his class-mate and lifelong friend Lane, the genial and eminent professor of Latin at Harvard. . . . The account of its origin is given in a recent memoir of Mr. Lane by Professor

Il Pesceballo. Third edition. Cambridge, 1862. 12mo.

Orig. paper covers, in mor. case (with the names of the performers in ink), Maier, A., Nov. 22, '09. (1354) \$24.00.

2 *Il Pesceballo* | Opera in one act | Italian words by Francis James Child | English version by James Russell Lowell | [Device] | Chicago | The Caxton Club | 1899.

Introduction by Charles Eliot Norton. Crown octavo, [4] 1+53+1 pp., with Facsimile inserted of original title-page and 2 pp. music.

Printed on American hand-made paper. Bound in red satin-finished linen, with Club device in gold on sides, gilt tops, other edges untrimmed.

The edition consisted of 207 copies—200 of which were for sale—on hand-made paper and 3 copies on Japanese vellum. The presswork was completed in December, 1899. The subscription price was \$5.00.

Morgan. He says: 'Many fables about the origin of this song have been told, and one was even printed with the song itself; but I know from Professor Lane's lips that it was based upon an adventure of his own. Arriving in Boston one day after a journey, he found himself hungry and with only twenty-five cents in his pocket. Half that sum he had to reserve to pay his carfare to Cambridge. With the rest he entered a restaurant, "with modest face," and ordered a half portion of macaroni. What followed is described, doubtless with humorous exaggeration, in the ballad itself. During the late Civil War it was worked over into a mock Italian Operetta, *Il Pesceballo*, by Professor Child, with an English version by Professor Lowell, and was performed in Cambridge for the benefit of a fund for the soldiers.'

Diminutive specimen of Americana as it was Il Pesceballo is not so wholly frivolous in plot or performance as some might take it to be. Professor Norton points out with what "astonishing vivacity and skill Mr. Child adapted the songs . . . to famous and familiar airs." The opening chorus was to *La dolce aurora*, from *Moses in Egypt*, and so it goes with wonderful verve through adaptations from the Italian operas then in vogue — *The Barber of Seville*, *The Magic Flute*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Don Giovanni*, *Norma*, *Lucia*, *La Favorita*. When we say that Professor Paine was responsible for the arrangement of the recitative interludes, and that "the little piece was charmingly sung by amateurs

of excellent voices and unusual accomplishments," there could have been no doubt of its immediate success. "Il Pesceballo added its mite to the popular contribution for the war, and then Time cast it into the

*'Wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.'*"

Concerning the distinguished scholar who turned its Italian humor into equally humorous English, (he had written some not wholly forgotten Biglow Papers, and) within three years he was to compose The Harvard Commemoration Ode, a masterpiece with but one serious competitor — When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd. As for Professor Child his name is writ large in the history of Ballad literature, which is another and longer story. Neither the times nor the men will reappear, but their memory endures. Unquestionably such times were out of joint and, just as unquestionably, those who produced Il Pesceballo were among the elected ones born to help set them right.

IL PESCEBALLO.*

OPERA SERIA: IN UN ATTO.

Musica del Maestro Rossibelli-Donimozarti.

PERSONAGGI:

LO STRANIERO (TENORE).

IL CAMERIERE (BASSO).

LA PADRONA (SOPRANO).

Un Corriere, Serve della Locanda, Studenti di Padova.

LA SCENA È IN PADOVA.

[* *Il Pesceballo* (corruzione della voce inglese *Fish-ball*) è un prodotto della cucina americana, consistente in una combinazione di stoccofisso con patate, fatta nella forma di pallottole, simili alle nostre polpette, e poi fritta. Msgr. Bedini, nel suo *Viaggio negli Stati Uniti*, c' insegna che la detta pietanza si usa massimamente nella Nuova-Inghilterra, ove, secondo quel venerabile autore, viene specialmente mangiato a colazione nelle domeniche.]

[*Pesceballo* (corruption of the English word *fish-ball*) is a product of American cookery, consisting of a mixture of stock-fish and potatoes made into the form of a small ball, similar to our polpette (meat-balls), and then fried. Monsignor Bedini, in his *Travels in the United States* informs us that the said dish is in very common use in New England where, according to this venerable author, it serves especially for Sunday breakfast.]

T. H. C.

SCENA I.

Strada in Padova. CORO DI STUDENTI DELL' UNIVERSITÀ, dapprima in lontananza, poi sulla scena.

V IENE la sera,
Fa buona cera,
Col nuovo giorno
Torna il lavor.

Canta la notte,
Tregua a dottrina,
Fino a mattina,
E al professor!

Bere, fumare,
Rider, ballare,
Di noi studenti
Ecco l' amor!

È studiare
Filosofia,
Astronomia,
Nostro dover:

Tutte le lingue,
Giurisprudenza,
Ogni scienza
L' uom può saper.

SCENE I.

Street in Padua. CHORUS of STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY, first in the distance, then on the stage.

HESPER doth peer now,
Make we good cheer now,
With the new daylight
Back to the oar!

We're your true nightlarks!
Truce to all learning
Till, with the morning,
Comes the old bore!

Drinking and smoking,
Laughing and joking,
These are what students
Love to the core!

We have to study
Flossofies muddy,
'Ologies, 'Onomies,
'Ics by the score!

All the strange lingoës,
Law, too, by jingoës!
Ever new sciences
We must explore!

Bere, fumare,
Rider, ballare,
Di noi studenti
Ecco il piacer!

[*Partono.*

SCENA II.

LO STRANIERO.

CAVATINA.

Ecco tra nubi e tenebre
Spenti son sole e luna;
Spietata e ria fortuna
Non più mi tormentar!
Ah! dolce mia visione,
Pechè mi eludi ancora!
Perisco, ohimè! in quest' ora,
Se non trovo da mangiar!

[*Si riposa sopra una rocca, stanco e quasi disperato:
dopo alcuni momenti ricomincia.*

Giusto cielo! che appare agli occhi miei!
Parmi veder un lume di lontano!
Forse io pervengo al desiato asilo:
Deh! guidatemi voi, possenti Numi!

[*Parte.*

Drinking and smoking,
Laughing and joking,
These are the pleasures
Night hath in store.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

THE STRANGER.

CAVATINA.

Behold thro' shadows lowering
The waning moon slinks cowering!
Dread Fate, my soul o'erpowering,
No more my footsteps dog!
Ah! sweet, ecstatic vision,
Why leave me in derision?
I perish, dream Elysian,
Unless I find some prog!

[*He sinks upon a rock, weary, and almost desperate:
after a pause, he begins again.*]

Just Heaven, what splendor greets my aching eyes!
Methinks I see Hope's morning star arise!
Is it some sign transparent, or the moon?
Guide me, ye powers supreme, to some *Saloon!*

[*Exit.*]

SCENA III.

Sala da pranzo in un' osteria. LA PADRONA, IL CAM-
ERIERE, SERVE.

- P. Ditemi, Pietro, tutto è bene ordinato?
Verrà nel momento una folla di gente.
C. Vengano pure, che noi siam prontissimi.
Sento già gli studenti che cantono nella piazza.
P. Oh si! che seccatura! stravaganti matti!
C. Ma tuttavia, Signora, son buoni avventori.
P. In ogni caso, bisogna sottomettersi.
Andate alla cucina colle ragazze,
Affrettate la cena!

[Partono, fuorchè la Padrona.]

SCENA IV.

LA PADRONA.

ARIA.

Come la vita è mesta
Di chi locanda tiene:
Più ch' ella è dolce e lesta,
Sempre men bella viene!
Mandami, o ciel, qualch' angelo,
La sorte mia a cangiar!

Io non voglio estate e inverno
Star quì sola ad invecchiar:

SCENE III.

Dining-room of an Eating-House. THE LANDLADY,
WAITER, MAIDS.

- L. Pietro, say, are all things ordered right?
There'll be a throng of customers to-night.
- W. Bid them come on! we're ready and to spare:
I hear the students singing in the square.
- L. Yes, what a bore! sad customers are they!
- W. Your pardon, Madam, good ones — when they pay.
- L. Howe'er it is, submissive must we be:
Go to the kitchen and the maids o'ersee, }
That everything be ready to a T. }
- [Exit Waiter.

SCENE IV.

THE LANDLADY, *sola*.

ARIA.

How full is life of sorrow
To one that keeps an hostel!
Doomed with each weary morrow
To be upon the go still!
Send me, oh Heaven, some angel
In answer to my moan!

In season and out of season,
I wither here alone,

Egli è un torto, un' onta e scherno,
Il mio lungo travagliar!
Risoluta son io fra poco
Maritarmi e il mio stato cangiar.

SCENA V.

LA PADRONA, IL CAMERIERE.

- C.* (*a parte.*) Eccola soletta! Proffittiamo del favorevole momento!
P. Cosa è, Pietro?
C. Mi date licenza di parlare?
P. Ah, no, capisco! la storia è già vecchissima:
Non ispendere le parole! La gente arriva.
C. Ma sentitemi!

DUETTO.

- P.* Oibò, m' è noto troppo ormai
Quel folle canto di dolor!
C. Farmi tacer tu non potrai,
Finch' io guadagni il tuo favor!
P. { Davvero, è invan l' importunar,
Non gemer più, non più sperar!
C. { Davvero, è invano il rifiutar,
Per sempre vo' perseverar!
P. { Ti dico ancor, di buona fè,
La mano, il cuor, non son per te!
C. { Ti giuro ancor, di buona fè,
E mano e cuor, son sol per te!

[*Parte la Padrona.*

(’T is a shame, ’t is against all reason,)
 Wearing my hands to the bone!
 My mind’s made up! I’ll seize on
 Some husband to share my moan!

SCENE V.

LANDLADY, WAITER.

W. (*aside.*) Lo, she’s alone! no better moment seek!

L. What is it, Pietro?

W. Have I leave to speak?

L. Ah no! I see, the string you’re always strumming;
 Don’t waste your breath, — there’s customers a-coming! }

W. Yet hear me! I’m sincere. — D’ ye call this humming? }

DUET.

L. Alas, too well to me is known
 That hopeless song of love and woe.

W. You cannot hush my anguished moan,
 Till you recall that fatal “*No!*”

L. { Thy importunings are in vain,
 Cease, cease these sighs, ’t is wasted pain!

W. { Though thou refuse me yet again,
 My love shall wax, but never wane!

L. { Again I say, it cannot be;
 This hand, this heart, are not for thee!

W. { Again I swear, though cold to me,
 This hand, this heart, are thine in fee!

[*Exit Landlady.*

SCENA VI.

LO STRANIERO, IL CAMERIERE. — *Innanzi la locanda.*

LO STRANIERO *picchia alla porta.* *Esce IL*

CAMERIERE.

- C. Straniero di dubbio aspetto, che fate a questa porta?
Sulla vostra faccia sta scritta la fame,
Ma credo che non abbiate danaro nella tasca.
Quì non si fa credenza!
- S. Cortese Cameriere! dopo aver cacciato il giorno intero
Illusorio un fantasma, giunsi alla vostra porta.
Creso non sono, ma alle spese mie far fronte io posso.
- C. Signor, basta così! Entrate, se vi piace.
Ma prima narrate parte delle sventure vostre.
- S. Il voglio. Udite!

CAVATINA.

D' amore e fame io vittima,
Mi coricai digiuno;
Venne una bell' immagine,
Segando l' aer bruno;
Sorgi, mi disse, affrettati,
Segui con piede ardito,
E 'l cuor e l' appetito
Io voglio soddisfar!

C. Eh ben!

S. Tutta la notte, impavido,
Io seguitai d' intorno

SCENE VI.

In front of the Eating-House. THE STRANGER knocks.

Enter WAITER.

- W. Stranger of doubtful aspect, what make you at the door?
Your face with Hunger's I O U's is written o'er and o'er;
Yet much I do suspect me, you have n't *nary red*;
Here but our clock hath leave to *tick!* make tracks! *vamose!*
'nough said!
- S. O gentlemanly waiter, all day have I pursued
A fleeting, fond illusion of broiled and roast and stewed;
I am not Cræsus, 't is too true, but I my scot can pay!
- W. If that's the case, I ask no more; I pray you step this way, —
Yet first (for I have sorrows, too,) your woeful tale impart!
- S. Waiter of generous soul, I will, although it break my heart!

CAVATINA.

With love and hunger anguishing,
As I in bed was tossing,
There passed a vision languishing,
The murky midnight crossing!
"Arise!" it said, "and follow me!
Follow with dauntless courage!
And find, ere darkness swallow me,
For heart and stomach forage!"

W. And then?

S. I followed, then, unterrified,
In hope (yet hope half-scorning)

A quel fantasma erratico,
Ed il seguente giorno.
Fermossi alfin l' immagine
A questa trattoria,
E poscia andando via,
In nebbia disparì!

- C. Straniero sfortunato, mi fa pietà la storia vostra.
Entrate, si vi place, e dimenticate il cordoglio nel vino!

SCENA VII.

Dentro la trattoria. STUDENTI, seduti alla tavola.
Diverse SERVE, indi IL CAMERIERE e LO
STRANIERO.

CORO: CANZONE POPOLARE.

- C. Andava un uom per la città,
Cercando un pasto quà e là.
Per ogni dove ei si girò,
Ma nulla da mangiar trovò.
In fine ei giunse a certa ca,
Ove entra con timidità —
- S. Ed or, Cameriere, mostratemi la lista!

ARIA.

- C. Signorino una lista l' è questa
Delle cose che abbiám per la cena:
Di vivande squisite è ripiena,
Voi scerrete da ciò, *s'il vous plaît!*

To see that promise verified,
All night and since this morning!
At last, the vision wonderful
Stopped here before your portal,
And then, like longings mortal,
In cloud-wreaths disappeared!

W. O stranger, too unfortunate, thy story starts a tear,
Step in, I prithee, and forget thy sorrows in some beer!

SCENE VII.

The Eating-House. STUDENTS seated. WAITING-MAIDS.

To them enter the WAITER and STRANGER.

CHORUS: POPULAR BALLAD.

There was a man went round the town
To hunt a supper up and down.

For he had been right far away,
And nothing found to eat that day.

He finds at last a right cheap place,
And stealeth in with modest pace —

S. Now, waiter, bring to me the bill of fare.
(*aside*) Ye pangs within, what will not hunger dare?

ARIA.

W. Here is the bill of fare, sir,
Of what there is for supper,
Long as the Proverbs of Tupper, —
Command, then, *s' il vous plaît!*

Per minestre centesimi venti,
Per l'arrosto una lira e cinquanta,
E pel lessò soltanto quaranta,
Ma i pescebàlli novanta per trè!
Nella lista v' è trovato
Ogni cibo delicato, —
Costelette, pollastrini,
Selvaggiame, beccaccini, —
Troverete a vostro genio
Una grande varietà.
Noi ci abbiamo de' fagiani,
Quaglie, anatre, ortolani;
Per buon vin siam rinomati,
Per caffè siam celebrati;
Da per tutto siam lodati
Sin pe' nostri gran gelati, —
Ma il migliore, ognuno sallo,
È il famoso pescebàllo!
Delizioso un tal piatto
Vien soltanto da noi fatto
Come il fan gli Americani,
Il segreto è in nostre mani, —
È gustoso, saporoso,
Di gran studio è stato il frutto,
E lo chiamo, sopra tutto,
Una mia specialità,
Capo d'opra in verità.

Soup, with nothing, twenty coppers,
Roast spring-chicken, three-and-nime,
Ditto biled (but then they're whoppers!)
Fish-balls, luscious, two a dime,
Two a dime, sir, hot and prime, sir,
Fried codfish-balls, two a dime!
There's the bill and cash procures ye
Any viand that allures ye; —
Cutlet, pigeon, woodcock, widgeon,
Canvas-backs, if you're a painter,
Plover, rice-birds (they're your nice birds!)
And, to cut it short, there ain't a
Thing but you can play the lord in,
If you've got the brads accordin'.
Wines? We get 'em right from Jersey; —
Coffee? Our own beans we raise, sir; —
Ices? 'Cept we warmed 'em, — mercy, —
Freeze your tongue too stiff to praise, sir!
Best of all, though, 's the fish-ball, though,
We have made 'em all the fashion;
Come to try 'em as we fry 'em, —
Presto! liking turns to passion!
There we carry off the banner,
'Taint so easy, neither, that ain't, —
But, you see, we've got a patent, —
Do 'em in the Cape Cod manner, —
That's the way to make 'em flavorful!
Fried in butter, tongue can't utter
How they're brown, and crisp, and savorous!

- S. Ma finite, Cameriere, mi muojo di fame intanto:
Proverò quei pesceballi — ma un solo basterà!
(*con vergogna.*)

SCENA VIII.

LO STRANIERO, CORO.

- S. (*a parte.*) Ohimè! momento di orrore, crise del mio destino!
Incoraggiato dalla visione sono entrato in questa casa,
Non avendo che sei carantani!
Piccola somma, che paga soltanto un pesceballo!
Ma sicuro, si dà, come al solito, con tutte le pietanze,
Pane a discrezione!

CORO.

Birra, birra, olà Cameriere,
Quanto volete farci aspettar?
Da una buon ora vogliamo da bere,
Tanto ritardo chi può supportar!
Birra, birra, sia forte o leggiera,
Un po' di sveltezza bisogna mostrar!
Birra di Scozia, di Londra, Baviera,
Presto, bottiglie, non più indugiar!

SCENA IX.

IL CAMERIERE, e DETTI.

- C. Ecco, Signore, il vostro pesceballo! (*sdegnosamente.*)
S. Sì, non c'è mal, amico, ancorchè senza pane —

- S. Peace, waiter, for I starve meanwhile, — but hold:
Bring me *one* fish-ball, ONE, — (*aside*) curst lack of gold!

SCENE VIII.

THE STRANGER, CHORUS.

- S. Moment of horror! crisis of my doom!
Led by the dreadful Shape, I sought this room
With half a dime! A slender sum, and yet
'T will buy one fish-ball! Down, weak pride, forget
Thy happier — but what prate I? Thought of dread,
If, with one fish-ball, they should *not* give bread!

CHORUS.

Beer here! beer here! hallo! waiter!
Think ye *we* came here to wait?
Jupiter surnamed the Stator,
Never had so slow a gait!
Beer here! beer here! brisk and foaming,
Lager, Burton, Dublin stout!
If you take so long in coming,
One would rather go without!

SCENE IX.

Enter WAITER.

- W. Here's your *one* fish-ball, sir — (*sarcastically*) you ordered *one*?
S. Thanks, — and with bread to match, 't were not ill done.

DUETTO, e CORO.

C. (*con furia.*) Con un pesceballo, voi pan' domandate?
Voi matto siete, per certo, scusate!
Siffatta richiesta dà prova funesta
Di debole testa, d' un cieco furore!
È sintomo certo siffatta richiesta
Di mente distratta, d' un cieco furor!

S. Con un pesceballo voi pan' rifiutate?
Voi matto siete, per certo, scusate!
Si parva richiesta trov' io modesta,
Ripulsa l' è questa che inspira furore!
Che voi rifiutate si parva richiesta
M' infiamma di sdegno, m' inspira furor!

Coro. Per un pesceballo che strepito fate!
Di grazia, Signori, quei gridi lasciate!
Tal rissi molesta ci guasta la festa,
Ci turba la testa, ci aizza a furore!
Distrugge il piacere tal rissa molesta,
C' infiamma di sdegno, ci aizza a furor!

SCENA X.

LA PADRONA, e DETTI.

C. Ma viene la Padrona, adesso saprà tutto.

S. { Oh, cielo! il mio sogno!

P. { Oh, cielo! il mio fato!

P. Dite, Signori miei, perchè si turbolenti!
Mi dispiace molto questa violenza.

DUET AND CHORUS.

W. (*with fury.*) With one single fish-ball, is 't bread ye are after?
So wild a presumption provokes me to laughter!
So mad a suggestion proves, out of all question,
Howe'er you the test shun, you're mad as a hornet!
I trample it, scorn it, so mad a suggestion!
It fills me with fury, it dumbs me with rage!

S. With one dainty fish-ball do *you* bread refuse me?
It's *you* are the madman yourself, sir, excuse me!
My wish was immodest? Of men you're the oddest!
In straight-waistcoat bodiced, go hide ye in Bedlam!
Your fish-balls, *there*, peddle 'em! learn to be modest,
And tempt not a stranger half-starving to rage!

Chorus. O'er one paltry fish-ball d' ye make such a rumpus?
For gracious' sake, neighbors, we'd rather you'd thump us!
You make such a flare-up, such riot and rear-up,
Our comfort you tear up to rags and to tatters,
Come, settle your matters without such a flare-up,
Or soon you shall suffer a proof of our rage!

SCENE X.

Enter LANDLADY.

W. The Mistress comes, and I will all relate.

S. { Oh, Heaven! my dream! (*aside.*)

L. { Resistless stars! my Fate! (*aside.*)

What means, sirs, tell me, this unseemly riot?

These twenty years my house has still been quiet.

Tutti. Signora!

P. Silenzio! e tu, straniero, interessante, spiegami quel tumulto!

S. Il voglio. Ascoltami!

CAVATINA.

D' amore e fame io vittima,

Mi coricai digiuno;

Venne una bell' immagine,

Segando l' aer bruno;

Sorgi, mi disse, affrettati,

Segui con piede ardito

E 'l cuor e l' appetito

Io voglio soddisfar!

P. Eh ben?

S. Tutta la notte, impavido,

Io seguitai d' intorno

A quel fantasma erratico,

Ed il seguente giorno.

Fermossi alfin l' immagine .

A questa trattoria,

E poscia andando via

In nebbia disparì!

CORO, *ed* ARIA.

Viva! all' illustre incognito

Facciam buona accoglienza!

Più non fu mai miracolo

Provato ad evidenza.

All. Lady!

L. Peace! Interesting stranger, tell
The tumult's cause, and how it all befell.

S. I'll furnish voice, if thou'll find ears as well!

CAVATINA.

With love and hunger anguishing,
As I in bed was tossing,
There came a vision languishing,
The murky midnight crossing!
"Arise!" it said, "and follow me!
Press on with dauntless courage!
And find, ere darkness swallow me,
For heart and stomach forage!"

L. What then!

S. I followed, then, unterrified,
In hope (yet hope half-scorning)
To see the vision verified,
All night and all this morning.
At last the shape mysterious
Stopped here before your portal,
And then, like longings mortal,
It vanished in a fog!

CHORUS AND ARIA.

Chorus. Hurrah for the famous incognito!
Here's marvels beyond exception!
I'd dance, though I had a mahog'ny toe,
To give him a rousing reception!

Ah, se d'un dolce affetto
Lo stral ti punge il petto,
Cedi all' attrar propizio
D' un subitaneo ardor!

P. Fede a fallaci oroscopi
L' anima mia non presta:
Pure il predir d' un zingaro
Fisso in pensier mi resta: —
“ Verrà un signor straniero,
Velato di mistero,
A impadronirsi subito
Del regno del tuo cor! ”

Unodel Coro. Signor gentile, vi domando perdon per la mia rozzezza!

Coro. E noi.

S. L' accordo.

Coro. Divina fu la vostra visione!

S. Il credo.

TRIO.

C. O bah le sue visioni!
Come la luce è chiaro,
Senza sborsar danaro
Questi pranzar non dè!
Tali ospiziar bricconi
Strano è il capriccio in tel

P. O se sapessi a quale
Opra m' astringi atroce,
Per quanto sii feroce

Ah, if with Cupid's arrow
You tingle to the marrow,
Yield to the sweet distraction
Of instantaneous flame!

L. Much faith to joy- or sorrow-scopes
My mind has never tendered,
Yet to a gypsy's horoscopes
It instantly surrendered; —
"There comes a noble stranger
In mystery and danger,
At once to seize the sceptre
That sways thy bosom's throne!"

One of the Chorus. Pardon my rudeness, gentle stranger, do!

All. And ours!

S. 'T is done!

Chorus. Your vision, then?

S. Proves true!

TRIO.

W. Oh bah! confound his visions!
'T would be a tavern pretty,
If *gratis* here the city
Could all come in to dine,
Consuming our provisions,
Our fish-balls, and our wine!

L. O, if thou only knewest
To what a deed atrocious
Thou urgest me, ferocious,

Ne avresti orror con me!
Idea più immorale,
Colpa maggior non c' è!

S. Meco benigna tanto
Mai non credea costei;
Trovar pietà con lei,
Sogno pur sembra a me!
Mia esser dei soltanto,
Del tuo favor mercè!

SCENA XI.

UN CORRIERE, e DETTI.

Corr. Amici, vi è stato uno straniero di nobile aspetto?

Cam. Sì, — in quanto allo straniero.

Corr. Di sembiante digiuno, per non dir affamato?

Cam. Sì — assolutamente.

Corr. Il cerco già da un anno — è *il Conte di Carrara!*

P. Possibile?

Corr. Indubitabile!

Scacciato, ancor bambino, da un patrigno inumano,
Strascinò la gioventù in paesi esteri.

Ora è l' erede de' beni del tiranno!

P. Eccolo!

Coro. O gioja!

Corr. Il Signor è padovano? (*allo Straniero.*)

S. No, bergamasco.

My horror would be thine!
Aims such as thou pursuest,
A fiend would sure resign!

S. That she should prove benignant,
My wildest hope surpasses;
They are but dolts and asses
That doubt my dream divine!
Ah, do not be indignant,
If now I call thee mine!

SCENE XI.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Friends, was a stranger here of noble mien?

W. A stranger, yes.

Mess. Half-starved? Of garments mean?

W. Precisely so, and coin of small amount!

Mess. 'T is he I've sought for years, CARRARA'S COUNT!

L. Art speaking sooth?

Mess. Of course; why this amaze?

A harsh stepfather turned him out to graze.

An exile long, — mark now the hand of Fate!

The old man's dead, and *his'n* the estate!

(points to stranger.)

L. O, joy supreme!

Chorus. I always told you so!

Mess. Are you a Paduan? *(To stranger.)*

S. No, of Bergamo!

Corr. È il conte!

Vi ricordate d'una infanzia felice passata nella
magion degli avi vostri?

S. Non io!

Corr. È il conte ! !

Avete intorno al collo un giojello coll' arme di
Carrara?

S. Niente!

Corr. È il conte ! ! !

Vi è l' impronta d' una fragola sull' omero manco?

S. Nessuna!

Corr. È IL CONTE, è IL CONTE, certo ! ! ! ! Salutatelo!

Coro. Divina fu quella visione!

ARIA.

P. Sì, divina, chi può dubitare,
Fu la tua soave visione!
Sembra voglian omai secondare
Tutti i Numi il mio caro desir!
Deh vieni, adesso invitoti,
Per amore, e senza pagare,
Quella lista intera a mangiare,
E colla cantina finir!

S. Sì, divina, chi può dubitare,
Fu la mia soave visione!
Sembra voglian omai secondare
Tutti i Numi il mio caro desir!
Sì, io vado, adesso invitami,

Mess. Then 't is the Count! — Your memory recalls
Blithe days of childhood passed in marble halls?

S. Hanged if it does!

Mess. 'T is *He!*! — One further test:
Wear you a locket with the fam'ly crest?

S. Not I!

Mess. 'T IS *HE!*!! — Yes, might I be so bold, —
Shows your left arm a roseate button-mould?

S. Not in the least!

Mess. 'T IS *HE!*!!! Conviction strong!
Salute him all!

Chorus. I thought so all along.

ARIA.

L. Yes, divine (ah, who can doubt it?)
Was thy sweet ecstatic vision!
Thrice divine, for how, without it,
Had I known thy heart so true?
Pietro slight thee? *I* invite thee;
Order what you like, — I grant it;
Eat up all, and, if you want it,
Empty all the cellar too!

S. Yes, divine (ah, who can doubt it?)
Was my vision so Elysian!
Thrice divine, — who dares to flout it,
Now that I can call thee mine?
Nought now frights me, *She* invites me,

Per amore e senza pagare,
Quella lista intera a mangiare,
E colla cantina finir!

Cam. Inganno, chi può dubitare,
È la sua soave visione
Io non voglio giammai secondare
Di quei sciocchi lo sconcio desir!
Ah vattene! adesso invitati,
Per amore e senza pagare,
La mia lista intera a mangiare,
E colla cantina finir!
P. Mangiam, mangiam, insieme!
Tutti. Ah sì!

FINE DEL PESCEBALLO.

All the bill of fare's mine *gratis*,
And if that should not be *satis*,
There's the cellar full of wine!

W. No, a humbug (who can doubt it?)
Was his lying, plund'ring vision!
Take no pay? Give meals without it?
Scorn, my soul, the base ideal!
Stuff ye, dead-heads, black-, gray-, red-heads,
Eat whate'er you lay your eyes on!
Gratis eat, and find it pison,
Ending with unlooked-for *bier*!

L. Sit down together, then, and eat away!
All. 'T is sweet to eat and drink when others pay!

END.

THE LAY OF THE ONE FISHBALL.

THERE was a man went round the town,
To hunt a supper up and down;
There was a man, etc.

*For he had been right far away,
And nothing had to eat all day.*

*He feels his cash to count his pence,
And all he had was just six cents.*

*"Wretch that I am, it happens meet,
Why did I leave my Kirkland Street!*

*"None but a fool a wife forsakes,
Who raspberry jam and waffles makes.*

*"If I were now safe out of town,
I'd give my bran-new dressing-gown.*

*"But yet I'll make a start and try
To see what my six cents will buy."*

*He finds at last a right cheap place,
And stealeth in with bashful face.*

*The bill of fare he runneth through,
To see what his six cents will do.*

*The cheapest of the viands all,
Was 12 1-2 for two fishball.*

*The waiter he to him doth call,
And whispers softly, "One fishball."*

*The waiter roars it through the hall,
The guests they start at "ONE FISHBALL!"*

*The waiter brings one fishball on,
The guest he looks abashed down.*

*The scantness of the fare he sees:
"A piece of bread, now, if you please."*

*The waiter roars it through the hall,
"WE DON'T GIVE BREAD WITH ONE FISHBALL!"*

*Then whoso orders one fishball
Must get bread first or not at all.*

*And who would two with fixins eat,
Should get some friend to stand a treat.*

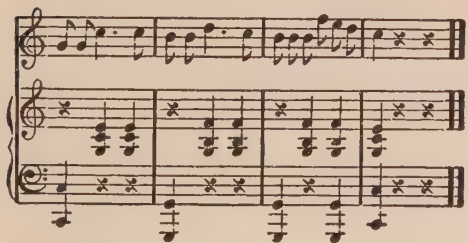
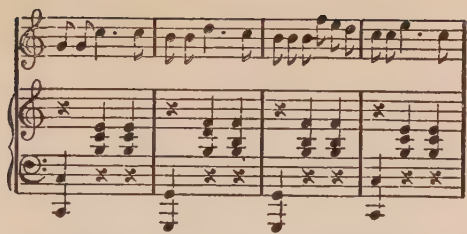
NOTE.—According to Professor Norton this is the genuine version. In the usual collections and in Newspaper reprints the title is invariably given as "The Lone Fishball," while the text is considerably reduced in length.

The One Fishball

Moderato.

(Volkslied.)

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each consisting of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff, which includes a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The first system shows the vocal line starting with a quarter note, followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with some rests marked with an 'x'. The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment, including some rests marked with an 'x' in the bass line.



The Bibelot

THE pageantry of War as of Life lies on the surface and toward it men are most easily attracted. It has colour and movement and great dramatic episodes, and where a host of defeated warriors march out of a beleaguered city to lay down their arms, yet with all the honours of the fight accorded them, there is that pomp and circumstance in defeat which stirs our blood and bites into the imagination even when they keep pace to *The World turn'd upside down*. If the reversed guns have final civilities accorded them how much more intense an hour of glorious strife when the Imperial eagles announce

"Napoleon conquers — Austerlitz is won."

Undoubtedly the hero exists en masse but the man is swallowed up in the battalion. Stevenson knew all this and has canvases that depict the battlefield where "black squadrons wheel down to death." But, in what we cannot otherwise than regard as his finest heroic, it is the individual rather than the Cause or the Nation back of it. Of such fiery souls one may well think of the Japanese hero as a supreme instance.

"As for Yoshida, I have already disclaimed responsibility; it was but my hand that held the pen" — thus our author in his Preface to Familiar Studies of Men and Books, (1882), the same having first been printed in The Cornhill Magazine for March, 1880. It has always seemed to us that this essay properly considered stood beside The English Admirals. It is from the same love of moving portraiture that both of these little cabinet pictures sprang. Perhaps it is too much to expect a detailed historical account of Yoshida. There is an absence of dates save that he was twenty-two when Commodore Perry's fleet was about making its departure from Japanese waters, and was only thirty-one years old when he came to the end of his days. "It is better to be a crystal and be broken," — magnificent last words! And Gordon at Khartoum or Francisco Ferrer at Barcelona are but variants of the eternal type of those who fling their lives away that the world, whether it will or no, may profit by their divine example.

*"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."*

YOSHIDA-TORAJIRO

By

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MASTER, what of the night? —
Child, night is not at all
Anywhere, fallen or to fall,
Save in our star-stricken eyes.
Forth of our eyes it takes flight,
Look we but once nor before
Nor behind us, but straight on the skies
Night is not then any more.

Martyrs, what of the night? —
Nay, is it night with you yet?
We, for our part, we forget
What night was, if it were.
The loud red mouths of the fight
Are silent and shut where we are.
In our eyes the tempestuous air
Shines as the face of a star.

Liberty, what of the night? —
I feel not the red rains fall,
Hear not the tempest at all.
Nor thunder in heaven any more.
All the distance is white
With the soundless feet of the sun.
Night, with the woes that it wore,
Night is over and done.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

YOSHIDA-TORAJIRO.

THE name at the head of this page is probably unknown to the English reader, and yet I think it should become a household word like that of Garibaldi or John Brown. Some day soon, we may expect to hear more fully the details of Yoshida's history, and the degree of his influence in the transformation of Japan; even now there must be Englishmen acquainted with the subject, and perhaps the appearance of this sketch may elicit something more complete and exact. I wish to say that I am not, rightly speaking, the author of the present paper: I tell the story on the authority of an intelligent Japanese gentleman, Mr. Taiso Masaki, who told it me with an emotion that does honour to his heart; and though I have taken some pains, and sent my notes to him to be corrected, this can be no more than an imperfect outline.

Yoshida-Torajiro was son to the hereditary military instructor of the house of Choshu. The name you are to pronounce with an equality of accent on the different syllables, almost as in French, the vowels as in Italian, but the consonants in the English manner — except the *j*, which has the French

sound, or, as it has been cleverly proposed to write it, the sound of *zh*. Yoshida was very learned in Chinese letters, or, as we might say, in the classics, and in his father's subject; fortification was among his favourite studies, and he was a poet from his boyhood. He was born to a lively and intelligent patriotism; the condition of Japan was his great concern; and while he projected a better future, he lost no opportunity of improving his knowledge of her present state. With this end he was continually travelling in his youth, going on foot and sometimes with three days' provision on his back, in the brave, self-helpful manner of all heroes. He kept a full diary while he was thus upon his journeys, but it is feared that these notes have been destroyed. If their value were in any respect such as we have reason to expect from the man's character, this would be a loss not easy to exaggerate. It is still wonderful to the Japanese how far he contrived to push these explorations; a cultured gentleman of that land and period would leave a complimentary poem wherever he had been hospitably entertained; and a friend of Mr. Masaki, who was likewise a great wan-

derer, has found such traces of Yoshida's passage in very remote regions of Japan.

Politics is perhaps the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary; but Yoshida considered otherwise, and he studied the miseries of his fellow-countrymen with as much attention and research as though he had been going to write a book instead of merely to propose a remedy. To a man of his intensity and singleness, there is no question but that this survey was melancholy in the extreme. His dissatisfaction is proved by the eagerness with which he threw himself into the cause of reform; and what would have discouraged another braced Yoshida for his task. As he professed the theory of arms, it was firstly the defences of Japan that occupied his mind. The external feebleness of that country was then illustrated by the manners of overriding barbarians, and the visits of big barbarian war ships: she was a country beleaguered. Thus the patriotism of Yoshida took a form which may be said to have defeated itself: he had it upon him to keep out these all-powerful foreigners, whom it is now one of his chief merits to have helped to introduce;

but a man who follows his own virtuous heart will be always found in the end to have been fighting for the best. One thing leads naturally to another in an awakened mind, and that with an upward progress from effect to cause. The power and knowledge of these foreigners were things inseparable; by envying them their military strength, Yoshida came to envy them their culture; from the desire to equal them in the first, sprang his desire to share with them in the second; and thus he is found treating in the same book of a new scheme to strengthen the defences of Kyoto and of the establishment, in the same city, of a university of foreign teachers. He hoped, perhaps, to get the good of other lands without their evil; to enable Japan to profit by the knowledge of the barbarians, and still keep her inviolate with her own arts and virtues. But whatever was the precise nature of his hope, the means by which it was to be accomplished were both difficult and obvious. Some one with eyes and understanding must break through the official cordon, escape into the new world, and study this other civilisation on the spot. And who could be better suited for the business?

It was not without danger, but he was without fear. It needed preparation and insight; and what had he done since he was a child but prepare himself with the best culture of Japan, and acquire in his excursions the power and habit of observing?

He was but twenty-two, and already all this was clear in his mind, when news reached Choshu that Commodore Perry was lying near to Yeddo. Here, then, was the patriot's opportunity. Among the Samurai of Choshu, and in particular among the councillors of the Daimio, his general culture, his views, which the enlightened were eager to accept, and, above all, the prophetic charm, the radiant persuasion of the man, had gained him many and sincere disciples. He had thus a strong influence at the provincial Court; and so he obtained leave to quit the district, and, by way of a pretext, a privilege to follow his profession in Yeddo. Thither he hurried, and arrived in time to be too late: Perry had weighed anchor, and his sails had vanished from the waters of Japan. But Yoshida, having put his hand to the plough, was not the man to go back; he had entered upon this business, and, please God,

he would carry it through; and so he gave up his professional career and remained in Yeddo to be at hand against the next opportunity. By this behaviour he put himself into an attitude towards his superior, the Daimio of Choshu, which I cannot thoroughly explain. Certainly, he became a *Ronyin*, a broken man, a feudal outlaw; certainly he was liable to be arrested if he set foot upon his native province; yet I am cautioned that "he did not really break his allegiance," but only so far separated himself as that the prince could no longer be held accountable for his late vassal's conduct. There is some nicety of feudal custom here that escapes my comprehension.

In Yeddo, with this nondescript political status, and cut off from any means of livelihood, he was joyfully supported by those who sympathised with his design. One was Sákuma-Shozan, hereditary retainer of one of the Shogun's councillors, and from him he got more than money or than money's worth. A steady, respectable man, with an eye to the world's opinion, Sákuma was one of those who, if they cannot do great deeds in their own person, have yet an ardour of

admiration for those who can, that recommends them to the gratitude of history. They aid and abet greatness more, perhaps, than we imagine. One thinks of them in connection with Nicodemus, who visited our Lord by night. And Sákuma was in a position to help Yoshida more practically than by simple countenance; for he could read Dutch, and was eager to communicate what he knew.

While the young Ronyin thus lay studying in Yeddo, news came of a Russian ship at Nangasaki. No time was to be lost. Sákuma contributed "a long copy of encouraging verses;" and off set Yoshida on foot for Nangasaki. His way lay through his own province of Choshu; but, as the highroad to the south lay apart from the capital, he was able to avoid arrest. He supported himself, like a *trouvère*, by his proficiency in verse. He carried his works along with him, to serve as an introduction. When he reached a town he would inquire for the house of any one celebrated for swordsmanship, or poetry, or some of the other acknowledged forms of culture; and there, on giving a taste of his skill, he would be received and entertained, and leave behind

him, when he went away, a compliment in verse. Thus he travelled through the Middle Ages on his voyage of discovery into the nineteenth century. When he reached Nangasaki he was once more too late. The Russians were gone. But he made a profit on his journey in spite of fate, and stayed awhile to pick up scraps of knowledge from the Dutch interpreters — a low class of men, but one that had opportunities; and then, still full of purpose, he returned to Yeddo on foot, as he had come.

It was not only his youth and courage that supported him under these successive disappointments, but the continual affluence of new disciples. The man had the tenacity of a Bruce or a Columbus, with a pliability that was all his own. He did not fight for what the world would call success; but for "the wages of going on." Check him off in a dozen directions, he would find another outlet and break forth. He missed one vessel after another, and the main work still halted; but so long as he had a single Japanese to enlighten and prepare for the better future, he could still feel that he was working for Japan. Now, he had scarcely returned

from Nangasaki, when he was sought out by a new inquirer, the most promising of all. This was a common soldier, of the Hemming class, a dyer by birth, who had heard vaguely¹ of Yoshida's movements, and had become filled with wonder as to their design. This was a far different inquirer from Sákuma-Shozan, or the councillors of the Daimio of Choshu. This was no two-sworded gentleman, but the common stuff of the country, born in low traditions and unimproved by books; and yet that influence, that radiant persuasion that never failed Yoshida in any circumstance of his short life, enchanted, enthralled, and converted the common soldier, as it had done already with the elegant and learned. The man instantly burned up into a true enthusiasm; his mind had been

¹ Yoshida, when on his way to Nangasaki, met the soldier and talked with him by the roadside; they then parted, but the soldier was so much struck by the words he heard, that on Yoshida's return he sought him out and declared his intention of devoting his life to the good cause. I venture, on the absence of the writer, to insert this correction, having been present when the story was told by Mr. Masaki. — F. J. And I, there being none to settle the difference, must reproduce both versions. — R. L. S.

only waiting for a teacher; he grasped in a moment the profit of these new ideas; he, too, would go to foreign, outlandish parts, and bring back the knowledge that was to strengthen and renew Japan; and in the meantime, that he might be the better prepared, Yoshida set himself to teach, and he to learn, the Chinese literature. It is an episode most honourable to Yoshida, and yet more honourable still to the soldier, and to the capacity and virtue of the common people of Japan.

And now, at length, Commodore Perry returned to Simoda. Friends crowded round Yoshida with help, counsels, and encouragement. One presented him with a great sword, three feet long and very heavy, which, in the exultation of the hour, he swore to carry throughout his wanderings, and to bring back — a far-travelled weapon — to Japan. A long letter was prepared in Chinese for the American officers; it was revised and corrected by Sákuma, and signed by Yoshida, under the name of Urinaki-Manji, and by the soldier under that of Ichigi-Koda. Yoshida had supplied himself with a profusion of materials for writing; his dress was literally stuffed with paper which

was to come back again enriched with his observations, and make a great and happy kingdom of Japan. Thus equipped, this pair of emigrants set forward on foot from Yeddo, and reached Simoda about night-fall. At no period within history can travel have presented to any European creature the same face of awe and terror as to these courageous Japanese. The descent of Ulysses into hell is a parallel more near the case than the boldest expedition in the Polar circles. For their act was unprecedented; it was criminal; and it was to take them beyond the pale of humanity into a land of devils. It is not to be wondered at if they were thrilled by the thought of their unusual situation; and perhaps the soldier gave utterance to the sentiment of both when he sang, "in Chinese singing" (so that we see he had already profited by his lessons), these two appropriate verses:

"We do not know where we are to sleep to-night,
In a thousand miles of desert where we can see no
human smoke."

In a little temple, hard by the sea-shore,
they lay down to repose; sleep overtook

them as they lay; and when they awoke, "the east was already white" for their last morning in Japan. They seized a fisherman's boat and rowed out — Perry lying far to sea because of the two tides. Their very manner of boarding was significant of determination; for they had no sooner caught hold upon the ship than they kicked away their boat to make return impossible. And now you would have thought that all was over. But the Commodore was already in treaty with the Shogun's Government; it was one of the stipulations that no Japanese was to be aided in escaping from Japan; and Yoshida and his followers were handed over as prisoners to the authorities at Simoda. That night he who had been to explore the secrets of the barbarian slept, if he might sleep at all, in a cell too short for lying down at full length, and too low for standing upright. There are some disappointments too great for commentary.

Sákuma, implicated by his handwriting, was sent into his own province in confinement, from which he was soon released. Yoshida and the soldier suffered a long and miserable period of captivity, and the latter,

indeed, died, while yet in prison, of a skin disease. But such a spirit as that of Yoshida-Torajiro is not easily made or kept a captive; and that which cannot be broken by misfortune you shall seek in vain to confine in a bastille. He was indefatigably active, writing reports to Government and treatises for dissemination. These latter were contraband; and yet he found no difficulty in their distribution, for he always had the jailor on his side. It was in vain that they kept changing him from one prison to another; Government by that plan only hastened the spread of new ideas; for Yoshida had only to arrive to make a convert. Thus, though he himself was laid by the heels, he confirmed and extended his party in the State.

At last, after many lesser transferences, he was given over from the prisons of the Shogun to those of his own superior, the Daimio of Choshu. I conceive it possible that he may then have served out his time for the attempt to leave Japan, and was now resigned to the provincial Government on a lesser count, as a Ronyin or feudal rebel. But, however that may be, the change was of great importance to Yoshida; for by the

influence of his admirers in the Daimio's council, he was allowed the privilege, underhand, of dwelling in his own house. And there, as well to keep up communication with his fellow-reformers as to pursue his work of education, he received boys to teach. It must not be supposed that he was free; he was too marked a man for that; he was probably assigned to some small circle, and lived, as we should say, under police surveillance; but to him, who had done so much from unde. lock and key, this would seem a large and profitable liberty.

It was at this period that Mr. Masaki was brought into personal contact with Yoshida; and hence, through the eyes of a boy of thirteen, we get one good look at the character and habits of the hero. He was ugly and laughably disfigured with the smallpox; and while nature had been so niggardly with him from the first, his personal habits were even sluttish. His clothes were wretched; when he ate or washed he wiped his hand upon his sleeves; and as his hair was not tied more than once in the two months, it was often disgusting to behold. With such a picture, it is easy to believe that he never married.

A good teacher, gentle in act, although violent and abusive in speech, his lessons were apt to go over the heads of his scholars, and to leave them gaping, or more often laughing. Such was his passion for study that he even grudged himself natural repose; and when he grew drowsy over his books he would, if it was summer, put mosquitoes up his sleeve; and, if it was winter, take off his shoes and run barefoot on the snow. His handwriting was exceptionally villainous; poet though he was, he had no taste for what was elegant; and in a country where to write beautifully was not the mark of a scrivener but an admired accomplishment for gentlemen, he suffered his letters to be jolted out of him by the press of matter and the heat of his convictions. He would not tolerate even the appearance of a bribe; for bribery lay at the root of much that was evil in Japan, as well as in countries nearer home; and once when a merchant brought him his son to educate, and added, as was customary,¹ a little private sweetener, Yoshida dashed

¹ I understood that the merchant was endeavouring surreptitiously to obtain for his son instruction to which he was not entitled. — F. J.

the money in the giver's face, and launched into such an outbreak of indignation as made the matter public in the school. He was still, when Masaki knew him, much weakened by his hardships in prison; and the presentation sword, three feet long, was too heavy for him to wear without distress; yet he would always gird it on when he went to dig in his garden. That is a touch which qualifies the man. A weaker nature would have shrunk from the sight of what only commemorated a failure. But he was of Thoreau's mind, that if you can "make your failure tragical by courage, it will not differ from success." He could look back without confusion to his enthusiastic promise. If events had been contrary, and he found himself unable to carry out that purpose — well, there was but the more reason to be brave and constant in another; if he could not carry the sword into barbarian lands, it should at least be witness to a life spent entirely for Japan.

This is the sight we have of him as he appeared to schoolboys, but not related in the schoolboy spirit. A man so careless of the graces must be out of court with boys and women. And, indeed, as we have all

been more or less to school, it will astonish no one that Yoshida was regarded by his scholars as a laughing-stock. The school-boy has a keen sense of humour. Heroes he learns to understand and to admire in books; but he is not forward to recognise the heroic under the traits of any contemporary man, and least of all in a brawling, dirty, and eccentric teacher. But as the years went by, and the scholars of Yoshida continued in vain to look around them for the abstractly perfect, and began more and more to understand the drift of his instructions, they learned to look back upon their comic school-master as upon the noblest of mankind.

The last act of this brief and full existence was already near at hand. Some of his work was done; for already there had been Dutch teachers admitted into Nangasaki, and the country at large was keen for the new learning. But though the renaissance had begun, it was impeded and dangerously threatened by the power of the Shogun. His minister—the same who was afterwards assassinated in the snow in the very midst of his body-guard—not only held back pupils from going to the Dutchmen, but by spies and

detectives, by imprisonment and death, kept thinning out of Japan the most intelligent and active spirits. It is the old story of a power upon its last legs—Learning to the bastille, and courage to the block; when there are none left but sheep and donkeys, the State will have been saved. But a man must not think to cope with a Revolution; nor a minister, however fortified with guards, to hold in check a country that had given birth to such men as Yoshida and his soldier-follower. The violence of the ministerial Tarquin only served to direct attention to the illegality of his master's rule; and people began to turn their allegiance from Yeddo and the Shogun to the long-forgotten Mikado in his seclusion at Kioto. At this juncture, whether in consequence or not, the relations between these two rulers became strained; and the Shogun's minister set forth for Kioto to put another affront upon the rightful sovereign. The circumstance was well fitted to precipitate events. It was a piece of religion to defend the Mikado; it was a plain piece of political righteousness to oppose a tyrannical and bloody usurpation. To Yoshida the moment for action

seemed to have arrived. He was himself still confined in Chosu. Nothing was free but his intelligence; but with that he sharpened a sword for the Shogun's minister. A party of his followers were to waylay the tyrant at a village on the Yeddo and Kioto road, present him with a petition, and put him to the sword. But Yoshida and his friends were closely observed; and the too great expedition of two of the conspirators, a boy of eighteen and his brother, wakened the suspicion of the authorities, and led to a full discovery of the plot and the arrest of all who were concerned.

In Yeddo, to which he was taken, Yoshida was thrown again into a strict confinement. But he was not left destitute of sympathy in this last hour of trial. In the next cell lay one Kusákabé, a reformer from the southern highlands of Satzuma. They were in prison for different plots indeed, but for the same intention; they shared the same beliefs and the same aspirations for Japan; many and long were the conversations they held through the prison wall, and dear was the sympathy that soon united them. It fell first to the lot of Kusákabé to pass before

the judges; and when sentence had been pronounced he was led towards the place of death below Yoshida's window. To turn the head would have been to implicate his fellow-prisoner; but he threw him a look from his eye, and bade him farewell in a loud voice, with these two Chinese verses:—

“It is better to be a crystal and be broken,
Than to remain perfect like a tile upon the housetop.”

So Kusákabé, from the highlands of Satsuma, passed out of the theater of this world. His death was like an antique worthy's.

A little after, and Yoshida too must appear before the Court. His last scene was of a piece with his career, and fitly crowned it. He seized on the opportunity of a public audience, confessed and gloried in his design, and, reading his auditors a lesson in the history of their country, told at length the illegality of the Shogun's power and the crimes by which its exercise was sullied. So, having said his say for once, he was led forth and executed, thirty-one years old.

A military engineer, a bold traveller (at least in wish), a poet, a patriot, a school-master, a friend to learning, a martyr to

reform,— there are not many men, dying at seventy, who have served their country in such various characters. He was not only wise and provident in thought, but surely one of the fieriest of heroes in execution. It is hard to say which is most remarkable — his capacity for command, which subdued his **very** jailors; his hot, unflagging zeal; or his stubborn superiority to defeat. He failed in each particular enterprise that he attempted; and yet we have only to look at his country to see how complete has been his general success. His friends and pupils made the majority of leaders in that final Revolution, now some twelve years old; and many of them are, or were until the other day, high placed among the rulers of Japan. And when we see all round us these brisk intelligent students, with their strange foreign air, we should never forget how Yoshida marched afoot from Choshu to Yeddo, and from Yeddo to Nangasaki, and from Nangasaki back again to Yeddo; how **he** boarded the American ship, his dress stuffed with writing material; nor how he languished in prison, and finally gave his death, as he had formerly given all his life

and strength and leisure, to gain for his native land that very benefit which she now enjoys so largely. It is better to be Yoshida and perish, than to be only Sákuma and yet save the hide. Kusákabé, of Satzuma, has said the word: it is better to be a crystal and be broken.

I must add a word; for I hope the reader will not fail to perceive that this is as much the story of a heroic people as that of a heroic man. It is not enough to remember Yoshida; we must not forget the common soldier, nor Kusákabé, nor the boy of eighteen, Nomura, of Choshu, whose eagerness betrayed the plot. It is exhilarating to have lived in the same days with these great-hearted gentlemen. Only a few miles from us, to speak by the proportion of the universe, while I was droning over my lessons, Yoshida was goading himself to be wakeful with the stings of the mosquito; and while you were grudging a penny income tax, Kusákabé was stepping to death with a noble sentence on his lips.



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